



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

3 3433 08158757 2

LEICESTER



2010

Retd time, Apr. 1887

254



.

LEICESTER.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

POEMS.

5/-

ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW.

LEICESTER

An Autobiography

BY

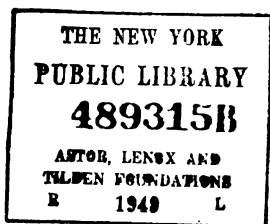
FRANCIS WILLIAM L. ADAMS

'A rimirar lo passo
Che non lascio giammai persona viva'
DANTE

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I

LONDON
GEORGE REDWAY
YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN
1885



Παντος' ἐλαυνόμενι' το δούλον ἱππεύεται ὑπὲρ αὐτῶς.

EMPEDOKLES.

49X134

To
A. L. A.



CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

I.					
CHAPTER					PAGE
I.	-	-	-	-	1
II.	-	-	-	-	35
III.	-	-	-	-	63
IV.	-	-	-	-	87

II.					
I.	-	-	-	-	106
II.	-	-	-	-	133
III.	-	-	-	-	169
IVX	-	-	-	-	208

III.					
I.	-	-	-	-	249
II.	-	-	-	-	279
III.	-	-	-	-	314

LEICESTER.



I.

CHAPTER I.

AT some time in my earliest childhood I must, I think, have lived near a wind-mill : for I have, at times, ever since I can remember, seen one in the middle of a tender yellowy-golden band of sunset on a sandy elevation. Somewhere, perhaps below in the house in which I am, a canary, cageless, with upward-throbbing throat, sings. And then I know a darker vision than that of the wind-mill in the middle of a tender yellowy-golden band of sunset on a sandy elevation : a darker vision of a slanting planked floor, with an uncertain atmo-

sphere and a sound therein, and perhaps from thereout, as of on the sea. A dim-light-rayed lamp oscillates in the middle. A woman is up in one of the berths giving suck to and soothing a child half-fractionious with sleep and misery. In the far corner is a huddled tartan - petticoated lump rounded, with two protruding bare knees—a boy unkempt, dirty, miserable, afraid of some heavy coming footstep. I know in some way that I am the boy.

And then comes another lighter vision in a broader scene. A red-cheeked woman rolls a perambulator and a quiet boy down a cindery path in the shine of a moist sunset. They stop by a grey-sweating-barred gate (there are four or five bars : not less). When, in a little, the boy struggles out from the tarpaulin of the perambulator on to the moist earth, crosses the tall wet rank grasses and climbs on to the gate, to look at a band of tender yellowy-gold down by the horizon, which is to him a revelation of heaven. And on that day that tender

yellowy-gold band and far sky of light seemed to him to contain faint outlines of great-winged angels : beyond, a chasm of clearer purer light : and beyond, God.

Now everything changes. My next recollection of a certain fixed occasion brings with it an acquaintance, often strangely minute and distinct, of myself and of the life that was around me. Thus :—

From standing with some wistfulness in the twilight road I turn slowly away ; shoulders rounded, collar awry, hands deep in pockets : slouch to the right, along the second side (at right angles to the road) of the wall, and there stop—thinking about things.

A white duck hurries waddling, filled with anxiousness, across the grass further on : to paddle her beak in the edge of the stream. And I walk with big strides till I am parallel to her : reach the wooden bridge (duck the while paddling her beak in the border of watery mud of the stream) : give one glance at a hole in the bank from

which trickles the thick inky sluggish fluid : and enter the porch.

No one in the kitchen. The clock tick-tacking with big silent swing : the plates, with their ruddy flickering fire-light, in rows. The lamp not lit yet.

Then I hear a motion as of some one shoving a jar on to a shelf in the pantry : cross quickly through the kitchen : down the red-tiled passage (up come two or three loose tiles with a collapsed fall), catching a semi-earthy smell from under the cellar door (some one's in the pantry : Anne, I think) : run upstairs two steps at a time : turn down the dark passage : reach my ladder foot : climb up : shove open the door : enter the dim garret : go on to the window : look out over the graveyard : and then turn and begin to take in, half-unconsciously, the red-painted lines on the card over the washing-stand : *'I love them that love ME, and those that seek ME early shall find ME.'*

I turn again : go back to the window,

and, with a knee on the white-painted window-sill, look out into the twilight sky, in which are vaguely the tall dark wild rook-trees with their black broad tops, the many gravestones, and the small church to the right—all vague, semi-existent to me.

Then :

‘ *Ber-tie !* ’

The word, rising a note, startles me, half-thrills me. Anne is at the foot of the ladder.

Up she steps : shoves the door open altogether : and at once begins :

‘ Lor’, Master Bertie, why you look as if you’d bin seein’ a ghost out in the graveyard, you do. Gracious alive, the eyes of him ! Did you ever now ? Master Bertie——’

‘ Don’t be a fool. What do you want ? ’ I ask. ‘ If you want me for tea, I’m not coming. Tell Mother Purchis so.’

Anne urges that Mrs. Purchis is in ever such a bad temper this evening : and it being his last night too, eh ? And it isn’t

good for him to drop off his victuals like that; and he going away to school to-morrow, and hasn't eat anything to speak of this week, considerin'.

I, remaining obdurate, take to my old attitude, with my knee upon the white-painted window-sill, now faint and dim, and look through the dark rook-trees into the dimmer fields. Anne continues: Which she does hope he doesn't bear any malice, Master Bertie, and him going away to-morrow, to school, and might never see her again, but they both be dead and buried before then, and if it wasn't that . . . (Then, sharply): But she always did say, and we'd see who was right or not, that that boy would come to no——

I leap to her.

'I will throw you down the ladder,' I say, catching her by the arm, 'if you don't . . . *Go!*'

She, rather frightened, goes.

All that evening I sat on the sill look-

ing out across the churchyard to the hedge and the rook-trees. The black shadows grew broader and deeper. There was no moon. Only a light wind in the evening : singing through a crack in the lead-work, close by my ear : till Timothy Goodwin, the sexton, came limping along the London Road with a lantern : to unlock the gates. Then he locked them again, carefully, after him : limped to old Mr. Atkin's grave and began cutting the grass on it with a clinking shears, having put down the lantern by him.

I watched him and thought about things.

Presently he lifted up his light, put it down again and began on another patch : I still watching him and thinking about things. Then he took up his light and stood for a moment, brushing the knees of his corduroys with his hand : then turned and limped towards the gates. I smiled through the tears that were in my eyes and on my cheeks. If I had been there with old Timothy I would have put

my arms round his neck and kissed him.

On he limped over the grass, through the tombs, over the sanded walk, the lantern-light passing before him ; till now he reached the gates : unlocked them : went out : re-locked them.—And there he goes, jogging over furrows and hollows like a Will-'o-the-wisp, up the London road.

When I had lost sight of the small light behind the hedge, I returned to my thinking somewhere about where I had left it off, but brokenly.

. . . They were not kind to me. I was going away to school to-morrow morning ; at seven. To a boarding-school. P'r'aps they'd love me there. . . . But I didn't know. I thought I should die some day soon. I shouldn't mind dying so much—no one knew what sort of things I wanted to do. I didn't think anyone ever would. That was it—*no one*. . . . Yes : *one*. God. *He* knows ! God knows ! *God can see everything !*

An impulse came in me. I went to the bed and slipped down onto my knees to tell Him about it ; but then, remembering that He was up in the sky, I clasped my two hands together and looked up to Him ; and said :

‘ Dear God, You are a long, long way away from me : right up in the deep, blue sky, farther away than even the sun, and the moon, and the stars.—But I love You ! oh, I love You ! because You know everything I think about, and everything that I want to do. And I pray that You won’t let me die till I am very old and have done all the things I want to do. But please help me to be a great man. Through Jesus Christ our blessèd Lord, Amen.’

Then I got up, and undressed, and got into bed. And was soon asleep.

The morning after my prayer up in my little evening room at Purchis’s farm, Mr. Purchis and I came up by train to some large station, where we got out and crossed

to another platform. As we were going, he having me by the hand, he told me to tie a white comforter round my arm, so that 'the Colonel's man' might know me at the other end. Then I was put into a third-class compartment: Mr. Purchis gave me a shake by the hand, lingered purposelessly a moment looking into the carriage, and then turned and went away down the platform. I did not care to watch him more than ten yards or so. I did not care to look at the other passengers. It all seemed like a sort of half-dream, and I did not think I was going anywhere in particular.

There were a good many other people in the carriage. Some got in: some got out: I didn't notice them much. I sat thinking about things.

After a long time (it was growing darker now) an old lady next me, who'd been asleep, awoke and took a basket from under the seat and put it upon her knees, and, in a little, said to me that we were 'close to London now, my dear.' I said:

‘Thank you!’ and looked out of the window.

Then the train stopped by a long planked platform, and the people (three now) all rose up. A clergyman got out first and pulled a glazed bag along the floor down to him. Then the old lady got out, and her daughter (as I thought) handed her down the basket and got out too.

After a little I went up to the other window and pressed my nose against the pane and looked out for ‘the Colonel’s man.’ Then I thought that he mightn’t be able to know me without the white-comfortered arm, so I put it out through the door, and waited.

All at once a man with thin legs in brown trousers (they looked thin: perhaps it was only because the trousers were tight) came out from between two old ladies with band-boxes and right up to me. He touched his hat. This was ‘the Colonel’s man.’

We took a cab and went across London, and stopped in a square before another large

station, but not so large a one as the first. A porter undid the door, and we got out, and the box was taken down, and put onto a trolly, and we followed it into the station. There it was tilted beside two others onto its head (the trolly I mean), and we had ten minutes to wait before the gate was open.

‘The Colonel’s man’ began talking to the porter about something. I went on a little and stood and looked at some pictures hung up by a newspaper stall. One was of a great ship in the docks, going to be launched. As I was looking—

‘Come along,’ said ‘the Colonel’s man,’ taking me by the hand. ‘The gate’s open.’

We went up the platform together and got into a carriage pretty far up. I sat down, and sat silent: and every now and then my eyelids came down, and my head moved forward, and I nearly fell. I should very much like to have lain down and gone to sleep in a cool white bed.

At last we came, after many stops, to a

dead stop, and 'the Colonel's man' put his hand on my arm: and then I was lifted down: and we went out, I just behind him and a porter carrying the box. At the door in the cool evening wind 'the Colonel's man' agreed with a boy to take the box up to Park Road for sixpence. And then we all set off.

After a little 'the Colonel's man' and I were ahead. It was rather a steep hill, and I felt rather tired but not so sleepy now. We went on slowly: till he stopped and said:

'Give us a hand. It is a bit of a pull up this hill, young 'un, ain't it—eh?'

I gave him my hand and we went on again silently till, passing through the lamplight from a tall lamp-post and through an open gate, we stood on the flagstone before a low doorway. 'The Colonel's man' pulled at the bell-handle. A bell rang. Then, in a little, we heard steps and the door was opened by a maid with a white apron and cap.

‘Well, good-bye, mi lad,’ said ‘the Colonel’s man,’ turning to me, ‘I’m about at the end of *my* part o’ the business, I suppose. Good luck to ye, sir: good luck to ye.’

He put his hand on my shoulder: and then was out through the gate and into the darkness. I looked after him, slowly. The maid stamped her feet on the ground. Then:

‘Where’s your box?’ said she.

At that moment the boy with the wheelbarrow and the box appeared under the lamp-post at the corner, some little way off. She must have seen him.

‘Oh, that’s it,’ said she. ‘I suppose he’s paid all right?’

‘Yes: “the Colonel’s man” paid him,’ I said.

‘Then you’d better go into the dining-room. Give us your keys first.’ (I found and gave her the key of my box)—‘That’s it.’ She pointed to the door in the left side of the hall.

I crossed the glazed carpet, opened the door, and went in.

A large fire was burning with a flickering light. It flickered on the black glazy table-cloth of a long thin table in the middle of the room ; on another running at right angles to it across the right side of the room, in a broad half-bay window. Outside there was a veranda, and the dark evening.

At last I went to the bench and, half upon it, leant my face in my arms on the cool table-cloth. The things around me were all in a sort of noise above my ears. I could not weep soft tears : the tears were dried behind my eyes. But, after a little, I seemed to grow dreary : and could have wished to sleep.

I took to no one. One or two fellows made up to me a little at first ; but I just answered them and turned away, neither caring to talk to them or let them talk to me. It was not that I was homesick : I had no home.. I don't know what it was.

‘I like Wallace better than any of the others. Neither of us ever have jam or cake: he not even 3d. a week like me. He loves his little belly. He’ll always go to Harris’s, the grub shop, for anyone who’ll give him a good big bit of the stuff they’re getting (of course you’re licked if you’re caught going, except on Saturdays and Wednesdays from two to three). And I have often told him that I think it is beastly of him to do it; but he doesn’t care, so long as he gets the grub. That’s one reason why I don’t care to talk to him about some things I know of. I tell him tales, and all that; but that’s different.

‘Whittaker is an old beast. He’s fond of caning us I’m sure. When you go into the library on Saturdays after school, to get three strokes if you’ve had more than twelve mistakes in dictation, he won’t let you kneel down loose, as if you were praying, but he makes you bend up over till you’re quite tight. It’s very nasty going tight again after the first one.

‘Mrs. Whittaker is a humbug. She says “’umble” and “’otel” and “’ospital,” and says it’s right to say them that way. She listens to what the fellows say, and then tells the Reverend, and they catch it. She reads fellows’ letters. She corrects fellows’ letters home, and makes them say that Mr. and Mrs. Whittaker are very kind to them, and other things. Besides, she tells lies. She has two babies, little brats that squawl. On the whole, I hate her.

‘I don’t mind the work much, especially the history. Latin’s rather rot, and so is geography and arithmetic. I like poetry best : we have a book full of it. The first poem is called *The Universal Prayer*, by A. Pope. The one I like best is called *A Psalm of Life* by Longfellow.’

One Saturday night when Cookie was washing me.—You see, that particular night I was rather funny: having been out on the heath alone, (of course I should have been punished, perhaps licked, if I’d been caught. We were never allowed

out except we got leave, in twos), and thinking about all sorts of things, and particularly that I should die before I was twenty. So, as Cookie was washing me, I asked her if she knew what,

*For the soul is dead that slumbers
and things are not what they seem,*

meant? She didn't.—Then I asked her about the other things in it, one by one; but she didn't seem to understand them much either.

Well; after I'd gone up to the dormitory (I was first that night), while the others were up at prayers, *she* came in quite quietly as I was lying thinking and looking at the white ceiling, and sat down on the bed by me and took out a little round hot pasty, and said I was to eat it while she was cutting my nails. So she drew back the curtain, and I got out of the clothes, and she began to cut my nails. And while I was sitting in that way, eating the hot pasty and thinking, I thought I'd

like to tell her the *Psalm of Life* : so I asked her if she'd care to hear it. She said 'Yes.' So I began to tell it her. She'd finished cutting by the time I'd got past half through : and sat with my foot in her lap, looking at me, till I'd done it. Then we heard them coming down from prayers : so she told me to jump into bed, and tucked me up and gave me a kiss, and said :

'I hope it won't make you conceited, Master Leicester, but you're the best-looking of the boarders. And I hope you'll be happy.'

I didn't think of all this till Wallace told me on Monday night that Cookie had left. And afterwards Mrs. Whittaker told me Cookie was a thief and had stolen a lot of her things, but I didn't believe it.

At the end of the term we were examined by a gentleman who came from Colchester School, where Whittaker was when he was a kid. Blake was his name. I liked him: We were all examined together in English

and Scripture : and he said that I was the brightest boy of the lot, and to the Reverend too, when he came in at one o'clock and they were standing talking together at the door.

The next day was Speech-day. We most of us had pieces of poetry, Shakspeare or out of the poetry-book, to say. We were supposed to choose our own pieces. I was just head of my form by the term marks, (there were only five in it, Black, Campbell, Morris, Wallace, and I), and I chose the *Psalm of Life*. Currie (the undermaster) didn't mind ; and so I learnt it again, a little excited : I mean, read it over with the book, and repeated it again and again, to make sure I hadn't forgotten any of it.

I remember how I sat in my place, waiting for my turn, with my lips rather dry, and every now and then I shivered as if a draught came upon me through an opened door ; but I wasn't really afraid. I was a little excited, I say ; and yet it seemed

somehow like a dream and I couldn't notice anyone's face.

'At last my turn came. It was after Whitman's. I got up shivering, and I thought I shouldn't have breath to say it all with. But when I got up onto the green-baize platform, and stood in the middle, and looked down over them, the ladies in their white and coloured dresses, and the men, and the boys—all at once the shivering went away from me altogether: and I turned my head straight to Mr. Blake at the table at the side, and smiled to him. He smiled too, but only in his eyes. And I began:—

*Tell me not in mournful numbers,
'Life is but an empty dream!'
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
and things are not what they seem.*

And my voice rose, growing stronger and clearer, and at last I did not see anything there at all, not even the coloured mass of the dresses, but only a warm gold air all round me, and something singing

softly all round me like far off sunshiny water.

Then all at once I laughed : and though the tears were quite full in my eyes, I could have shouted out, I felt so bold and brave and ready for it all, even for when I should have to die and be buried in the cold dark earth. And my voice rang as I said :

*Lives of great men all remind us
we can make our lives sublime,
and, departing, leave behind us
footprints in the sands of time ;*

*Footprints that perhaps another,
sailing o'er life's solemn main,
some forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
seeing shall take heart again.*

*—Let us, then, be up and doing,
with a heart for any fate ;
still achieving, still pursuing,
learn to labour and to wait.*

Towards the end I had grown sadder a little : and, now it was all said and over, I stood there for a moment with my head bent down looking at the ground of the room below the green-baize platform. It

seemed some time, but I dare say it was only a moment. But when they all began to clap, and I looked up quickly and saw them all round me—I hated them all in my heart and could have seen them die and not stirred.—*Not all!* All but one: Mr. Blake. I seemed to love him a little.

And he nodded and smiled to me again with his eyes, and I smiled back to him as I went down. And after that I did not hate the others any more; for I did not think of them—I forget what came then.

Then next thing I remember was that I heard the Reverend saying:

‘This Prize is adjudged by Mr. Blake to Leicester but, as he is only a new boy this term, he retires in favour of Whitman (whose recitation of Marc Antony’s speech over the body of Cæsar is highly creditable to him) and *he* receives the certificate.’

I cared neither for the prize nor for the certificate now. I do not quite know what I was thinking about: but it was about something very far away, by the tops of

blue misty mountains, and down the middle trickled a black stream from bowl to bowl. It was very sweet. So that when the prize-giving was over, and they went out crowding, I still sat in my place for a little, puzzled because the mountain and the black stream had gone away with a trail of sort of mist.

Then, as I sat like that, thinking about the trail of sort of mist that went away with the mountain and the stream, Mr. Blake came, bending his head, in through the far doorway. I looked at him.

Seeing me, he stepped down the passage between the chairs, and to me on the form, and put his hand onto my shoulder lightly, and smiled, with his lips. But I couldn't smile back again ; for the mountain and the stream had gone away from me.

'You did very well, my little man,' he said at last ; 'where did you learn to recite poetry like that ?'

'Yes, but I did not understand it all,' I said ; 'the two first verses, I mean : and I

don't care for the rest, till the last bit. 'But that is grand.' And I looked up into his eyes.

He patted my shoulder, twice, gently :

' You go too quick : you go too quick, child. What can't you understand in the first two verses ?'

" *And the soul is dead that slumbers.*"'

' Well ?'

' What does it mean ?'

' And that the soul, which only slumbers, is dead.'

' But what does *that* mean ?'

' Dead : that is, that there is an end of it. Some people (such foolish people!) say that when you die, there is an end of you. That is, that you *have* no soul—no such place as heaven ! No such person as God ! Longfellow says : Do not tell me that that man's soul, which when we die only slumbers and will awake, perhaps soon, perhaps late, perhaps never at all, in a perfected state of beauty in heaven—is *dead*, finished,

ended, over, when a man dies and his body corrupts and turns into dust. . . . Do you see ?

‘Yes,’ I said, ‘I see.’

There was a pause for a moment. Then :

‘Would you like to go to Colchester when you are older ?’ he said.

‘Is Colchester a big school ? How many fellows are there there ?’ I asked.

‘Not so big as many others : *my* old school, for instance, Winchester. But there are quite enough : two hundred. What do you think ?’

‘Would *you* be there ?’ I asked.

‘Yes,’ he said. ‘*I* should be there.’ He did not seem to be thinking about me then.

I looked at him. My look seemed to recall him from somewhere. He looked at me.

‘Listen !’ he said suddenly, brightening and bending down. ‘Don’t brood so much, my little man. You hear me, don’t you ?’

Don't go thinking about things till they grow hateful to you. Try to be bright and merry. Be with the other fellows more—I was right, there, hey? You arn't much, hey? "*They're such fools!*" hey?" (He laughed.) 'Well, you mustn't mind that. *You're not always wise, are you? . . .* You don't think I'm sermoning you?'

'No,' I said, 'I see.' But I was thinking of some things.

A pause.

He smiled again.

'At any rate,' he said, and pinched my cheek gently, 'Mr. Whittaker has given me permission to write to your guardian, as well as promised to write himself, about your going to Colchester soon. You *would* like to go?'

'Yes,' said I 'I should—if you would be there.'

'In all probability, I should,' he said.

'I,' I began, 'I . . . ' but did not go on.

And it was somehow with this that we parted.

I watched him go up along the passage between the chairs and, bending, through the far door. And then I felt that I wished I had said something to him, but I did not know what.

In the holidays we (Wallace and I) had breakfast and dinner with the Reverend and Mrs. W., but had our tea alone. I liked that: only Wallace talked too much. And we might go out as we liked onto the heath or into Greenwich Park, but not down into the town. Three or four times I chanced it, and went to the Painted Chamber, which Campbell had told me of, saying that there were fine pictures of sea-fights there and some of Nelson. I liked to be there: I liked most of all to look at the picture of Nelson being taken up into heaven, for I thought I too should be taken up into heaven some day, when I had done great things and was dead. Then there was the picture of him all bloody and wounded, as he ran up on deck in the middle of the

fight: and the relics. I liked the holidays.

Next term wasn't much different from last; except that some of the fellows were allowed, in June and July to go down to the Greenwich baths early on two mornings in the week to bathe. I tried to get the Reverend to let me go, but he wouldn't.

In the next holidays he, and Mrs. W., and the brats, and Jane (the new cook) went to the sea-side, leaving Alice (the maid) to look after us two. (Thomas, the page-boy, didn't stay in the house then. I don't know why.) I liked that better still. I was out almost all day long, on the heath, in the Park, down by the river. Once I went up the river as far as Westminster in a boat. That was rare sport. Some men played on a harp and a clarionet, and the music almost made me cry. Wallace hadn't the pluck to come: though Alice offered to lend him the money.

The next term was very bad. I had chilblains: only on the feet though. Wal-

lace had them on his hands and ears. And it was so cold and dull in the Christmas holidays, that I was almost glad when the term began again.

A week after it had begun, I had a letter from Colonel James, and Mrs. W. said I must answer it. So I had to write an answer in prep. one night and show it to Mrs. W. after prayers in the drawing-room. She said it was 'so *peculiar*,' and scratched out most of it, and told me what else to write. So next day I made a fair copy and, having shown it her, it was put in an envelope which I directed as she read out and spelled to me: and then she put a stamp on it, and I went out and posted it.

Mr. Blake didn't come to examine us this term: another gentleman did, Mr. Saunders, a friend of the Reverend's, who'd been at Oxford with him. But the first day of the holidays I had a letter from Mr. Blake: and he said that he was sorry he hadn't written to me before; he had often thought about it, but he had such a great

deal to do that he found it very hard to write to anyone. Perhaps when I had grown up, and had a great deal to do, I should find it the same. But what he was sorriest about was, that he was going away from Colchester to another school, Pen-hurst, and so we should not see one another there as he had hoped and, he hoped, *I* had hoped we should; but I would perhaps find when I got there that I was not *quite* a stranger, but that there was at least one fellow who would take an interest in me and help me, as much as it was good that I should be helped. And I was to be sure and write to him whenever I liked, for he would always be glad to hear from me. I thought it was a very kind letter, and it almost made me cry, that about being sure to write to him whenever I liked for he would always be glad to hear from me. I hadn't known till then that I *was* going to Colchester, but, when I asked the Reverend if I was, he said, Yes: in another two years or so, perhaps.—But I didn't write

to Mr. Blake : I didn't like to, somehow.

In the midsummer term I was allowed to go to the Greenwich baths in the early mornings twice a week with the fellows that went. Langham, a big fellow of eighteen who'd been at a public school, promised the Reverend he'd look after me and teach me to swim. So he did. And I soon learnt. And he said I was the pluckiest little devil he ever saw in his life. I liked him to say that.

So passed by two years.

In the middle of that midsummer term I had a letter from Colonel James. (He used only to write to me once a year, about Christmas.) He told me that I was going to Colchester next term, and a lot of stuff about industriously pursuing my studies, and that 'a good knowledge of the classics, more especially of Cicero, was the foundation of all that was worth knowing in the *humaniora* : ' which I didn't understand, and

didn't want to. On the whole, Cicero was rather a fool, I think.—Mrs. Whittaker, he said, would see that my clothes, etc., were in a fit condition, and she had also been informed that I might have two shillings over and above my usual pocket-money. I felt rather older after that. I didn't tell anyone about it though. Wallace's father had come back from India, and so Wallace was going away for the holidays.

The Whittakers went away to the sea-side, as usual, leaving me with Margaret (the new maid. We were always having new maids, and cooks too; but only one new page-boy, John). I enjoyed these holidays. I bought a pipe and some tobacco, and smoked it one day in Greenwich Park, but I was very nearly ill and very dizzy, and thought I would never do it again. I did though, not liking to be beaten by it; but at last I found the tobacco and matches came expensive, and so left off.

The Whittakers came back early in

September, and then I had a new suit bought, and a lot of shirts and drawers and things, so as to be ready to go to Colchester.

CHAPTER II.

AT Colchester I first kept a diary. Here is an extract from it :

‘ I don’t like any of the fellows. The fellows in my study are fools, all in the third ’ (form), ‘ and so of course we are always having our study windows catapulted, and then get it stopped out of allowance.’ (Pocket-money.) ‘ I haven’t had a penny since I came, and that’s a month ! Then look at the big fellows. . . . They none of them care a bit about fairness !—I was sitting on the table in the hall yesterday evening after call-over when Leslie, a big bully in the Remove, shoved me off as he was going by, for nothing at all ! I fell onto the form, and the form went over and I hit my head against one

of the iron posts there. I got up and ran after him up the stairs and caught him up in the passage just before the door of his bedroom. Then I said to him, "I beg your pardon, Leslie; but why did you shove me off the table? I did nothing to you." In a moment he said, "What damned cheek!" (All the fellows say 'damn' here. No one thinks anything of it.) 'And caught me a kick would have sent me over, if it hadn't been for the wall. As it was, I got my coat all whited and bumped my head.'

I kept this diary for the first month I was at Colchester with great volubility. After that, repetitions become more frequent, and at last one half-holiday late in October, more than a week behind, I in a pet gave it up, and the book containing it was consigned to the back of my locker in the hall.

The term dragged on wearily.

It grew colder and colder. I got chilblains, first on my feet and then on my

hands, at last suffering torments with them. They were with me everywhere and almost always. I see myself on one occasion up in the bedroom, learning Greek grammar for 'first lesson' next day, and at last jumping up half frenzied and plunging my tingling hands into the icy water-jug to get some relief. I had a weariless cough too: twice costing me my vomited breakfast. And the bread was often quite uneatable, and what else was there to live on?

It was a somewhat strange feeling that which came over me after I had eaten my first dinner in the holidays in the house of Mr. Jones, the lawyer: a feeling as of unknown fulness not unconnected with dreaminess. I suppose Colonel James paid for me. I didn't care for them much. Mr. Jones was only at home in the evenings, and didn't speak to me much then. But I was happy enough; for I could just go where I liked and Mrs. Jones didn't bother if I didn't come into lunch in the middle of

the day so long as I told her I wasn't going to. At first I felt rather odd going 'out of bounds'; but that wore off. Mrs. Jones is a fat lady, good-humoured and, altogether, not bad; but she's always asking me questions about myself and Craven and Mrs. Craven and the other masters and the ladies they're married to. As if *I* knew anything about them!

The snow was down then everywhere: it was cold too; but I had some new thick red woolly gloves, and my chilblains were much better, and I didn't mind it. One day I asked Eliza the cook (I liked her pretty well. Of course she was rather a fool. All women are fools, at least servants. But then she reminded me of Cookie!) to give me some bread and butter and an apple; for the sun was shining and I wanted to go out for a long walk into the country. I like walking along the roads like that, looking at the snow all glistening, and now and then a little bird hopping about or, out by Raymond wood, even a

rabbit loppetting along over the white under the trees. Well, after I'd been walking some way, a big man cracking a whip in front of a horse and a manure-cart caught me up : and I walked beside him a little, for he had a nice face, till he spoke to me. And then we got on so well together that I told him a great many things that I had read in books about lions, and tigers, and rhinoceroses, and boa-constrictors and many other animals ; and, at last, that I myself was writing a book, in which a good many of these things I had been telling him were to be introduced, but more especially about the snakes, some of whom were to try to stop Jugurtha in a secret passage as he was coming to kill his brother. For Jugurtha was the name of the hero. He was an illegitimate son of Mastanabal, king of Numidia : that meant that his father and mother weren't married ; but in those days (many many hundreds of years before Our Blessed Lord came) people sometimes *did* have children without being married. I

had read about some others like that, in a Classical Dictionary.

But the carter kept silence and I, fearing from this and a look I had taken at his solemn face, that some weakness was implied as existing in this early stage of my book, hastened to add that I knew it *was* a little funny, that part, but as it happened hundreds of years before Our Blessèd Lord came or any of us were born, perhaps it wouldn't matter so much, after all? The carter agreed that 'it was odd, too;—at they early times!' Which rather relieved me.

It couldn't have been much further on than that, that I said good-bye to him and turned back to get home again. But I lost my way.

It was colder now, and darker. The sunlight had gone away from everything but a few clouds behind overhead and, after a little, when I turned to look, it had gone away from all of them but two. I trudged on again. After another little, I began to feel my legs tired, and turned back

again to see about the sunlight. It was all gone now. Then I wished I was at home. But the shadows were all coming down thicker and thicker, and the road was so slippery, and my legs more tired and more tired, and I couldn't hold my shoulders up. Then I saw a man coming along on the left side of the road under the trees and was afraid : then forgot that and went on to him but, when I saw him nearer and, at last, what an old man he was with bleared eyes and a red neck-cloth tied round his throat, although I was almost sure I'd lost the way, I was afraid he was going to catch hold of me : so how dare I stop and say to him : ' Can you tell me, please, which is the road to Colchester ? ' He went on by me, and I went on by him, and under the trees, the many-branched many-twigged boughs just moving above me, and on along the road : and he did nothing.

It was almost dark, black I mean, when I came to a farm. I had met no one else

but the old man with the bleared eyes and the red neck-cloth. I was very tired.

I stopped at a gate and looked into the farm-yard, where the pond was frozen over and a light in one of the small farm windows. I did not like to go in and ask anyone to tell me the way : besides, I had begun to think about some of the fellows and what they had done to me till I hated almost everybody, and could have lain down in the snow and gone to sleep and died and been carried up by angels past the moon into heaven.

All at once a girl ran out with a flutter in her dress, across the yard into a dark outhouse. I did not stir : I stood thinking about dying and being buried.—And so, in a little coming back more slowly, she saw me standing there with bent head looking through the second gate-bar.

She stopped. Then came and asked me what I wanted. And then, somehow, she had the gate open, and was trying to get

me in by the hand and I pulling back a little.

Well, the end of it was that we went together up the yard to the door by the small window with the light in it, and in, into the light warm kitchen: and she sat me down in a chair by the fire, and, when I wouldn't answer anything to her but turned away my head, I don't know quite why (but I wished I were dead and buried and no one knew anything about me), she got up again, and cut a thick piece of bread, and put a lot of butter upon it and then sugar, and went with a glass and brought it back full of milk, and came and knelt down by me again and began to coax me. There was a big lump in my throat by that, and I kept swallowing it, but it kept coming back again. And at last, when I wouldn't look at her, she put down the bread and butter and sugar and the milk on the piece of carpet, and lifted up my face with her hand under my chin, and laughed into my face with hers, her lips and her eyes, and then

called me 'A saucy boy' and gave me a kiss (and how fresh and red and soft her lips were!), why, I just threw my arms round her neck and began crying and laughing and laughing and crying and wondering where I'd been to all this time, and in the end gave *her* a kiss on the lips, and we were great friends. I don't know how it came about, but somehow or other I told her all about Robinson Crusoe, and ever so many other things besides. And then her husband, John, came in.—And, when I was going away with John, she put two great apples, one into each of my trouser pockets, and said I must be sure and come and see her again and tell her some more about all they fine things in the pictur' books. And so John and I set off together, turning every now and then to wave our hands to Mary at the door in the middle of the light and she waving hers; till the road wound round and we went by it and couldn't see her any more. Then I began to be tired again and, in a little, John lifted me up onto his back,

.

and I fell asleep, I suppose, and didn't wake up till he put me down on Mr. Jones' doorstep.

And so we parted. For the term began two days after that and, as they were both snow-stormy, Mrs. Jones wouldn't let me go out to see Mary and John. And I did not know how to write to them, for they hadn't told me where to. You see I'd quite forgotten about its being so near the end of the holidays.

We had a new monitor in the bedroom, Bruce. (Martin had left.) Everyone called him a surly devil, but I didn't mind him so much. This was how my liking for him began : one day, early in the term, he was taking Lower Round (football is compulsory at Colchester. There are three Rounds, Upper, Lower and Middle. One or two fellows in the Team, or pretty high up in the Second Fifteen, always 'take' Middle and Lower Round, that is, they see the small boys play up, kicking them, etc.) —Well, one day he was 'taking' Lower

Round, when Leslie, who's in the Team too, took to playing back on the other side, so as to show off. Then I thought I'd like to see if I couldn't charge him or something and, when a chance came and Leslie had the ball and was dribbling past a lot of us small fellows, I ran at him with all my might, and we both went over. But I got the cramp. *He* was up and off again pretty quickly, but, of course, I couldn't do much but sprawl about. But Bruce, who must have been close behind, came up and put his hands under my armpits and lifted me me up like a child (I remember how I somehow liked to be lifted up in that way by *him*) and asked, was I hurt? The game had swept off to the other side of the field.

'No,' I said, looking up into his face, 'it's only the cramp in my calf. It'll go in a moment. I've had it before like that.'

He made me play three-quarters back for the rest of the game and, once or twice, as he passed me asked if I was all right now? To which I answered, 'Thank you,

yes.' I liked him after that in a different way to what I had before.

Sometimes, if we were alone in the room together, as before dinner washing our hands and brushing our hair, he would talk to me, about nice things. But the moment any of the other fellows came up, he always stopped and went on doing what he was doing in silence. 'I don't mind that either,' I wrote, 'I believe he thinks the other fellows are fools like I do. At night he never speaks without some one speaking to him, and then he won't make a conversation. Everyone hates him, even the small boys. (I forgot to say I got second remove into the Lower Fourth from last term.)'

The last few days of that term were very warm. There was even a talk of beginning cricket and river-bathing: at any rate rackets began and, I think, some boating was done. Football of course had stopped a few weeks before the sports, so as to get the field ready: I mean the Rounds had stopped; but there was always 'little game'

in the Circus Field for anyone who cared to go up. I liked better going walks by the river or about the fields. I liked to whistle as I went along: sometimes even I hummed old tunes. The spring makes one feel so glad somehow.

One half, I remember, I go as far up the river as Morley Mill.

Just past there the bank is very high and thickly wooded. I began to go up, intending to sit there and look around a bit: there was not time to go into the mill. Up I went by the narrow path: and all at once came upon Bruce, lying at full length on a piece of grass with a bundle of flowers and a small microscope-sort-of-thing in his hand, through which he was looking at something. He did not notice me.—Then some earth rolled away from under my foot and went down rustling, and he looked up slowly with a frown, and saw me, and said:

‘Hullo, Leicester. Is that you?’

I could think of nothing to say but, Yes: and stood still.

A pause.

‘What brought you out so far as this?’ he asked.

‘I don’t know. I’m very fond of walking, especially by the river.’

‘Ah! So am I. . . . Are you fond of flowers?’

‘Yes.—You mean looking at them under microscopes and things? I have never done that; but I like flowers. They are so . . . so nice somehow.’

Another pause. His chin flattened on his coat as he looked down, holding a grass in the fingers of the arm he leant on.

At last I said:

‘You have polished that stone very beautifully, Bruce.’

He looked up.

‘I didn’t polish it. It is a piece of limestone. Would you like to look at it?’

‘Thank you,’ I said. ‘I would.’

He held the piece of stone and the microscope for me to look. I expressed surprise

at the beautiful shapes inlaid on it. He explained that they were shells.

I asked if I might look at some of the flowers through the microscope. Certainly, said he: had I never looked through a microscope before?

‘Never, Bruce,’ I said, looking up and into his eyes. He turned his on to the dried grass.

Then somehow we began to talk about birds: and he told me about how they paired in the spring.

He was sure birds had a good sense of the beautiful. Darwin thinks so.

He paused, and ended, looking up over the tops of the trees below us.

After a little:

‘Who is Darwin?’ I said.

He looked round, and then to me:

‘The biggest man, maybe, that has ever lived,’ he said.

‘Do you mean he’s the greatest man who ever lived?’ I asked.

‘Maybe.—Yes.’

‘ I don’t think he’s as great a man as Sir Walter Scott,’ I said.

He smiled.. Then :

‘ What do you know of Sir Walter Scott ?’ he asked.

‘ I have read two of his novels, “ Ivanhoe ” and “ The Talisman,” and I am going to read them all. There are thirty-one. I counted them yesterday.’

‘ Yes ?’

A pause.

Then, after a little, I asked him if he was not leaving this term. He said, Yes.

‘ Are you going to Oxford or Cambridge ?’

‘ To neither. I am going to London to work.’

‘ Why don’t you go up to Oxford ?’

‘ Because I don’t want to. I don’t see the good of it.’

Another pause. I sat with my hands clasped round my knees, looking over the river. Suddenly I thought I would ask him something. So I said :

‘Bruce.’

‘—Yes.’

‘Would you ever like . . . to be a great man?’

He looked at me oddly with a gather in his brows :

‘Well,’ he said, ‘I suppose I might. Most people would like to be great—would be, if it wasn’t such a trouble. . . . Why?’

‘Oh, I only wondered,’ I said. ‘I shall be a great man some day, before I die. And I like to think about it when I’m low, low in my spirits I mean. Now yesterday, as I was standing by my locker, I got hit in the eye with a board’ (crust of bread) ‘by a fellow, and it hurt me very much and almost made me cry : besides, it seemed so unfair. But, when I got up into my room and thought about it a little, I didn’t care much. For, when Leslie dies, no one will ever speak about *him* again or be sorry for him but, when *I* am dead, people will often speak about me and be sorry for me

and like me. It's very nice to think of people liking you when you're dead, I think. . . .'

I sat looking into the lower sky, not remembering Bruce. But all at once I heard him talking in a strange voice, and started and looked at him.

He saw me looking at him and jumped up, before I noticed what his face was like.

'You're an odd child!' he said. Then sat down again, and went on :

'Aren't you very lonely here?'

After a bit :

'Well I don't know,' I answered. 'Not worse than I was at Whittaker's—now the winter's over. I only wish I was bigger. I should like to fight one or two fellows I hate; but you see I'm just like a baby when they begin to knock me about: it's no good doing anything. Last Monday I hit Leslie a one on the bridge of his nose for bullying me, and I tried to give him another; but he knocked me over every

time I tried to get up again : and what's the good of that ? I'm not strong enough for him. I don't mind him at football you know, or running : don't hate him I mean. He's not a funk. But when he teases me, I want to . . . You know.—I wish I was bigger.'

A pause.

At last, suddenly :

'Do you tell everyone all this sort of thing ?' he said.

'No,' I said. 'I've never told any-one of it before I don't think. Why should I ?'

He blew softly through his lips :

'Ph-o-o . . . Fellows do.' (Then suddenly again.) 'Do you know Clayton ?'

'No.'—I shook my head.

'Or . . . Gildea ?'

'Well . . . a few days ago I was writing lines in my study after second lesson, and he came round for some ink, and we talked a little then. That's all I know of him.'

A pause.

Then he :

‘Take my advice, Leicester, and have nothing to do with Gildea——’

Another pause.

‘Why?’ asked I. ‘He’s rather a nice fellow, isn’t he?’

‘Because . . . He’ll do you no good, that’s why!’

‘How?’ I asked astonished.

‘By — talking nonsense to you and making you conceited.’ (Adding with a little irritation)—‘You knew quite well what I meant.’

I looked at him archly:

‘How could he make me conceited?—I’ve nothing to be conceited about,’ said I.

‘That’s true,’ he said, and paused.

After a little he continued:

‘Take my advice and have as little to do with him as possible. You must know what I mean.—Have you no friends?’

‘They are such fools!’ I said.

‘Ah?’

I looked at him as before :

‘Have *you* many friends, Bruce?’

He smiled and looked away, saying :

‘One.—But she’s more than enough.’

‘Oh, it’s a woman!’ I said. ‘Well, that must be nice. I’ve had some women for friends: Cookie at the last school: and Mary, one I knew last holidays—a little. I’m going to see her again this holidays. I like women. They’re rather fools too, but . . .’ I stopped on the brink of an allusion to their embracing habits and kisses. Then became a little curious about Bruce’s woman friend, and said :

‘Will you tell me the name of your friend, please?’

‘Ge is her name,’ he said, looking away as before.

‘Ge?’ said I. . . . ‘Why, Ge is the Greek for earth. What a funny name for a woman!’

‘The very person,’ he said. ‘My mother, the Earth: and the more I see of her, the more I—like her.’

‘I don’t twig that quite.’

‘It’s no matter,’ he said. ‘You’ll find plenty of things you can’t twig, I expect, before you are a great man.—Now you had better be starting back,’ said he, getting up, ‘or you’ll be late for call-over.’

He took out his watch and stood looking at the face for a little.

I got up, turned away, and began to descend the hill.

He passed me a few fields further on without even a nod.

I never talked with him any more. A week or so after, the term ended and then, of course, he left.

Those holidays began badly. I went out to Brerby to see Mary the first Monday. When I got to the farm I found it shut up, and, after I had tried at every door to see if there was anyone inside, went away rather sadly, feeling lonely. I only walked out that way once again in the holidays.

It was still shut up. I did not try to see if there was anyone inside.

But I was happy enough those holidays, wandering about in the fields and especially by the river, or walking along the roads, thinking, or whistling, or dreaming.

In the midsummer term I rowed bow in the 2nd School House boat, but we were bottom of the river. Some of the fellows said it was my fault. I don't see how one out of eight, and he the least important, could make all that difference: and I didn't care in the least what they said. I was in the Upper Fourth now. I knew no one, and didn't much want to; but now and then came hours when I longed to speak to some one about a great many things. What Bruce had said to me about the Earth being his one friend set me thinking how to make a friend for myself: and at last I made one. A woman: and I thought she had clear fearless eyes and a sad mouth, and her shoulders held back and of a clear outline. She had no name for a

long time but, one day that term, diving into a black pool I got caught in a bough of a sunken tree and could not get loose. And I thought I must soon drown : but was more afraid of being eaten by cold thin black snakes when I was dead. It was very fearful. All at once the bough broke above my back and I shot up. Coming up I saw her face in the darkness by mine and called her Nikè. Nikè is the Greek for 'victory,' but I don't think that had so very much to do with it.

The midsummer holidays were by far the happiest time I had ever spent. I was on the river almost every moment that I could be, sculling about in a whiff procured by a contract with one of the boat-owners of the town, thanks to a £5 note sent to me by Colonel James at the end of July. I bathed a great deal. I see myself swimming down the brown river between the thickly-wooded banks on either side : down past 'the snag,' the sunken tree in a bough of which I had been caught on a certain

occasion : to where the river grows shallower and the sunlight filters down. Can see myself dive, and go with large arm-strides over the pebbly weedy bottom : now rolling over a luxuriant wavy head of soft green, now turning to face the current ; and all in the fairy light of flowing water that is sun-shone upon. Again, can see myself driving my light boat down the twilight stream, or, resting on my oars, drifting slowly with soft harmonious-moving thoughts. Nikè, in some shape or other, was nearly always with me. On the last day of the holidays I learnt that my friend Mary was dead, and that John had gone away with her little baby. I sorrowed for her.

The next term opened with heavenly weather, lasting on far into October. Then came gales and the earth was strewn with vegetable decay.

It was a dreary term. My hands got bad again, but not so bad, I thought, as last year, which was comforting. We had

no snow, or only a little, but a great deal of rain and frost. There was some skating. I liked skating fairly well.

In the Christmas holidays I first took to writing much. I had before done little bits of things: as, for instance, Jugurtha; but they were all put away very soon and forgotten. Now I set upon a story of the Indian Mutiny, and wrote till I had finished it: there were over a hundred pages of exercise paper in it. After that, I had a series of nightmares, of a woman with great owl's wings and the skull of an owl, who came from a long way off to wrap me up and smother me: and I could never escape, but stood stone-still till, just as her shadow touched my feet, I shrieked and awoke breathless. The feelings these nightmares aroused made me write several poems, all about strange creatures who embraced me close and smothered me. But, the last week of the holidays being fine and bright, I was out a great deal, and this strange creature forgotten, and my girl-comrade

came back again (although I had never noticed her absence) and I was happy again with songs or cheerful whistlings as I went along alone.

CHAPTER III.

THE next midsummer holidays, to which I had looked forward somewhat eagerly, were a disappointment. The weather was bad ; chill, windy, rainy : perhaps that had a good deal to do with it. I forsook my boating at last : took to long walks over the, generally, wet fields, with sometimes sadness through all my thoughts. In the end, dreams became almost nightly occurrences, fantastic dreams, never quite nightmares although the shadow of nightmare was often in them like a polyp in a dim submarine water. I wrote odd things about this, fragments, half-understood by myself, almost always torn up after a few lines had

been put down, and then I sat bent over the table, the end of pen or pencil in mouth and eyes staring at nothing, till the fit passed. The dull or rainy weather held on almost uninterruptedly. I was somewhat relieved when the holidays were over.

With the new term came finer weather. September, the end of it, and half October were soft and beautiful. Then two or three wind gales blew, whirling all the leaves and many twigs and some boughs off the roaring trees: nay, pulling some trees, and not small ones, to the earth. These gales past, the challenge matches began. I got my School House colours all right, as 'three-quarters back.' I enjoyed those games. The excitement of the fellows over the stiff tussles we, School House, had with Gough's and Mason's thrilled me every now and then. A certain viciousness and devilry came into me. I remember well how once, when Harper, after a splendid run down the left side of the Mere field (we had the wall goal), got past first one back and then the

other and was, at full speed, the ball not two yards before him, hurrying to pass me—the short run I took, so as to poise myself, and then how I went straight as an arrow for the ball and him. We met violently. I, half spun round, tottered: recovered myself: saw the ball, just turning, a yard or so to the right: was to it: kicked: saw it go, round, through the air, on over the heads of the yelling crowd of fellows a quarter way up the field: and then turned, to see Harper get up off his knee and move away. I could have given a shout of delight. That swift rush and violent meeting had gone into my heart and head like strong wine.

Just for the two weeks we wanted fine cold dry weather, for the challenge matches I mean, we had it. Then it broke up: rain took the place of the sun-air, warm damp the place of the cold dry. The effect upon me was evil. The sometimes sadness through all my thoughts was through me again.

One evening after tea, during which I had felt very hot-cheeked with now and then shivers, as I was walking along the passage that led to the second building, all at once I felt something hot and watery distilling in my mouth and, in a moment, had vomited. I went on as if nothing had happened, not being quite sure that anything *had* happened : till I reached the door when, considering, I turned back and, seeing in the almost darkness something whitey on the earth, concluded that I had indeed been sick ; and continued my course into the hall again, where I rang the bell and waited till John came, and told him what had occurred and, saying I was sorry, asked him to clean away the mess somehow, if he pleased.

In preparation that night, hot, feverish even, unable to work, I could not get the incident nor myself and present doings out of dream-land. My throat was sore too, as if I had an inflammation there. Preparation and prayers over, I went up to the bedroom,

undressed, and lay in the cool sheets thinking in a vague way about death coming to me sometime soon ; for it was apparent that such incidents as vomiting up my tea did indeed arrive even at mine, like at most, nay I supposed all, existences. The thought was, like everything this evening, of and in dream-land. I spent a hot sleepless night that night.

Next morning I went from bad to worse. It was a Saturday. I felt like what I thought a melancholy bird felt, moping with a malady. I went up to my room and lay on my bed till, after about an hour, being thirsty and getting up for some water, I saw my face in the glass over the wash-stand, a scarlet patch upon my right forehead ; so bright a scarlet that I wondered a little. I had scarcely lain down again when there was a knock at the door, 'Come in,' and entered—Clayton. I made a dissatisfied noise half to myself.

Then he began to ask if I didn't feel well ? could he do anything for me ? would

I like any books from the library? (He could easily get the key from Monitor's room, you know), and the rest of it. In the end he went off, and I thought that that was the end of him.

I was dozing when there came a knock again, 'Come in' angrily from me, and there was Clayton with a pile of books in one hand and a bulging paper-bag in the other.

'I thought you might like some oranges,' he said, putting the books down on the next bed and opening the bag's mouth. I wished him at the devil.—Why can't people leave you alone when you're moping?

After a little :

'You'd better skip first lesson to-morrow,' he said. 'And go æger. You look as though you were sickening for something or other. There's a lot of measles about in the town.'

Another pause : Then up he got, and saying : 'Well I see you're tired, I won't stay any longer'—

was past the second bed going for the door, before I got out :

‘ Thank you for the oranges, but I don’t want them, thank you ; and for the books too.’ I forget the rest of it. Somehow he came back for the bag, and took it away, and the door shut, and I turned round to the wall and fell into a doze.

The next morning I felt I wanted to lie still : and so lay still. When Mother McCarthy came her rounds at about half-past eight to see who’d skipped ‘ first lesson ’ ; she recognised the fact that I had scarlet fever. I didn’t care much.

I was put into hospital, and the days passed dimly. But, on the seventh or eighth morning, when the rash was all but gone, Mother McCarthy told me as she brought in my breakfast that ‘ Mr. Clayton had taken it.’ That set me off laughing : not that I wanted him to have it, I did not care a jot about him one way or the other, but it struck me as not bad sport in the abstract, that Clayton should

have it and be cooped up here with me.

They soon had him into bed, wrapped up in flannels and the rest of it. I couldn't help laughing to see his face, so elongated, as solemn as if at the celebration of a mystery. The idea of what he would look like later on, red all over and his tongue like a white strawberry, fairly overcame me. I think he thought he was not far removed from death just then. He closed his eyes with a resignation that was not without sweetness and his lips moved, in prayer I thought. Such a fit of laughter came into me that I had to stuff a piece of the sheet into my mouth. I ended by being rather ashamed of myself.

But later on he cleared up amazingly. His attack was a very slight one. Despite my eight days' start he was convalescent before me; for one night I, impatient at my itching hide, got out of bed and took to stalking up and down the length of the room in my nightshirt, despite his as-

surances that I should catch cold and have dropsy and inflammation of the kidneys and the brain, with convulsions, and God knows what besides. Sure enough I *did* get something rheumatic in my joints and I was assured by the Doctor that some inflammation of the eyes I had had not been improved by a chill I had somehow taken. I preserved silence, and made the best of it.

Later on, one day when my eyes were still too weak to see to read well, Clayton insisted on reading aloud to me: and a half week's insisting turned it almost into a habit. The fact was I had rather begun to like the fellow.

At last he was well enough to bear the journey home. I remember that last evening, or rather afternoon, we spent together, well.

We had been playing draughts by the window, while the sun set in veins of gold and red-hued light, visible to us as we looked out in the pauses of the game. Then it had become too dark for my weak

eyes to see well, and we did not care to have the gas lit. We went to by the fire, I sitting back in the large easy chair, he beside me bent forward with his hand twirling a little piece of paper in the fingers resting on the wicker arm. We had been talking about different things that had taken place in the school : had gradually dropped into silence.

All at once :

‘Leicester,’ he said, making a movement.

‘Well.’

‘Why are you such an odd sort of fellow?’

I answered nothing.

‘Now don’t scowl. You *are*, you know. . . . Do you know I think you’re very unjust to yourself? almost as unjust to yourself, . . . as you are to other people.’

‘Yes?’ I said.

‘You’re such a porcupine. You’re always putting up your quills at people. Why do you do it?’

‘Do I?’ I said.

‘Now you know quite well you do.’

I answered nothing.

He went on :

‘If I were you, I’d give it up : I would indeed. Where’s the fun in living day and night with your own sulky self? Don’t you ever feel as if you’d give a great deal to laugh and—— and amuse yourself (you know what I mean) like other fellows? . . . Instead of brooding over your wrongs in a corner . . . Eh?’

I kept silence.

‘Now answer me, do. Come, now *don’t* you often feel as if you’d very much like to have friends like other fellows have?’

‘No,’ I said : ‘not like other fellows have.’

Another pause :

Then he, with a sigh :

‘Friends, then? You’d like to have friends, wouldn’t you?’

‘One ’ud be enough,’ I said.

Another pause : and another sigh as he said :

‘You’re in one of your bad humours to-night.’

Then he burst out :

‘Upon my word, Leicester, you’re a most confounded fool ! There you sit like a miserable old cynic hugging his conceit, as full of morbid nonsense as you can well hold, a fool . . . a . . . a . . .’ He stammered.

‘Go on,’ I said. ‘What else?’

He came to a full stop : made another movement in his chair : and began again, with some resolution :

‘Now look here. There you are : a fellow who might be as liked as any one in the school, if you only cared.—Instead of that you’re the most *disliked* in the school : And all on account of your confounded conceit ! You think everyone else is a fool but yourself : and you think *you* think it doesn’t matter in the least what *they* think, about you or anything else either. Now that’s rot !’

‘I don’t quite see it,’ I said. ‘In two

years, who *will* know whether I was liked or disliked at a school called Colchester? Of course I don't care about it! Who *would*?'

'You *do* care : You care a great deal.'

'You think so, Clayton ?'

'I know so. If you *didn't* care, would you take the trouble to tell yourself so a hundred times a day like you do, and make yourself miserable about it? . . . Pooh-h ! You *do* care, right enough.'

I kept silence.

He proceeded :

'Leicester, you're a fool. And it's all the worse because you needn't be one without you liked. You might be a very nice fellow. You *can* be—when you like.'

A pause.

'Well ?' asked he.

'Well,' I said.

'Then I hope it may do you good then !' he cried. 'I am only saying it in that hope. I think too well of you to believe that you're blind to your own faults : And

it may do you some good to see yourself as others see you.—And that's all I've got to say.'

A pause.

At last he, slowly and not unsoftly :

'I'm going away this evening. . . . Mother McCarthy told you p'r'aps? . . . For good. . . . I shall be sorry to go. . . . My father is a silk merchant, and he wants me to enter his office. He's come up here to take me home. . . . The dear old dad! . . . Well ' (He gave his shoulders a little shrug) ' . . . I suppose I shall be going abroad soon. There's a branch out in China he wants me to go to . . . or something like that.'

Another pause.

Then :

'Do you want to go?' I said.

'No,' he said. 'No. I don't.' (He made a movement in his chair.) 'It's the last thing I should chose myself. But only one man in a thousand in this world can chose the profession he likes. . . .

I'm my father's only son, you see,' he added.

'Well?' I said, not unsoftly.

'Well, the long and the short of it is . . . that I wish you wouldn't . . . You know what I mean, Leicester. I don't want to preach to you: But I somehow think you really might . . . might do so much better, if you liked. You'll be a great man some day . . . if you live, that is, and God wills it.'

'Eh?' said I. 'What?'

'—— Did you ever know a man called Blake?' he asked.

'Yes,' I said, 'I did. Why?'

'Did you know he was dead?'

I was startled. I looked at him sharply.

'Dead?' I said.

'Yes. He died a little while ago.'

'How?'

'It was an accident. He fell off a ladder somehow, and his head struck upon a stone, and it gashed a great hole into the brain. A piece of the brain was hang-

ing out over his eye when they found him. It was in his garden. He had been training up a rose-tree that had been blown down by the wind. That about the piece of the brain hanging out over his eye has haunted me ever since I heard it. . . Those clear steadfast eyes ! It is horrible !

I kept silence, scarcely thinking.

He, in a low voice :

‘ . . . The night before he went I was in his rooms, talking with him. He was heavy about leaving the old place. He said he felt somehow as if he were going away from the grave of some one he loved. I remembered that—afterwards. Well, among other things he spoke about you. He had seen you at some school he had been to examine, I forget the name now. You had recited a poem of Longfellow’s, “The Psalm of Life” I think. He seemed very much struck with you. He said he thought you would be a great man someday. He said some other things about you : and asked me to look after you

when you came here. He told me you were coming here soon. . . Well, so I did as much as I thought I ought to for, don't you see, it's not good for a fellow high up in the school to do much for a small boy. It's not good for the small boy. It's better for him to fight out his battles alone. And I didn't think I was likely to leave—for some time at any rate. But my brother died: and my father, whose whole heart's in his business, asked me to—to give up my plan, and help him with it. So—I did.'

'What did you want to be, Clayton?' I said.

'Oh I'd a foolish idea of my own' (with a smile), 'about going up to the 'Varsity and studying Hebrew and Science and all sorts of things and then going out to Palestine. You see I should have liked to have helped Blake if I could and, when he died—Why, the idea came into my head of trying to do what *he* hadn't been able to do. You know he was very poor. . .

And he gave such a lot of what he had away. I believe he kept his mother and sister, too. I always thought so. Any how' (with another smile), 'there's an end to all those ideas of mine!'

'Will you tell me what you wanted to do?' I said.

'Oh!' he said. 'It wasn't so much me: It was Blake. He put the idea into my head. He thought, and thought rightly of course, that the great need that the Church has at this present moment is some man who would devote his life to a real patient study of the origins of Christianity; so that it might be shown forth, once and for all, that Christianity has for its foundation no vain legend, but events as historically true, and as capable of being shown to be historically true, as anything that has happened within the boasted ages of Science. That this might be done, could be done, and would be done, he felt sure, and so do I. But you see, at present, they all seem so taken up with themselves,

with their miserable grains of sectarian sand I mean, that such a man is not to be found, or if he is to be found. . . Well, God only understands these things ! It *does* seem hard, at times, that all should be so against us ! They all seem to think it's not worth the trouble ! or it can't be done ! or that there's no need for it ! O fools ! fools ! fools ! Can't you see by the shore of what flood we are standing ? Can't you read the signs of the times ? Can't you see an Art that becomes day by day more and more of a drug, less and less of a food for men's souls ? A misty dream floating around it, a faint reek of the east and strange unnatural scents breathing from it ; but underneath mud, filth, the abomination of desolation, the horror of sin and of death ! O my God, sometimes, thinking of it, my brain turns and I fear I shall go mad. And to be able to do nothing ! To see these devils in human shape——'

Suddenly he stopped short : swallowed :

put the back of his fingers to his lips. Then with a smile went on not unsoftly :

‘Nay, he was right. There is no need for me or God would let me go, in such a crisis as this is. Yet there come these moments when I seem to hear His voice as from behind, down through the thick clouds, saying to me : “*Go forth.*” It may be delusion. I’m not sure. I don’t know. It is terrible to be so tossed in opinion.’ (He was beginning to grow troubled : paused a little : and then with the same smile, his eyes all the while looking brightly before him, went on.) ‘Nay, he *was* right. And what should I have learnt from him if I could not . . . To leave my post ! . . .’ (Smiling again : And after a moment’s rest.) ‘. . . I remember it so well ! I can hear his voice now. “*Wherever any man shall take his place, either because he has thought it better that he should be there, or because his captain has put him there—there, as it seems to me, should he remain to face the danger, and take no account of death or of any-*

thing else in comparison with disgrace."—
And my captain is God,' he said : and with that bent forward a little and, with a faint light in his face and round his lips as of a bright smile, seemed to grow deeper and deeper in a dimmer dream that lacked not sweetness. So I sat for a time watching him ; till I too grew into a dream, a dim one, but it had no forms or shapes nor any sweetness.

Suddenly I started up and out of it. Looking at him, and perceiving no gap in our talk :

' Who says that ?' I said.

He answered slowly as if unaware of me :

' Plato makes Socrates say it. . . . But I was thinking of a particular occasion.'

—The door was unlatched, opened, and Mother McCarthy put in her head, to say that the Doctor had come up to say good-bye and shake hands with Mr. Clayton.

' It's very good of him !' cried Clayton,

jumping up. 'Isn't he afraid? Although,' he added, turning back a little to me from half-way down the room, 'there's not much fear of us two . . . Eh? I'll be back in a sec.'

He nodded, turned, and went out. The door closed; up went the latch; fell; steps crossed the planks; another door opened and closed. Silence.

I sat thinking vaguely about what he had been saying: vaguely, till my eyelids began to come blinkingly downwards, and head to nod, and at last must have fallen fast asleep.

I woke up with a start. The fire was almost out. I was full of sleep: got off my things somehow: dropped into bed, the cool clean sheets: into sleep again: And slept like a top till morning.

Mother McCarthy woke me bringing in breakfast. The gold sunshine was through the window. Her tongue was stirring already.—Mr. Clayton came in last night but found I was asleep and wouldn't have

me awoken. But he'd left a note for me.—
I got it and opened it at once :

' 8.30. P.M.

' Good-bye, my dear fellow. I am sorry our conversation was interrupted, or rather, I should say my monologue ; your part of it would have come in later p'r'aps ! Write to me at 21, Norfolk Square, London, whenever you care to. I shall always be glad to hear from you. Indeed I do hope we shan't lose sight of one another altogether. But at present my plans are vague in the extreme. But I'll write again soon. I'm afraid I must have seemed rather a fool to you an hour ago ? at any rate, very confused and peculiar ? I was stirred you see. I feel strongly about those things. And believe me, my dear fellow, those things are the only things in the world worth feeling strongly about. You'll think so too some day.—But I must dry up now. Excuse paper, also almost illegible pencil, also this

final scribble into a corner. And believe me that I am now, as always, truly yours,

‘ARCHIBALD CLAYTON.

‘P.S.—Don’t be a porcupine!’

CHAPTER IV.

EARLY in the next term I received another letter from Clayton. There wasn't much in it, I thought. 'He was really about to leave old England, going to learn his occupation in life, where every man should learn it, under fire, and in the smoke of the battle.'

I put the letter into my pocket intending to answer it that evening at preparation : indeed, did begin upon it, but, after the first seven lines or so, tore the sheet up a little petulantly and went on with my work. I didn't care about the fellow now enough to write to him any of my thoughts, and if I couldn't write them I didn't want to write anything.

I believe he said or wrote things about me to one or two of his friends ; especially Scott ; for Scott is every now and then polite to me, when the chance occurs, as Clayton himself used to be ; but that sort of politeness has no relish.

The midsummer term I remember well enough—by its general dreariness. Dull skies and rain, and our wretched School House crew, pulling up the river, and down again, and on home mostly sulky. Once or twice I almost gave it up ; but the thought of the good the exercise did me restrained me. Then the Bumping Races came. On the fourth night we bumped Gough's ; and kept our place as head of the river for the remaining four nights.

As I was passing through the hall after the last night's races I saw two or three letters on the end table and, stopping, I don't know quite why, to glance at them, saw one was for me. I recognised Colonel James' handwriting at once. He wrote to me usually in the first week of August

enclosing a £5 note (to which allusion has already been made, in Chapter III.), for which I as usually thanked him, in a jerked letter which invariably caused me not a little impatience ; for, as I have already said, when I didn't care about people enough to write to them any of my thoughts, I didn't care about writing to them at all. The letter was somewhat after this fashion :

‘ Junior United Service Club,
‘ July 21st, 18—.

‘ DEAR LEICESTER,

‘ A communication has been forwarded to me from my lawyer's, purporting to come from Mr. Robert Cholmeley, of the Myrtles, Seabay, Isle of Wight : who I am thereby informed is the only brother of the late Mrs. Leicester your mother. He has I believe been residing for some time abroad, owing to the weak state of his health, and is, as he is good enough to

inform me, by birth an American. He has received from me what information I thought fit to give him about your affairs, and you may shortly expect to receive a direct communication from him yourself. He desires that you should be allowed to pass the first fortnight of your Midsummer Vacation with him at the Myrtles, Seabay, Isle of Wight, and I at present see no objection to your accepting his invitation ; but you are, as far as I am concerned, at liberty to please yourself in the matter. He is, I understand, likely to go abroad again very shortly, having only come to England, as he informs me, in order to transact some urgent business which requires his absolute presence in England ; so that, as there need be no further acquaintance between you, beyond perhaps some small correspondence, I have not, as I have said, seen any objection to your accepting his invitation to pass the first fortnight of your Midsummer Vacation with him : At the same time I desire you to understand, that, as long as

you are under my care, I must insist that your acquaintance with any of the late Mrs. Leicester's, your mother's, relations be nothing beyond what ordinary courtesy to them shall require. Any intimacy with them was strongly deprecated by the late Major Leicester, your father, during his lifetime, and both as his friend and as your guardian I feel myself bound to follow out his wishes on the subject, even if my own did not coincide with them, as, I may add, they do most completely.

‘I enclose my accustomed allowance of £5 to you for the year's pocket-money. You can apply to the Revd. Dr. Craven for the necessary funds for your travelling expenses, an account of which I shall expect you to forward to me.

‘I remain,

‘Truly yours,

‘THOS. R. JAMES.

‘BERTRAM LEICESTER.’

As I stripped myself, ran down to the

wash-room, took my place behind the last fellow on the stairs, and as I was washing in the wash-room before I went under the tap, I thought in a half-dreamy way about this uncle of mine and then about my mother and Colonel James, and then about my father but, going under the tap and standing there with the cool water gushing all over my chest and down my body, thoughts arrested took another turn, and it was not till I was in bed that night that they reverted to the matter. Who was my mother? My father was in the army, a 'friend' of Colonel James : something like Colonel James seems to me, perhaps : a stiff-bodied, stiff-kneed, steel-grey headed old gentleman modelled upon Major Pen-dennis. . . . Was my mother the woman up in one of the berths of that second darker vision, the woman up in one of the berths giving suck to and soothing the half-fractionous child, the child half-fractionous with sleep and misery? The baby-boy, then, was my brother or sister? Had I a brother or

sister ? I felt that I had not. Had I a mother ? I felt that, on the other side of a broad, shelved and dim atmosphere, I had. Sometimes she stood still, turned towards me ; but neither of us made any great effort to see the other. ‘ My father lies dead in the close dark in the ground with a frown on his face. . . . And my thoughts of them,’ I said to myself, ‘ are this much worth : that my mother is dead, “ the late Mrs. Leicester,” and my father’s face probably past all frowning now : Nay, they probably are semi-dissolved bodies together.’ On which thought I fell asleep, and had a horrible dream of propping up the body of my father, great, naked, flabby, which would come upon me, and the skin depended a little on the only part I could see of him, the thighs and belly and upper portion of one broad leg. This dream disturbed me for the whole of the next day with a feeling of flabby death near and not near me, by and not by me, my father and not my father, just as that shadowy woman with

great owl-wings and the skull of an owl, of which I have already spoken.

The morning after that, at breakfast, Armstrong, who sat next me, getting up to look at the letters when they were brought in, returned and threw one into my plate. It was addressed to *B. Leicester, Esq.*, in a thin scratchy hand, and the envelope was large and oblong and of glazed white paper. In a little I opened it, supposing it to be from Mr. Cholmeley, and rightly.

‘The Myrtles, Seabay, Isle of Wight,
‘22nd July, 18—.

‘DEAR MR. LEICESTER,

‘I dare say that by this time my name, Cholmeley, will convey some impression to your mind ; for I must suppose that your guardian, Colonel James, has not left you in complete ignorance of the correspondence that has been passing between us.

‘I prefer coming at once to the point, or rather one of the points ; for there are two. The first is, some explanation of what you

must suppose to have been nothing short of absolute neglect of yourself on my part; the second is, as you are probably aware, to ask you to confer upon me the pleasure of your society here for the first fortnight in August. I should, indeed, have been happy to have given you a somewhat larger invitation; but, as my health requires me to hasten south again to those parts which alone seem able to make my wretched old body an endurable habitation, you will see that this is impossible.

‘I now return to the first point. I saw but very little of my sister, Isabel, your mother; for having very early shown a decided inclination for the study of the classics, that chiefest *laborum dulce lenimen*, and my father’s father having himself been a scholar of no despicable pretensions, although of a somewhat more artificial, if sounder, character, than those at present in vogue, and moreover money not being a want to us, I naturally desired, and at last gained, my father’s permission to return to

England, ultimately proceeding to Cambridge, where I obtained the distinction of Chancellor's Medallist and Second Classic, terms doubtless familiar to you a member of a school in which, I believe, the old classical tradition is still handed down unsullied by the barbaric bar-sinister of either science or, what they call, a 'Modern Side!' Shortly after my matriculation I had heard that my father's health was a little shaken by a severe chill caught at some festal gathering, but the evil effects were, apparently, rooted out by care and a good doctor, and I had given up any anxious thought about the matter. Indeed, the account I had of him for the next few years was encouraging in the extreme. You may, then, imagine my consternation and grief when, shortly after my last University success, I received intelligence of his sudden death and of my sister's desire to come to England as soon as possible, in order that she might take up her residence with an aunt of ours at that time residing near Man-

chester. This voyage was actually performed, and I myself stayed for a few days at my aunt's house, from the experience of which few days I formed that estimate of, what appeared to me to be, your mother's natural disposition, which, despite all subsequent events, I have seen no proper reason to cease to hold as being, in the main, a correct one. I can say with the most absolute sincerity, that I believe that the greatest of her faults was thoughtlessness, and that I have so far considered, and shall in all probability continue to consider to the end of my life, that all attempts to make her out as either naturally or by her early training depraved are as unfounded as they are ungenerous and unjust. I make no doubt that you already know at any rate the general outline of your unhappy mother's subsequent career, and I shall, therefore, make no further allusion to it than that which I have already made.

‘ You will I think easily perceive, that her

marriage with your father and their almost instantaneous departure for Cork where his regiment was then quartered, and my scholastic labours and ultimately my own marriage, to say nothing of our most opposed spheres of life, made any close intimacy between the two families all but impossible. After a short, too short ! period of happiness I was left to face life with the motherless pledge of mutual affection and a frame shattered by an, alas useless, attendance on the sick bed of my beloved wife and companion. I felt that change of scene and change of climate were absolutely necessary to me. I left England therefore ; and so it came about that, unhonoured by the confidence of my sister, your mother, I remained for long in ignorance of anything more than the general facts of her history. It was only through inquiries, instituted by me shortly after I had received intelligence of her death, that I learnt of your existence at all and then, being informed that you were well cared for, and being myself at the

time engaged upon a most laborious and absorbing undertaking, I thought it no great neglect of you to wait till, that undertaking completed, however unworthily, and my presence in England being from the nature of the thing (I need not scruple to inform you that I refer to my forth-coming edition of the plays of Sophocles) an absolute necessity, at any rate for a short season, I could make your acquaintance personally instead of being compelled to know you and be known of you through nothing more intimate than the post!

‘There are other things which I desired to say to you but, for the present, I must forbear, for my exertions of the last few days have so worn out these wretchedly shattered nerves of mine, that I find both energy and acumen to be pitiably lacking in me. Let this, I pray you, be some excuse for the paltriness of this letter : and more especially for the abrupt ending which I am now about to give to it. I hope to hear from you

shortly, and, in the meantime, ask you to believe me, dear Mr. Leicester,

‘ To be yours very sincerely,

‘ CHARLES K. CHOLMELEY.’

The letter made no impression upon me at the time ; for it did not seem to have much, if any, concern with me. I had read it with half-absent thoughts : then I put it into my breast-coat pocket : finished my breakfast : got up to my locker : took out one or two books : and went up to my study to look through some Cicero, the *Pro Milone*, which we had for exam. at second lesson. It was not till, the exam. over, I stood at my locker in the hall again, putting away my pen and blotting-paper, that my mind recurred to Mr. Cholmeley and his invitation. I shut to the locker door : took my hat off one of the pegs : and went out into the quad. with my hands in my pockets, thinking.—‘ I suppose I may as well go down there. . . And yet I don’t know. There’s the boating, and I reckoned on a . . . Well, it’s only

for three weeks at the worst: And I suppose as he's my uncle I . . . And he might tell me something about my mother' (I lifted up my head); 'I *have* just enough care about her, or her history, or whatever it is, to call it curiosity.' It was on some doubt consequent on this thought that I went in to Craven.

I found him in the study taking off his gown. He received me affably. Yes, he had received a letter from Mr. — Mr. Cholmeley, yes Mr. Cholmeley—my uncle? Ah yes: my uncle—asking permission from him to allow me to spend the first fortnight of my midsummer vacation with him at Seabay in the Isle of Wight. Colonel James had been good enough to make his (Craven's) permission a requisite? Well (looking up from his inspection of the letter) *he* had no objection to my going: no objection: No. Mr. Cholmeley was my uncle? Did I know if he was any relation of . . . Ah, it must be the same, he saw: *Charles K. Cholmeley*.—He had not noticed the initials.

‘Are you aware, Leicester,’ he said with a blink and a blinking smile, ‘that Mr. Cholmeley is one of the greatest authorities on the Greek tragedians that we have? What? What? You *weren’t* aware of it? . . . Now I hope you’ll be careful not to. . .’ And so on: The end of it being that he informed me, after a pause, that he thought a fortnight at Seabay would do me good. I was not to forget to warn Mrs. Jones of the change in my plans. There were some charming pieces of scenery in the neighbourhood of Seabay:

‘—— That is,’ he said with another smile, ‘if you care for charming pieces of scenery, Leicester? What? What?’

I thought that it would be purposeless to say to him that I did and how much I did: so kept silence with my eyes on the ground, waiting for the old fool to finish.

‘Well, well;’ he said, ‘perhaps that will come later on.—You may go, Leicester.’

I went out and up into my study, and sat down in a chair, tilting it back and

putting my feet against the table by the window looking out onto the quad., and began to think whether I really wanted to go and see my uncle, or wasn't it foolish to give up the pleasure of an extra fortnight alone on the river? 'Well,' I said, getting up, 'I must go now I suppose.'

'And yet,' continued I in thought, 'why should I trouble myself with a journey down there, and be most probably a dry old stick who'll correct my pronunciation and make quotations I don't understand? I really don't know. . . I suppose I'd better go. Craven 'll think it odd now if I—— Confound it! let him! What do I care? I *won't* go!—Just to show I don't care? No, that's foolery. And my mother? . . I'd better go after all.—What a fool I am!'

The remaining week passed, to me, with imperceptible fleetness. I read a good deal: stalked out and over the fields to the bathing-place twice or three times: sculled a little up the river.

I remember, the last night, going in to Mother McCarthy to get my hat from the cupboard: how I came along the dark passage: opened the door, with Gordon (the monitor) under the gas, leaning against the iron-work of Armstrong's bed, reading a book and biting his nails: went on to my bed, threw the hat onto it, turned to the opened window and looked out—through the branches of two of the dark deep trees, into the quad. all there in the moonlight with the shadowed houses and, beyond, the opened heaven paley blue, lit with some self-containing radiance:

And a feeling of soft peace grew in me, something which was unspeakable and which could not be left, to turn round to the bright gas-light, and the bedded jugged room and the fellows; so that the thought of them left me, trailing and fading away as some half-pulsing sort of tentacle in a dream, and I remained with the fulness of that soft peace unspeakable: until there was a start, my attention taken backward,

a book snapped up, and I knew the butler had been in and put out the gas.

I went from the window in the space between the beds, and undressed in silence, thinking.

II.

CHAPTER I.

ARMSTRONG lived in London. As we were getting up in the early morning he found out that I had to go to London, and asked me to have breakfast with him at Miller's, where they give you a decent tuck-in for 1/6, and besides Knight's is so dirty, and he hadn't paid his tick there yet for last term. I agreed to go with him: though in a glum sort of a way; for I was in an irresolute humour, half dissatisfied with everything and everybody, particularly myself. Well, into Miller's we went together: through the shop into a small poky gaslit room where, round a table, sat some four

or five fellows 'tucking in' at coffee, bread, eggs and bacon, and jam. In a little, I got a seat next Tolby-Jenkins, a fat monitorial beast, of ignoble sort.

Armstrong and I were coming down the grey-morning hill to the station before I returned to myself again. And then there was an entry into a tobacconist's just opened and a purchase by Armstrong of bird's-eye and some cigarettes.

'Arn't you going to get anything?' asked Armstrong, half-turning to look at me looking out of the door across the station yard to the station steps and doorway. I half turned and met his look.

'Very well,' I said. 'Give me a box of cigarettes.' And took out a shilling and 'lifted' it from where I was onto the counter.

We crossed into the station. A good many fellows were about. Armstrong had talk with some, and, in the end, I got into one of the London carriages after him and sat down next the fellow at the far

end facing the engine. Directly opposite me was Norris our stroke, of the School House I mean ; and in the corner Davidson. In the other corner of that side, friend Leslie on his last journey home from Colchester School. Armstrong next Leslie. Jones junior on my right : and Jacobson next him in the corner.

For the first hour we had a loud time of it. Norris sang solos of popular or 'smutty' songs and the rest joined in deafening choruses, enlivened by occasional horse-play. I was set off smiling more than once at the thought of my solemn self sitting there 'drawing' every now and then from a desultory cigarette, and sending out a faint whiff of smoke into the rush of air that passed through one window rollingly out of the other. It wasn't that I didn't care for mirth, I thought ; for there have been times when I have felt ready for a witch's sabbath over the hills, or any laughter-devilry you please ; not to recall other times, when the readiness for a gibe

at some young woman of the Beatrice stamp was all but irresistible and prompted shouting and mirthfulness only ended by sheer exhaustion. But what was there in these 'earthy' fools (I mean, as if they were not unlike fat, half-lousy Flemish revellers among the barrels of a cellar : And yet not quite that !) to inspire mirth, or even laughter ?—So I sat thinking, till, all at once, Norris set up a ringing sea-song that, after a little listening, made a cold shiver go down my back, and my eyes light up, and the necessity for a loud shout in the chorus a simple half-conscious satisfaction.

The rest of the journey was a quietness, by comparison perhaps. Norris and Leslie left us at Bridgetown : Davidson got out soon after. We could hear the other London fellows in the next carriage singing for a little after that ; but the fellows here grew quieter, reading or talking : while I sat still thinking. And so the time went.

At London there was a general shaking of hands and quick parting. And I changed to my second train.

At Portsmouth I went on board the boat. It was a heavenly afternoon; that is, with a mild sky streamed with tender colours, and the air mild, not hot or cool. I stood leaning against the side forward, while the gentle scene went by. Faint unreality was with me and something not undreamy.

‘Altogether,’ I thought (at Ryde), sitting in the engine-side corner of the waiting train with my hand in my cheek and my elbow in the window-ledge, ‘to-day has been a day of dreamy changes: one unlike any one I know, save perhaps three or four of my fever days.’ When forthwith the faint unreality was with me once more and something not undreamy; and was with me till I, looking not undreamily forth, saw *Seabay* on a long board as we passed it on: Then stopped. I put my hand out of the door, turned the handle,

shoved open the door with my knee and got out. It was not a hot late-afternoon : a gentle breeze was blowing. The sky was full of rare colours. A porter pulled my box out of the luggage-van and landed it, over the stone border, on the brick-red gravel.

I stood by the box and the train went out, and away : stood for some little, reflecting that I had forgotten Mr. Cholmeley's address and had neither Colonel James's nor his letter to refer to. It didn't trouble me. I still stood thinking, about things, in a half vague way. Then took to looking at the station and a tall grass bank opposite. There seemed no one in the station now. A hen fluttered out of some furze a little farther on into the line. Some ducks came paddling their bills along in a broad rut on the other side of the line : I could hear a telegraph clock tick-tick-tick-ticking.

As my slow gaze went to by the doorway and a small book-stall towards the

other end of my side of the station, an old gentlemen's head, bent shoulders, and black-clothed body came from just past the bookstall : He had a white stock round his neck. And then, between him and the bookstall, stepped a fair girl.—They came on slowly along the brick-red gravel.

I half observed them with a new feeling : them, neither the old gentleman particularly nor the girl. Till, all at once, he stopped. She stopped.

He said :

‘My dear. I don’t see him.’

The girl raised her head, looked towards, to me. Our eyes met. Everything in me stood still, effortlessly though. Then she looked down to him : lifted her hand to his arm, on it, and said with a lower tone :

‘I expect that is Mr. Leicester there, father.’ Up went his head, out came two horned glasses onto his nose, and he had a look at me. I smiled.

‘God bless my soul,’ he said, ‘of course, of course ! My dear, I’m as blind as a bat.’

And on that we all were together, and he had shaken my hand with his two, and then; with 'This is my daughter Rayne,' she and I had shaken hands. And we had all turned together and were on our way over the gravel to the other end of the station.

He was saying:

'You see, it was my fault that we weren't up here to meet the train.—Yes, my dear,' he proceeded, 'it was *my* fault, I acknowledge it.'

'But where's your luggage?' said the girl, staying.

Mr. Cholmeley was seized with a sudden and violent fit of coughing, and in the end spat out a patch of yellowy stuff not unlike matter into the hollow by the near rail. The sight I took of that patch of yellowy stuff not unlike matter introduced a new feeling in me.

'There is my box,' I said, turning and looking towards it: And, at that moment seeing a porter come out of a small room

we had just passed, called to him ; and turning back to them : ‘ Shall I tell him to . . . How ? Are there cabs . . . or . . . ’

‘ Well,’ said Rayne, with a light of laughter in her eyes, ‘ there’s the pony carriage outside, but . . . I’m afraid your box will be—rather too much for it,’ she said.

I half laughed.

‘ Eh ?’ said Mr. Cholmeley. ‘ What ? Eh ? The box, my dear ; you said it was too big ?’ He turned also, adjusted the two horned glasses, and took a look at it. The porter was waiting by us.

‘ Well,’ I said, turning and speaking to him, ‘ will you manage to bring it up to——’

‘ Yes, sir. I’ll see its brought up. Where to, sir ?’

I paused : looked at Rayne : half laughed : and said :

‘ Upon my word I don’t know. You see, sir,’ I went on to Mr. Cholmeley, ‘ I forgot the address of the house I was going to, and I hadn’t either your letter or Colonel

James' in my pocket to prompt my memory with.'

'The Myrtles,' said Rayne to the porter : And then (he gone with a queer look and a 'Yes, miss,') to me : 'It was lucky we came to meet you then.'

'Very,' I said. Mr. Cholmeley had started slowly on in the original direction. We were up to him in a few steps, one on each side.

'I can't make out,' I went on, 'what could have made me so forgetful.'

'In the over-wrought condition of our nerves nowadays,' said Mr. Cholmeley, 'the wonder is that we remember anything.'

And with such talk we were out of the station and by a small pony-carriage and a small brown fat pony. Rayne drew back. Mr. Cholmeley got in, and made a motion to sit down in the front seat. I ran round to the other side to stop him, and succeeded. Then Rayne was in, had taken up the reins, touched up the pony, and we were off at a smart trot.

Mr. Cholmeley was leaning back with his eyes closed.

Then Rayne asked something about my journey. And I answered in sort : till Mr. Cholmeley came into the conversation, and it drifted to Colchester. Mr. Cholmeley asked me a good many questions about Colchester : the system of teaching the classics in use, the subjects taught in each form, the amount taught, and other things : I answering as I best could.

All at once :

‘ I do not care for Latin,’ said Rayne.
‘ It is dry.’

Mr. Cholmeley lay back again with his eyes closed, smiling peacefully.

‘ Nor do I, Miss Cholmeley,’ I said, ‘ I must confess. I can’t understand Latin properly, I do think. It seems all so lifeless to me, as if they had all sat down and written it to pass away the wet afternoons. But Greek now !—Homer, or even Xenophon. You remember that bit in the seventh book, I think, where they see the sea——’

Mr. Cholmeley murmured :

‘Και τάχα δη ἀκουουσι βοωντων των στρατιωτων, θαλαττα, θαλαττα, και παρεγγυντων.—a beautiful little touch, that παρεγγυντων.’

‘What does it mean?’ she asked.

I, looking at Mr. Cholmeley and perceiving his eyes still closed, answered rather diffidently :

‘It means, passing it on to one another like the watchword, I think. We did it the term before last, the seventh book.’

‘Yes,’ said Rayne, ‘but I never got as far as that. I did read some Xenophon last January:’ she added to me. ‘But it was rather uninteresting, I thought. Nothing but : *Thence he marches nineteen stages, twenty-seven parasangs to— some place or other : a city populous, prosperous and great. And the river Scamander (or Menander, or whatever it is), flows close to it, and there is a park and a palace in the middle of the city.*”’

‘My dear!’ said Mr. Cholmeley, smiling with still closed eyes. “*Menander!*”

‘I don’t think I shall ever want to read any other Greek than Homer,’ she went on, flicking with the whip-lash.

In a little :

‘Perhaps, Miss Cholmeley,’ I said, ‘you’ll like to read Plato some day : like Lady Jane Grey did. I have only read part of the *Apology* and the *Crito* ; but it seemed to me that it was very beautiful.’

‘Eh? hey?’ said Mr. Cholmeley, opening his eyes and erecting his head and body, ‘why, here we are.’

I gave a glance at the house. It was a small house at the other end of a garden pretty with bright flowers. There was a not unfaint noise heard, like the wind in a row of tree-tops. Looking on, as I got down, I saw a line, about a quarter way up the house, with a pale blue band : *the sea!* The breeze came up softly. There was a boy waiting just by the gate for the pony,

whose rein close by the mouth he now held.

I stretched my hand for Mr. Cholmeley. He rested on it, and getting down :

‘ It’s a beautiful day for August—in Seabay,’ he said. ‘ That is to say if I may believe what they tell me about it. An antiquarian friend of mine at Newport described the place as a bed in a cucumber-frame, in summer. Myself I am inclined to doubt it—for reasons.’

Rayne was already down and on to open the gate ; but I was there before, unlatched and threw it inwards wide. Mr. Cholmeley passed in slowly, Rayne followed with a look at me like that of when she said : ‘ Well : There’s the pony-carriage outside, but . . . I’m afraid your box will be rather too much for it.’ I followed, with an arriving thought that I had seen her eyes somewhere before, and perhaps her face.

We went in, through a small green-covered porch, to a small hall, then to the

right, down a passage that met the little hall at right-angles, down a staircase, along a little hall again with an open door at the end and green garden and bluey sea-view, then to the right into a large light room, in the middle of which was a laid table and, for the far-side, a large half-bay window with the two central flaps opened outward.

Mr. Cholmeley sank down sighing in an armchair that Rayne turned a little to the window.

‘Ah-h,’ he said. ‘I’m very soon tired out now.’

Then, in a little, recovering himself, looking up at me standing by the window to his left :

‘—But perhaps Mr. Leicester is hungry ’ (turning his look up to Rayne above the right arm of the armchair). ‘We forget that.—And dinner is not till half-past seven.’

‘No,’ I said. ‘I am not hungry at all, thank you.’

‘Are you sure?’

‘Certain,’ I said. ‘I had some things on the way. I am not at all hungry, really, thank you.’

A pause.

‘Then I think,’ he said, ‘that the best thing to be done, will be for Rayne and you to go for a ramble along the shore together, and leave me here. I’m afraid I should be but poor company just at present. In fact: I confess that I should like a little nap before dinner. You remember, my dear, I had no siesta this afternoon, and I’m tired.’ His voice fell.

We left him rather lingeringly, more particularly Rayne. And went down over the first plot of grass, the gravelled walk, and the lawn in silence. Then she led me round a clump of bushes, and we were on a path whose front was a low sea-wall. There was a break of a yard therein a little further on. Arrived there, I saw a ladder, like those from bathing-machines, that touched the sand.

We stayed a moment. Then I jumped down and held my hand up for her. She jumped past it down, and stepped seawards, I following.

‘I hope you didn’t mind my father going to sleep,’ she said as we moved off together through the loose tuneful sand. ‘He usually takes his nap after lunch, but to-day your coming disturbed him so, that he couldn’t take it, and he is so easily exhausted . . . now.’

‘I am sorry,’ I said.

‘Why should you be sorry?’

‘To have disturbed him.’

‘I didn’t mean that! I meant that it had excited him thinking you were coming, and so he couldn’t get to sleep then, after lunch. But that wasn’t *your* fault.’

We moved on in silence for a little. Then she said :

‘How beautiful the sea is now, and the sky.’

We stopped a moment to look at them. And looking at them, the pale yellow sky,

the smooth sea, the liquid wave, dreaminess came to me : absorbed all my inner self with a dimness, even as the pale yellow light may have absorbed the middle heaven. A double word, that was almost one word, was, came, went through, I cannot say what—in the dimness : *Θαλαττα, θαλαττα*. I knew only the dimness : it, the pale yellow sky, the smooth sea, the liquid wave, were outside. Then a deadened pain came in my left brow, and a deadened sound in my ears ; and I saw ; and saw her by me, and her face with the shadow of a frown on her brow.

‘ I am sorry,’ I said in a low voice. ‘ I had forgotten you.’

She smiled.

‘ You said something, in Greek I think it was, and then you shook your head a little, and then you threw out your arms to the sea.—Will you tell me what that Greek meant ?’

‘ I am sorry,’ I said.

‘ What for ? For forgetting me ?’

‘Yes. I was not thinking.’

‘Surely it was just the opposite.—You *were* thinking. When you think you forget, very often, everything but what you are thinking about. There is no need to be sorry for that.’

‘I am very foolish to-day.—But I have never seen the sea before that I can remember: and, I cannot tell you why, but it seems to make me wish now to laugh and then to cry. I am foolish.’

We walked on in silence for some twenty steps:

‘It is not so,’ she said. ‘Sometimes, early in the morning, when I have come out, and the sun was shining, and everything seemed so happy, I have run down to the sea dancing and singing. But when I saw how it lifted itself up, and threw out its arms once—twice—over and over again—into the sand, and it seemed so tired, so tired . . . I have stood and pitied it: till I felt the tears all coming out of my eyes.—I do not call that foolish.’

It is God who makes you pity the sea.'

I laughed, and we moved on together again :

' These ridiculous dreamy states,' I said, ' come upon me at times : ever since I had the scarlet fever, more than a year ago now.—The Greek I called out was, I think so at least, only what the Greeks cried, " The sea ! the sea ! "—You remember Mr. Cholmeley quoted it. P'r'aps it was, that I remembered it in the middle : and that made me call it out. I dare say !'

Then we talked of Greek, and how we both loved it ; and then of Homer. And I could have cried out when she said straight off the line :

βη δ' ἄκρων παρα θίνα πολυφλοισβοιο θαλασσης,

which I had thought one of the most beautiful ' ideas ' that I knew : the old man going in silence down by the loud-resounding sea. And then we traced the words

with a stick on the clean smooth sand, and she said that she wished she knew how to put the accents on the words, for they didn't look quite right without them, and I said that the general rules for marking the accents were very simple, and explained about oxyton, paroxyton, proparoxyton, perispomen, and properispomen, and other matters connected therewith.

From that, in some way or other, we went to French, of which I knew next to nothing; but, when I asked her and she spoke some of it, it pleased me to listen to it as it came from her lips, some poetry she had learnt, and lastly a little song. I was sorry when the song was over, and went on by her without a word for a little, as if the song would continue, and yet not quite that. Then I remembered, and said that I liked to hear her sing. This led us to Italian, and she repeated some Italian for me.

'It must give you pleasure,' I said, looking at her, 'to know these soft beautiful languages.'

‘Well,’ she answered, ‘it *does* please me sometimes ; but I’ve known them ever since I was quite small, and so they seem somehow natural to me.’

‘I have never been out of England,’ I said. ‘I should like to see Italy, I think I should like to die in Italy, where the sun shines always, and there is no cold wind and rain, and the fields are full of flowers.’

‘But the wind *does* blow,’ she said, ‘horribly sometimes : the sirocco in the autumn is terrible, and so are the spring winds in Florence.’

‘Ah but,’ I said, looking at her, ‘that’s not the time I was thinking of.’

Then she began to tell me about Italy and their life there. I asked particularly about the pictures and statues, telling her that the only pictures I had ever seen were in the Painted Chamber at Greenwich, and described the one of Nelson rushing wounded on deck, and the other of him being taken up, a pale dead body, into heaven.

At that point we stopped ; for walking on the bank of stone on which we were was toilsome : and she looked aside and up at under the cliff, and I also. It was a sort of plateau a few yards higher than the stony shingle, covered with thick grass, and having small trees here and there. She was looking at one part of it.—Two small streams, but the one larger a little than the other, made two small cascades flowing down from a higher elevation through the grass, gathered tufts of which and weeds guided the flow into the round earth basin below. There was a gentle murmur : and by the right side a tree, with a faint shadow against the earthen wall behind.

We climbed up.

It was a pretty place. Clear streaks of colour on the earthen wall that was sheeted with the ruffled water : then, from an arched break up above, came the main stream, dividing, to cross and flow down the swaying grass and weeds into the round earthen basin.

Rayne sat down on a thick clump of grass under the tree: and I leant against the earthen wall with the line of water just by me.

All at once she jumped up, looking along the shore to the brown cliff that ended the bay. I looked also.

‘We’re caught!’ she said.

There was a play of foam, as she spoke, at the foot of the brown cliff behind which was the now almost, or altogether, set sun. She rose, crossed the plateau, jumped down on to the shingle and started off at a run. I was up and after her in a moment, close by her. She ran well, for a girl. But the shingle, giving with each footfall, was tiring to the limbs, and then there were her petticoats. She began to flag a little. We were still quite a hundred yards from the point.

‘Will you take my hand?’ I said, passing her. ‘Let me help you. The stones.’

She would not. I fell back.

We ran on as before.

Looking down as we came onto some smooth half-hard sand, I saw the Βη δάκειον which we had written ; the rest was washed out.

At last we came to by the point. The waves were dashing up foamingly all round. She went straight to a boulder, jumped on to it, and with her hand against the brown earthen side was about to step to another, when up had come a swelled sideward wave, swirled over the first ring of rocks, and the next moment she was in a shiver of spray. I stepped to try the boulder on which she was, caught firm hold of her round the hips, and, lifting her up, made straight onward. Up came another wave, but smaller, swept past and through my legs up to the knees, but I held both her and the ground firm. She did not move : one arm held me firmly round the shoulders. I looked aside. There was a large wave just off shore coming in swiftly. ‘ *Now !* ’

The wave went back. I dashed on, stumbled over a stone, recovered myself, a

small leap, a run—and we were in the light of the setting sun, and she put down on the sand before me. The large wave struck through the first ring of rocks, and burst full upon the cliff, mostly on this side, into a lit cloak-like shower of drops flying through the soft sunny air. Then I looked at her,—both looks, for the bursting of the wave and for her, inexpressibly swift. Laughter was in her eyes at last, and on her lips, and in her face.

‘I will never forgive you for not letting me get a ducking,’ she said. ‘I had set my heart on it!’

Then she turned, and we hurried on in the warmer sunset air, not saying much. I was fully content so.

At last we reached the garden wall. The tide did not come up to the other end wall. She went up the ladder, and then I: along the path: round the bushes, and on to the lawn. There we saw Mr. Cholmeley looking through a pair of lorgnettes along the other shore.

Rayne came up to him quietly, I following ; and put her left arm round him and said :

‘ Here we are, daddy ; I hope we haven’t kept you waiting for dinner.’

‘ Eh ? hey ?’ he said, smiling at her, with the lorgnettes lowered, and then, looking at me : ‘ why, I thought you would be sure to go along the shore towards Kremlin, child.’

And we went over the grass together and up into the dining-room talking. We all seemed content so.

CHAPTER II.

THE fortnight I was there with them went like a space of fair weather through a time of dulness.

When I awoke one morning and informed myself that this was the last day I should be here in this fair beauty and inner pleasure of life with them, it seemed to me that I thought foolishly. Not even that evening, when we three were in the open air, Mr. Cholmeley in the arm-chair in the middle of the out-flung bay-window, Rayne on a stool at his feet, touching him with loving hand from time to time, and I half lying on and over the edge of the terrace—not even then, with the certain

quiet and sadness that was of a last evening together with us, could I realize that I was going away from the beauty and the life here with them, not to see either again for long ; perhaps ever. The even flow of quiet and sadness was too dreamy.

We began to talk a little, of work, its length and weariness and the final rest when it was over : or rather it was, that Mr. Cholmeley spoke of it softly, and every now and then Rayne or I asked him of things he told or other thoughts thereby.

Then Rayne left us for a moment to go to speak to Mrs. Jacques about our breakfast, and I came up and sat in her place.

For a little there was silence, and I knew somehow that he wished to speak to me about my mother. I waited calmly. He was trembling. But at last the words came.

He had felt that he had not done all he might have done for her. He ought to have remembered that he was the only person she had in the world of whom she

had a right to expect care and affection. But he had not thought of it in that way then. As he had told me, they had seen so little of one another, that she did not seem to him to be his sister, and 'sister' meant but a name that was not as near even as 'friend.' He was so full of other things then: his studies, his work; and she seemed happy and contented with her aunt. And then they both married, and she seemed happy and contented with her husband. He knew that he had done wrong. It was clearly his duty, both as a man and her brother, to have befriended her. Perhaps if he had done so, she might never. . . . God only knew!

He was so moved, that all I saw good to do was to calm him.

I said, as I thought, that he had acted for the best, and that he could not be blamed. The questions that I would like to have asked, what my mother had done, and when and why she had done it, were not, I thought, to be asked then. I was

once almost afraid that he would do himself some harm and, as I tried to soothe him, I felt in some way that the pulse of life beat but faintly here. And thinking of it grew sad.

And so at last Rayne came back, and we talked of other things.

The next morning Rayne went with me down to the station to see me off, and, when I had got my ticket and seen that the box was all right, we walked up and down the gravel platform talking a little, of her father and of their going abroad and when we might meet again. She seemed to have no idea that he was very ill ; and mine, of the faint-pulsing life, having passed away, there was no certainty in me—no, nor thought, to tell her of what might after all have been no more than fancy.

She would write to me once every month, she said : that was better than promising to write often and not writing ; for it is so difficult to know what to tell a person if you write often, and it is much nicer

to have the whole month and write to them when you feel inclined to, didn't I think so? Then I reminded her of her promise to learn hard at Latin, and of mine to learn hard at French, so that we might both know the same languages and compare our thoughts upon them: 'And,' I said, 'I shall set upon Italian soon, and see what I can make of it.'

And a little after that the train came up, and we went stepping down it, till we saw an empty carriage. And then I got into it, and put my coat on the seat, and was down again by her; but we said little, standing together, and I now and then looking at her, and knowing a tremble in me and the lump in my throat, and would have held her and kissed her on the lips and said 'Rayne!' But the last carriage-door banged to, and the porter was by mine, and it was a hurry to go: And in the hurry somehow I touched her hand, and she rose on her toes with her cheek for me to kiss, and I kissed it, and then was up in the moving train and not

able to see her for the tears, till we were past the end of the station, when I saw her standing and waving her hand with a smile on her dear sweet face. ‘ *Oh, Rayne, Rayne, how lonely I am, leaving you! Oh, Rayne, Rayne!* ’

Colchester seemed very dull to me when I first came back from Seabay. I roamed about the fields in search of consolation for something I had lost, but could find little or none. It was a relief when the term began.

I had determined to work hard. I did, after a fashion, but it seemed that the moments of tastelessness, as Mr. Cholmeley had once said, were more frequent as the autumn grew more damp-decaying and the moments of hopeful delight more rare : and no letter from Rayne.

At last, late on in September that is, the letter came. She was sorry not to have written to me quite within the month, as she had said she would, but her father (‘ father ’ simply, as she wrote) had been very ill, and she could not settle down to write me a

long letter about some things she had been thinking about, and she did not care to send to me 'a scribble.' They had returned to Paris for a few weeks to see a doctor there about her father, and then back again to Switzerland, Thün, which he was very fond of.—What she had been thinking about was her neglect of religious study. I can remember that some one had brought this home to her, and that she was reading the New Testament in the original, and a general idea of mine that she had a fit of religious seriousness upon her that puzzled me in a vague sort of way. I didn't think about religion myself. I never had thought about it, somehow.

I answered her at some length, giving a summary of the authors I had read and the impressions therefrom formed, with occasional allusions to events or things that interested me, afterwards noticing somehow to myself that I wasn't thinking very much about her in connection with what I had written. I directed the letter, as she told

me, to a Poste Restante, somewhere in Italy, where they were going shortly.

Late in October her second letter came.

‘ MY DEAR BERTRAM,

‘ It is a wet and tempestuous afternoon, and therefore I consider it a fitting occasion to answer your long and with difficulty decipherable epistle. Yesterday was one of the hottest days I remember here, my thermometer going up to 105 in the sun, and so I knew we should have thunder and lightning. We did have: of a sort, but utterly disappointing. Of course I went out of doors to see what would happen, but, beyond two livid sickly green flashes, all was thick pitchy darkness. So I returned a sadder and wiser woman, dripping wet. We have been enjoying the most glorious weltering simmering heat, and I am out of doors reading or rambling alone through the ‘lustrous woodland,’ or else lazily boating, the whole day. You would never have got this letter written, if it had

not been for the wet day. I don't believe this place can be matched for pure natural beauty anywhere. Yesterday I went out in a boat, with two damsels. It was rough, and they were both sick and very afraid; but there was a kind of new glory over everything, the air marvellously clear, in preparation for the storm in the night I suppose. The hills all a perfect indigo blue, and masses of cloud entangled in the "misty mountain tops." It was a

"Glory beyond all glory ever seen
By waking sense or by the dreaming soul ;"

and I stood upright in the boat with my head bared, and revelled in it all—much to the disgust of the damsels in question. They shouldn't have plagued me to take them out! . . . I have got through two volumes of Carlyle's *F. Revolution*, as you desired, and am much impressed and edified. There is rather a tempest going on outside, and so I am going to try to dodge my dear old daddy and Sir James, and get out

my boat and enjoy it.—By-the-bye, I had forgotten to tell you that an old friend and favourite of ours, Sir James Gwathin, has been staying with us this last week. He is a most amusing mondain en villégiature, with a marvellous French and Italian accent, and altogether a very amusing companion to the father, and myself at times. He knows what seems to me a great deal about Art, the Old Masters particularly. My dear old daddy is far from well. The spitting is very troublesome, and now often tinged with blood. Three days ago he sent my heart into my throat and made me quite restless for the night, by breaking a blood-vessel; but he has felt far better since, he says; more *free* and relieved. The doctor says too that it has done him good.—But I really *must* go out now! Excuse this final scrawl. I have hopes of a storm to-night. Love of course from the daddy. In haste, dear Bertram,

‘Yours truly,

‘RAYNE CHOLMELEY.

‘P.S.—As we’re on the move I’ll send you an address to send your answer to in a little.

‘R. C.’

(The part about her standing up bare-headed in the boat thrilled me : the rest was almost interestless.)

One day at the end of second lesson Craven came upon a piece of Italian in one of his books of reference, and could not translate it all. He half-smilingly asked if any of us knew Italian ? No one did. But I recalled some words of mine to Rayne, and determined that I would learn Italian. After second lesson, then, I went down to the school bookseller, and bought of him a little Italian dictionary and grammar. The man knew nothing of Italian literature, nor did I : I could not even remember any of the names Rayne had quoted, except Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio. But all at once I thought of Macaulay’s *Essay on Machiavelli* and of some words therein : and asked

the man if he had a Machiavelli. After some search he found a little red-paper-covered edition of the 'Principe.' I said that would do, and bought it.

I took it up to the school with me and sat at it for the remaining half-hour before dinner. Puzzled out six lines and a half, and came up to wash my hands for dinner, pleased. And after that I gave an hour per day to Italian, at first only to learning the grammar, but, up to the irregular verbs mastered, turned at last joyfully to my book, and found it fairly easy and extremely interesting. It set me about thinking somewhat in this fashion : ' Most things are this or that, because they are made this or that, that is to say, there are certain laws by observing which you can bring about certain results.' I proceeded : ' It is surprising that the world, which I had somehow or other always supposed to be one great witness to the justice of God, seems to be after all rather more like a great stage on which the drama of Might over Right is perpetually

being played. Now does pure right *ever* come off best? that is, does pure right ever win by its own unadulterated purity? I began to doubt it. For, surely, when right is crowned victor, there are certain laws which having been observed have brought this about, and consequently wrong, if it only knows how to observe these laws, is crowned victor also. Honesty is the best policy: Rogues can be honest.

But in a little came a certain disgust with the whole matter, and I determined not to think about it any more. But determination was wasted. This brought it about that, on more than one occasion, suddenly catching myself at the old thoughts I gave vent to a sharp impatient 'Damn!' to the surprise of those who happened to be with and hear me. I remember once in second lesson so losing patience with myself that, unconscious of the presence of anyone, I let fly with my foot at a form in front of me, which went over with a loud bang onto the boards in a small dust cloud, and as

I sat motionless frowning at my book, and answered nothing to the questions Craven asked me about the matter, was given the lesson to write out twice ; and afterwards was called up and spoken to on the subject, but preserved complete silence, for what was the good of telling a fool of this sort, who grew furious over a false concord and preached invertebrate sermons the truth ? I would as soon have thought of telling him a lie ! Well, I wrote out the lesson twice, and there that part of the affair ended.

The Christmas holidays were an evil time. I gave myself up to, as it were, an entirely new consideration of affairs. A week's close thought, out on my walks, in bed at night, often till after twelve or one o'clock, made me give up the Bible as a fairy tale. Then came a fortnight or so of utter confusion, inexplicable to myself : excitement of body and soul, wild dreams, visions or half - visions, a purgatory. Finally I emerged with a certain calmness to wonder at that time, wonder that it had belonged to

me. It seemed so dimly far away now, and as to some one else, and yet not to some one else, and yet not to me.

The opening of the term wrought a strange change. A new form of the thing which had done duty to me as woman came to me, producing an amount of longing for her and her love that frequently found vent in tears over pencilled poetry sheets. Then Christ was introduced, as a sweet tender friend who consoled me for her present absence by telling me of her future coming. But, after a time, this too passed, and I returned to my old doubtful state, deciding that happiness was undoubtedly the end of life, and that happiness to me meant having written certain quietly delightful books, while I stayed alone apart in a dim place that had little to do with life and nothing with death. My old idea of greatness *en bloc* was childish, absurd. My old trouble about God and the world was useless, absurd. My old ideas about everything were extremely vague ! Happiness and selfishness

are synonymous terms. Everybody is selfish. Good men are good, because they couldn't be happy bad. Bad men are bad because they couldn't be happy good. Men who are the most unselfish are the most selfish : the very pain that their unselfishness causes them is their pleasure. Therefore when I intend to be happy I am simply intending what everybody intends. It was surprising how calm I grew upon this and other thoughts ; how quietly assured of my uninterrupted course towards the cultured happiness that I now looked upon as mine.

Some way on in February, one Saturday afternoon just after dinner, to me, sitting up in the bedroom looking through some of the *de Oratore* for 'third lesson,' enter Armstrong, who throws me a letter and exit. I pick it up : recognise Colonel James' handwriting : open it : read. He must request my presence in London immediately on important matters. I could apply to Dr. Craven for the necessary funds. There was a train arrived in London to-morrow

about one. (The letter was addressed from a street adjoining Piccadilly. I forget its name.) He hoped I should not be later than that. He had something of the greatest importance to communicate to me. I must excuse a hasty letter, but the state of his health at present made every unusual effort very painful to him.

I, as in a sort of dream, went in to Craven about it.

I came out from the short interview a little puzzled. He had heard from Colonel James, he said. He gave me enough for my fare second-class to London and a few shillings over. I might start when I liked. I told him (I don't know why I told him. I think it must have been the half dreaminess of it all that caused me so to break from my usual custom of reserved silence) that I thought I should take the early morning train, as Colonel James had mentioned it as one that would do.

As I was dressing for tea, it suddenly occurred to me that I had heard somewhere

about a train which left Colchester about six and got into London pretty late that night.—Why not go by it? As well as not.

When I had dressed I went into Mother McCarthy's to see if she had a time-table. She had. I found that there was a train left Colchester at 5.55 or so, and got into London at about eight. I looked at the clock. It was twenty minutes to six now. I would try it!

I had bought a glazed black bag last holidays, as being a useful sort of thing for a peripatetic to have. I got a clean nightgown, a clean shirt, a couple of collars, a pair of socks, and some handkerchiefs out of my linen locker: went back into my room: fished the black bag from under my bed: packed in the things I wanted: took my great coat off the peg, and started away.

I ran into the station at four or five minutes after the train was due to start. I had a sharp cut and run onto and down the platform and got into an empty carriage

just as the train moved off. The liveliness of the whole affair delighted me. I felt something like an excited child.

The journey did not seem long to me ; for I slowly fell into a dim thought-world, and only came out of it for a moment when (about half way I think) a fat old gentleman got in with a bulged old carpet-bag which he put onto the seat beside him ; and then took a newspaper from his inside breast-pocket ; put on a pair of black horn pincez and began to read. Just before London they collected the tickets, and then I became aware that I felt empty internally : of course, I had had no tea. But I went back into the old dim thought-world again, and was not out of it when we glided down a long gaslit platform and it was borne in to me that we were in London.

I got into a hansom and gave Colonel James's address to the driver. We drove through many streets, mostly having little traffic in them, till we drew up suddenly before a house, above the door of which

was an oblong of glass lit by a gas-lamp, and in the middle, in black figures, 15—Colonel James's number. I got out, paid the driver, and rang at the bell. The door was opened almost immediately by a man in evening dress with a napkin in his hand. I asked did Colonel James live here? He said, Yes, he did. I said :

‘ Can I see him ? ’

The Curling wasn't very well this evening, sir, he said. He was upstairs there with his cawfee just now, sir. He (the man in evening dress with a napkin) didn't think he'd like to be disturbed. But I might give him (the man) my card, sir, and he'd (he, the man) take it up to him.

‘ I have no card,’ I said. ‘ My name is Leicester. Will you tell Colonel James that I came to-night, instead of to-morrow, and want to know if I can see him ? ’

The man turned and went slowly up the first few staircase steps : then half-turned and said :

‘ Leicester was the name you said ? ’

‘Yes,’ I said. ‘Leicester.’

I leant against the glazed-paper wall, looking at a large print of Wellington meeting Blucher after Waterloo. A clock ticked in an adjacent room. I heard the man from the top of the stairs say :

‘Will you step up, please?’

I put bag and hat onto a dark-red mahogany chair by an umbrella stand, and went up. The man ushered me in through an open door to the right. I entered.

The first thing I saw was the part of a large low red-clothed table under the light of a red-shaded lamp : then, a rather thin old gentleman standing on the right side of the hearthrug with his back to the fire. He raised his head. There was a light-flash on his glasses.

He spoke.

‘Mr. Leicester?’ he said.

‘Yes, sir,’ I answered. ‘I am Bertram Leicester.’

‘Ah yes—exactly so.’

He paused, looking aside. Then again

raised his head with the light-flash on his glasses.

He spoke.

‘Will you please sit down,’ he said. ‘Perhaps you would like to take your coat off? It is very warm in here, I dare say—after the street.’

I slowly took off my great-coat ; and then sat down in a chair by the table facing him : he remaining standing.

After a little :

‘You have rather taken me by surprise, Mr. Leicester,’ he said. ‘I, ah, did not expect you till to-morrow morning : as, ah, you have said, as you have said. Did Dr. Craven give you any information about the, ah, reason for your journey?’ (Looking up at me as before.) ‘No? he did not?—Very well. He acted wisely. I have every possible reason to believe that Dr. Craven is a man of distinguished, ah, forethought.’

A pause. Then :

‘I have a very bad piece of news to give

you, Mr. Leicester,' he continued. 'I, ah, am much afraid—But I think that I had better give it you at once, and without, ah, preamble. Your father's small personal fortune, amounting to, ah, from £120 to £130 a year, was invested in—ah, given up to (I am not quite sure about the correct expression ; but it is, ah, immaterial)—to a bank in which he had every confidence. I, ah, constantly, during his later years, did my best to prevail upon him to—ah, make some other investment with his money : as, ah, I had myself seen a very sad—ah, incident in my own family in connection with—banks. You may have heard that the Great Southern Bank has recently, ah, become insolvent, or whatever it is ? No ? Well, ah, it is so ; and, ah, every hour is bringing in worse information on the, ah, matter. It is, you may perhaps see, Mr. Leicester, quite impossible for you to continue your career at—Colchester. Every penny of your father's money has—gone. I, ah, have, I am glad to say, absolutely

nothing to—to do with it myself personally. . . . Have you any, ah, designs yourself as to a future, ah, career?’

I put my hand to my mouth, looking steadily at him. He looked aside and back again, as before :

‘—I am not to return to Colchester?’ I asked.

‘Ah, surely not.’

I spoke rather to myself than to him :

‘Not to work any more? Not to be able to read my books? Not to learn?—Why, it is ridiculous! All my books are at Colchester : with all the notes I have taken such trouble to write out—and I here. . . . What must I do?’

There was a pause.

I rose, and said :

‘I can only think of one thing, sir. I have, I believe, some brains, and, I believe, of that sort which can be turned to some use. I have for long desired to write. If I only had time, I am confident that I could make my livelihood——’

‘ Good heavens, sir!’ he exclaimed. ‘ You are not thinking of becoming a—a writer.— Ah. Why, it is, ah, another word for starvation.’

‘ Men have made their fortune with nothing but their pens to help them before now, sir,’ I said. ‘ And I am not afraid.’

I noticed a thick blue vein swelling out on his forehead. He threw up his hands, and exclaimed vehemently :

‘ It is madness, madness, sheer, ah, insanity. I will not hear of it. I will give you no help!’ (He seemed suddenly to collapse.) ‘ You must go away. I must ring for Salmon, to show you out. You must go away. You are agitating me— dreadfully. I am not to be agitated. Doctor Astley says so. I am not to be agitated.’

At first I was startled : then amused : then saddened : last angered, by this unexpected outburst. I moved a step nearer to him. He looked at me for a moment, and

then dropped into the arm-chair by him to the right of the fire.

‘O, don’t touch me!’ he cried: ‘Don’t look at me like that! I will not have it! I will not endure it! Salmon, Salmon, take him away. He agitates me. . . . Please go away, sir. I am dreadfully agitated.’ (I was looking at him frowning. He cried out, almost in a scream)—‘For God’s sake, don’t look at me like that! My God, my God, my God! Just the way *she* used to look.’ (Then he suddenly started up, exclaiming)—‘I say I won’t endure it! Do you hear? I won’t endure it. Don’t act at me, sir! I know it’s in your blood, but, if you think you’re going to browbeat me, you’re mistaken!’ (Then he began to fail.) ‘Salmon, he is going to act at me. No, no—you’re not as careful of me as Edgar used to be. Why did I ever let him go? Why did I ever let him go?’ (Ending in a wail.)

I began to grow a little weary of it, and looked aside. He went on maundering about her having killed him, yes, killed

him ; and other things. At last came a pause. I determined to go : then thought of some questions I would care to ask him. I said :

‘ I cannot understand, sir, why you have spoken to me like this. I know nothing of my father or my mother. You say you were my father’s friend——’

‘ So I was,’ he wailed. ‘ So I was, till she came between us.’

I gave my teeth an impatient gnash : then bit my lip and clenched my right hand with all my strength, determined not to say what was now on my tongue. What good could it do ?

I said :

‘ I have nothing left then ? Absolutely nothing ?’

He stared at me half vacantly :

‘ Absolutely nothing,’ he repeated.

A new resolution came to me : to leave the questions unasked and go—go at once.

‘ Good-night, sir,’ I said. ‘ I will leave you now.’

He stared at me as before.

‘ You are not, ah, going ?’ he said.

‘ Yes, sir, I am going,’ I said. ‘ Good-night.’

As I was turning away he started up convulsively and burst out :

‘ But it is insanity ! I will not hear of it ! I will not endure it ! I am your guardian. Do you hear, sir, that I am your guardian ? Salmon ! Damn the man ! Salmon, I say !——’

I was out of the door and closed it to. I could hear his voice now wailing as I went to the head of the stairs. Then it died away. I found my bag and hat in the hall. My coat was over my arm : I do not remember either having taken it up or put it there. I went on to the hall-door : opened it, after a little trouble with the latch : went out : pulled it to, by its big round brass handle in the middle, once, twice. Then was over the step and onto the pavement. It was raining.

I walked on into a main street, and then,

turning to the right, walked on down it. The perpetual movement of people and horses and things about me brought a feeling into me that I had never felt before. I forgot about myself and my own affairs and my hunger in considering them all. So I went on, till I came to a corner where the main street ended. There I somewhat mechanically crossed. As I reached the pavement of the other side, I heard a man call out twice: 'Kil-burn! Kil-burn!' and looked at him standing, keeping on by a strap with one hand and holding out the other, on an omnibus perch:

'Kilburn,' I thought, 'is the farthest place he goes to. Probably, then, it's a suburb. I may as well go there as anywhere, for what I intend to do. At any rate, we'll see.'

And with that went straight to the omnibus step and clambered up by the ladder onto the top, where I saw a man sitting on another omnibus that just then passed by. Up, I laid the bag down and

put on my coat: when the conductor crossed to by my side, and began removing the tarpaulin from the seat. I thanked him and sat down with the bag beside me, and took to half-absently looking at the people passing in and out of the light from the shop windows as we drove on. We drove on for some time.

At last we turned into a long straight rather dark street. As we were some way up it, I noticed what seemed some torches or something of the sort flaring by the right side, at the top, just above where it bifurcated. I determined to get down there.

We stopped on the left side just below them. I let myself down with my bag in my teeth, and paid the conductor my fare: 2d. or 3d., I forget which. Then I turned from him; crossed the street: and sauntered along looking at the stalls. There were not many people along the pavement: the hawkers cried their cries rather plaintively: one old man, sitting in front of an

oven with a small steam-jet, cried out every now and then sharply : ' Ot ! Ot ! '

It was still raining and it seemed colder. I sauntered on. A tall girl, with a singularly well-made body and well-poised head, moved with a long swinging step in front of me. She stopped in a moment, to buy some nuts, and I saw her face. It was pleasant to look at it : so pure and clear-cut, with crystal eyes and red rarified lips and large row of white teeth. I followed her slowly, thinking of her dear face : I felt sure she would kiss and love me if she knew me.

She stopped to listen to a man who was addressing a few shivering children whose faces formed a line along the far side of his stall. I went up to close by her and looked at her. She was eating nuts, and every now and then let the shell-bits fall out of her mouth down her coat to the ground. At last she turned her eyes to mine : then exclaimed in a half-whisper :

‘Oh my! I hope you’ll know me next time you see me, young man.’

I turned away and crossed the road. I faced a pawnbroker’s. An idea came to me. I went in, into a dusky clothes-hung place where a man was sprawling under a large gas-jet over the counter, with a cigar in his mouth. I said:

‘I want to sell this great coat. What will you give me for it?’

‘Let’s see it, sir,’ he said.

I took it off.

In the end he gave me fifteen shillings for it.

I went out and counted my money before the next, a jeweller’s, window. I had one shilling and seven pence half-penny in my pocket. That left me fourteen shillings and ninepence for myself; for I owed Colonel James threepence for my omnibus fare. This and the other he should have at once. Some day (I hoped soon) he should have to the last farthing I owed him. I turned away, putting his

money into one trouser pocket and mine into the other, and went on for a little, thinking, till, feeling the rain and the air colder, and under an impulse, turning up my coat-collar, re-crossed the road and wandered on. I did not notice particularly where I went (I was deep in thought now), only that I turned down the narrowest streets I happened to see.

All at once my eye was caught by a card in a small window I was passing. I stopped to look at it. The window, or rather, a linen blind, was lit-up from within, the card marking a small oblong on the ledge of one of the upper panes. I looked closer, to read the actual letters : *Apartments.*

I, not seeing either bell or knocker, knocked at the door with my knuckles.

An old woman holding up a guttering candle half-opened the door. I said :

‘ Do you let apartments ? ’

‘ I’ve a room. Yes. ’

‘ How much is it a week ? ’

‘ Five shillings a week, sir.’

‘ Oh.’

A pause. I half turned my body :

‘ — But I think I could take four, sir, perhaps ?’

‘ Will you let me see it ?’

‘ Please step upstairs, sir. — Mind the wall, sir, it comes off.’

I followed her upstairs.

I took the room, and paid for two weeks in advance.

The furniture was a bed,, a washing-stand, a table, a chair, and two ragged scraps of carpet : one under the table, one by the side of the bed. There was a looking-glass over the chimney-piece, and three photographs in faded violet frames, worn out: Napoleon III., the Empress Eugénie, and the Prince Imperial as a boy. A gas-jet was turned full on.

I bolted the door, and began pulling off my coat, when I felt emptiness inside me. Then I sat down on the unsteady chair, and began thinking about what had oc-

curred to me to-day ; but I soon gave it up.

I got up again and, for a moment, stood irresolute whether to go out and get some food, bread, or to ask this woman Smith for some, or to get into bed without any. At last I thought I would get into bed and fall asleep. Sleep, quiet cool sleep, would calm and refresh me.

I threw my waistcoat onto the top of the coat, and then stood irresolute again, stretching my arms up and down. Then an impulse came to me. I fell down onto my knees and, leaning my arms on the bed, leant my head on my arms. I began in a half whisper :

' If there be a God——'

After a pause, of thought almost as much as of words, I said :

' I ask You, God, if You are, to have pity on me if I am blindly wandering, and to lead me to know You some day before I die, so that Your Truth be the jewel to the setting of the Truth that I would have my

life to be. I don't know how I am going, but I know where I desire to go : and yet I don't know more than that it is somewhere. This earth is a strange earth, by reason of the strangeness of its inhabitants. If there were no living thing in it except myself . . . ' (I left the thought). ' But now I am going to strive to make money, in order that I may live the life that I want to live, and I don't see why I shouldn't succeed.' Then the feeling of light and shadow, dream and reality, an eclipsed sun and moon, came to me so strongly that I got up again, slowly, with the intention of saying no more prayers that night. The things around me now were all in a sort of noise above my ears. I stepped to and turned out the gas : and then slowly undressed, in the dark save for the light that came from a gas-lamp in the street, through the far window.

I pulled down the upper-clothes, got into bed, sank into enclosing coolness, and very soon sleep.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN I first woke up, I thought I was back in my room at Colchester: then recalled, but slowly, all that had happened the day before.—That next day awakening was a dreary thing: everything that I had done seemed so purposeless! I was a conceited fool: or at best a dim-eyed far-away dreamer. It would be better to marry a red-cheeked woman, with untidy gold hair and a brown homely dress, and smoke a pipe in the sun all day while she brushed out the house. The picture I conjured up made me laugh out loud. I leaped out of bed: an impatient cry killing a yawn.—The sun was shining.

I went to the other far window, pulled

down the upper part and looked out. The air clear and rather sharp, but not cold : as something almost corporal, to my inhaling lungs. I had no watch. It was about half-past seven or eight, I thought. A man came with sounding steps down the street and passed invisibly below me. I pulled up the window again, stripped, and prepared to wash. Such a little jug and such a little basin ! And no sponge. What *was* I to do without a sponge ?

I made the best of it : dried myself on a flabby towel : and began to dress. Dressed quickly, and then, taking up my hat, went slowly downstairs.

At the house door, I met Mrs. Smith coming out of the room on the left, where I had seen the card. I said ' Good morning,' and she said ' Good morning, sir,' and I asked if there was a park anywhere near ? She told me that it was about ten minutes' sharp walk to the Regent's Park, and gave me some directions. I bought a half-pound of dates and a large brown loaf at a shop close

by, and with these under my arm, asked my way, which was a very simple one, to the Regent's Park : passed out of a somewhat dirty road, through the gates, and so over the two bridges into the Park itself. I sauntered along the side of the lake, looking at the swans and ducks.

It was a glorious morning. The sun breathed a gentle heat upon me, and warmed me gratefully. The dew was still on the grass : a few people hurried across by the pathways ; every now and then a duck whirred through the air. At last I reached another bridge, went onto it, and stood and watched a flight of birds bathing themselves wantonly in the shallows of a small bay on the far shore :

‘ It is very beautiful,’ I said.

I ate my dates and loaf on a seat behind, or rather beside, a tree on an elevation that runs up there and along parallel to the curve of the lake. The loaf was of good thick crummy bread, and satisfied without satiating me ; the dates, a half-pound, 4d.,

gave the bread a flavour. The only thing that seemed lacking was a crystal stream from which I might drink a pure cool draught. But, my breakfast done, I rose almost readily, and went back again to the bridge that leads to the gates. For, the fight is begun and loitering looks like laggardness.

Being a little doubtful about my way home, however simple, I was pleased to find that I had remembered it aright. Finding myself in the road that led to my Maitland Street and opposite a small newspaper-stationer's, I went in and invested in a pen, nibs, ink and paper. These were my weapons. Then proceeded on home: went upstairs: found my bed already made (which was pleasing): put my weapons on the table, myself into the chair and, tilted back, began to consider.

I had seen somewhere or other that Byron received £500 or so for his shorter pieces, 'The Bride of Abydos,' 'Giaour,' etc. 'There is, then, surely a good chance

of my getting at least £10, or perhaps £20 if my book sells well, for two pieces each of (say) 600 lines long! On that I could subsist for a long time, and a long time means more poems and more money. 'You see, if you only live as economically as I am going to. . . Well, many things may be done.'

After a little thought, preliminary, round-about, I came to this: I had had these almost two years two tales in my head: that is, connected narratives with a definite beginning and end; a story, a fact: not the embodiment of a passing humour that, I thought, being exalted, has to be climbed up to, but a narrative, to be clothed in the best clothes I could put on it, and then sent on a journey with the reader to amuse and try to instruct him, if only in a lesson of pathos, on the road.—I at once set upon the first of my 'tales.'

By the time it grew dusk, I had finished over two hundred lines of it. I was not at all satisfied. I had not, I thought, twined

the melody of the rhythm enough into the sense : that is, had lost some of the scent, in transplanting my flower. I was afraid of becoming a mere painter, and losing the scent altogether. Still, I thought, the less subtle I try to be, the more likely am I to please those who are likely to read this stuff of mine. One must live prose, before one lives poetry : prose is paying for your cake, and poetry is eating it. Get something to support your body first : the body is the keystone. It is no good having your brain full and your belly empty, for at that rate you soon die, and then you look foolish.

For all such thoughts, I was a little ashamed of what I had done. My muse had not moved me : she dwelt but in the suburbs of my good pleasure. ‘ Well, well, it cannot be helped.’—So I left her there, and went out into the streets.

I wandered far that night. At last to the Serpentine, where I stood, some little time, trying to explain the lamp reflections across

the water, two together : large space : two together. Then I must have gone down Piccadilly, and through Leicester Square : then into the Strand, I think, and so down by Charing Cross station ; for I went under a bridge, and ended on the Embankment.

I came home with an 'aerial breathlessness' upon me : sat down to my poem and finished it. It had indeed moved me this time : two tears had fallen from my eyes. But, what I had heard called 'mysticism' by some people (meaning, as I supposed, that it seemed so to them) had run riot : and I knew that I had not written what I meant to write.—I lost patience. It seemed very hard, that I should not be allowed to try to do my best. I thought, not unbitingly, of the thousands of silly men and women, who squandered on luxury for mere luxury's sake, or hoarded for mere hoarding's sake, that which would enable me . . . Then it struck me that sometimes men *starved*.—The [^]thought seemed like a being of darkness. I looked up sharply,

almost hearing a sort of clang of the departing wings of the being of darkness. There was so much that was dreamy and unreal in all this ! Up arose a circling black cloud, from the outer dark-smokiness of which many many eyes looked at me, the eyes of the many many men who had struggled and perished. I looked up sharply again, almost hearing my own thought's words, '*Ay, but great men never struggled and perished : they always struggle and win.*' But still that circling black cloud stayed, with the many many eyes looking at me from the outer dark-smokiness, the eyes of the many many men who had struggled and perished.

For four days I worked at my 'poems :'
finished them and, sauntering out that night, looked into a newspaper-shop's window by chance, and there noted a publisher's name and address on a board below, and sent him the poems next day. I had said nothing more to him than that I begged to submit them for his inspection, enclosing stamp for

their return in case of rejection. I was sure that he would take them.

I spent most of my time in my room : either writing more poetry, or reading and studying a Shakspeare, which I had bought for a few pence in the Edgware Road market one Saturday night from an amusing man who was selling off a cartload of books to the stolid people as he best could. But, generally in the late afternoon I went out for a walk into the Regent's Park, feeling as if I were away from the streets and the life-worn people there. Many happy hours were spent by me wandering whistling over the middle grass plateau (it seemed to me like a plateau somehow), thinking of my work and, sometimes, of the dear woman to whom some day I should tell all of this ; for she had come back to me now, and not quite what she had ever been before, more real because more gentle, more loving, more true, knowing what was in my heart and soul and having much in her own heart and soul that mine would be glad to

know of. Often I watched the sun setting in the cloud banks, and once saw him in the dim dapper sky-layer a bloody spider-round, gradually covered with a sort of dusty smokiness and darkened till he was wrapped invisible in clouds of dead slate.

All the time I lived on bread, with an occasional relish of fruit or a glass of milk.

I soon learnt my way about, at any rate in one great block that was between Regent's Park and the Thames by Charing Cross. I was very fond of wandering by night; especially to the top of Primrose Hill, to look out over the great city, and the rings of light closer to, as in a vestibule-court of an almost boundless palace building: especially, too, in the populous streets like Oxford Street and the Strand.

One night I had wandered along Oxford Street past the Circus, and then turned down on the right into the block of buildings that is between Seven Dials and Regent's Street: had wandered on and on, till I found myself

in dim streets, in which every now and then shadows as of women moved with a certain inspiration to me of fear. I passed close to some of them, drawn as by some latent power of fascination on the ground, and in them, but not looking at their faces: till at last, passing somewhat quickly into an alley, I met one face to face under a protruding shadowed lamp. For a moment I stood breathless with my eyes in the wolfishness and glitter of hers, and then, like a lightning flash that fills the whole air, terror of her filled me quite. I leaped aside and then past her, plunged into a dark-covered way that was behind and beyond her and hurried on, past two silver-ornamented women who stood laughing and talking at a corner shop-door, out into a city street again, not streets of this city of shadowedness! But the impression of that place, its shadowed air, its shadowed women, and the wolfishness and glitter of their eyes, was upon me all that night, turning even my sleep into a nightmare. It was

several days before that impression left me.

It was about then that a vague fear came to me that I had caught some fever. My hands were so hot at nights, and cheeks and ears. I grew so impatient too. One evening I tilted over the table: and the ink-bottle was in the middle of my scattered blacked sheets on the floor, and I was almost crying, and had scarcely heart to pick the things up again.

It was that evening that an idea came over me that I would go down to Norfolk Square and see the house in which Clayton lived. I rose from the table where I had been reading with the light of a coffin-wicked dip-candle, took up my hat, and set out. It was a long walk. At last I entered Norfolk Square: a long dark oblong, with a long thin-railed garden in the middle. And, when I found out No. 21, I found out a lampless eyeless house, up from the area rails of which protruded a black *To Let* board. In a few moments, standing, I

realized this : and turned away sad at heart. I was quite alone in this city, this London, and, if I were to lie down there in the hollow under the garden rails, and sleep, and never wake again, there would be no one, not a man, not a woman, not a child who . . . I gave up the old thought as I began walking. I had never realized that I was quite alone here before this. The realization seemed to deaden the soul in me. My later weary wandering of that night saw nothing of what was around me : I reached home somehow, and bed, and sleep.

The next morning I went for a long walk out to Hendon, and when I got there, lying on the grass, felt too languid to move : till at last, summoned enough resolution to set off home again. It was two when I got there, hungry and yet not hungry, thirsty and yet not thirsty, hot and yet not hot. I sat down, lounged over the table, and began to read at the opened Shakspeare. I read on till it grew a little dusk. All at

once a few of the letters seemed to disappear or to have disappeared. I strained my eyes. More went. I peered closer. Two outer circles almost invisible were out-turning on either side of my sight. In a little I could make out nothing but a blurred mass where the two small printed pages had been. I closed them to. Then leant my face in my arms over the table and closed my eyes; but the two outer circles almost invisible still were out-turning on either side of my now sightlessness. I felt dimly that I had made that movement somewhere before: perhaps in a dream? No, it was not in a dream. I remember now. It was once when a poor lonely boy (and that is why it may have seemed at first like a dream to me) went to the bench and, half upon it, leant his face in his arms on the cool table-cover . . . And could not weep tears: the tears were dried behind the eyes.

I started up impatiently. I was crying, my hands were all wet with my tears. I stamped my foot. This was all accursed

folly! Hysteria: like a woman! What the devil was the matter with me? Was I ill? Or going to be ill? Or what? . . . I was tired. That was all. It was nothing more. — But my eyes! . . . *O God, if I break down!* ‘Nay!’ I cried aloud, smiling through my tears. ‘*I’m the boy who says there is no God. “The fool hath said in his heart——”*’ Cha! That’s David’s opinion. If ever I write Psalms, I’ll put it the other way on. David was the man who never saw the righteous deserted and the righteous man begging his bread. *There’s* inspiration for you! You blind old driveller you! into the ditch, I say! There’ll be plenty of your tribe to follow.’ I smiled again, but differently:

‘Still Kebes: always hunting out something.’

I had waited for thirteen days now. Would the man never write to me?

It happened that, the afternoon after I had the affair with the eyes, coming home

from Hampstead Heath by the Grove End Road with my eyes as usual on the ground, I saw what looked like a small part of a large silver coin in a heap of dust by a lamp-post. I stopped, bent, stretched down my hand and found a two-shilling piece. I looked up. I could see no one in the road: no one behind me. I might take it then; for how could I possibly find its owner? And to have found it, I, who had never found anything in my life before! It seemed quite strange.—I had three shillings now. That meant another fortnight. On the force of it, I got a glass of milk, as I went down the Edgware Road.

I came home almost buoyant, and was up the two first steps when I knew some one was descending. I drew down and back. It was a petticoated being: a girl, I saw, but of what sort, the dark of the place and the duskiness of the hour combined to hide. Anyhow, she said 'Thank you,' and went on: and I up and, as I went to my door, I thought that the

one on the left must be hers ; but perhaps she slept up in the attics like a clay-homed swallow ? Then I remembered to have heard muffled stirring in that room by mine, and concluded it must indeed be hers : and proceeded to forget all about the matter.

That almost buoyant humour was evanescent. I had scarcely sat down and begun to think a little, before I grew aware that my foot hurt me, my left foot. Then, in an odd sort of way, I took off my boot and sock and examined the naked foot : a dirty foot, and with the skin rubbed off at the top of the heel, which was rather inflamed. The thought of a sore heel was unpleasant to me. I put on sock and boot again, and took to Shakspeare with the coffin-wicked dip, till it came to an end and I, tired enough, into bed, and sleep. But what a sleep ! A submarine place in which all kinds of shadowy cool horrors were done and no one disconcerted but I, who finally swooned in the cold soft embrace of a

ton of some irresponsible jellied thing or other.

The next day was chilly and rainy. I set out for a walk to Hampstead; for I must, I felt, take exercise to keep 'break-down' at a fit distance. I had some trouble with my foot till, at last, by the time I was three-quarters there, economical pain-shirking foot positions had made every step painful. None the less I was determined to get as far as the Hampstead Pond. It began to drizzle. I toiled on. I found once that deep thoughts made me forget the pain of movement: so I kept trying this plan, with short-timed success, till (now a quarter way back again, and the rain thicker) a desperate attempt to separate body and soul by resolution proved fruitless. Then an utter despair came upon me. I stood still. It was at a corner in front of the rails of the dingy garden of a lampless house. I could have sunk down upon the shining pavement there, covered my face with my arms, and sobbed myself like a tired child

to sleep, but O a sleep that should know no waking, no waking to misery and despair ! At that moment a light leaped up and out from the big window on the left of the door. I saw it, but did not move. Then I leant against the nearer cemented gate-post in that dreary rain of half-darkness, and my body seemed all bloodless. And a girl, with her dress huddled up all round her and an umbrella spread over her, came hurrying to me. I looked at her slowly. Just by me she gave me a quick glance, and hurried more. The devil rose in me. I made a short half-step after her. I would seize her, tear that thing from her hand, rip and rend her laced clothes : rip and rend them off her, till she stood tattered—naked, there in the rain of the half-darkness with me. And all I would desire more, would be to take mud and bespatter and befoul her, and then turn and go on my way with laughter. The thoughts were lightning swift. I gave a cry of fierce-suppressed delight : stepped : and halted.

Was I mad? I turned, and went back, and on.

When I got back I set upon a poem by the light of a new dip. If I had had to die for it, alone and in the early grey morning, I could not have kept out my mysticism now. I *must* speak to some one now! It could not *always* be silence! I had need to speak to some one. I thought my heart was breaking. And I could not fall asleep till I had told my soft death-tale.

But I was too weary to finish it. I gave it up at last. I was in an evil plight, I knew: burning and shivering and with an empty stomach. I undressed slowly, as usual, in the dark, save for the light that came from the gas-lamp in the street through the far-window. As I got into bed I determined that the next day I would seek some work, even manual; for I did not, after all, care to die till I had heard about my stuff (It was very ridiculous! I smiled, but in a strange tearful way), and I should

have to pay four shillings at the end of the week, rent, and I had only three left for food. 'Wherefore, work must be done if money is to be earned: even manual, and why not?' At last I fell asleep.

But in the morning I lay in a half-dreamy, half exhausted state of heat, from which I had not will enough for long to rouse myself. This grew into a dull languorous heaty lethargy, not unsweet, and in my very bones, making me altogether indifferent to everything save a sort of dull hunger, which at last drove me out of bed to the table for the half-pound of dates and the loaf I had bought last afternoon: got them into my hands for me; and then I was back in bed again, and, I suppose, ate them; for when I awoke and it was evening, the gas-lamp lighting up a part of the far end of the room, and I flushed, with the dull hunger still in me, I soon became aware of many troublous crumbs in the sheets and some date-stones, but of neither bread nor dates. In a little I got up, and

washed and dressed slowly and listlessly, with the dull hunger ever in me. Now I would go out, I thought. I went to the door, opened it, and heard a voice say :

‘ Well, I can’t help it, you must go !’ It was Mrs. Smith’s voice, harder and drier than usual.

Another answered some soft words. I leant against the door-post, rather exhausted, scarcely knowing why I stayed there.

A pause. Then—

‘ You know it’s the second week owing,’ pursued Mrs. Smith. ‘ I can’t do it any more, and what’s more, I won’t ! So there ! . . . You must give me something, or you must go, that’s all.’

‘ I’ve only got a shilling,’ said the other voice softly. ‘ I gave it you. Won’t you wait till the end of the week, Mrs. Smith ? I shall have my wages then ?’

‘ You said that last week. No, not I ! Tick’s not nat’ral to me, I say. I’m a lone widdy woman, I am, but I pays my way, and why don’t everyone, I want to

know? . . . Why didn't you pay me last week, then?'

'I was ill. I had to pay for the medicine.'

'Drat the medicine! You shouldn't be ill. . . . Come now, what are you going to do? Look sharp. Don't go and be blubbering now. It's no go with me, young woman—that.'

Another pause.

'I have never blubbered to you, Mrs. Smith. I asked you to wait a bit, that's all. I'm down on my luck, that's what I am. A lady took a piece of work I did out of hours, a week ago; but she won't pay me for it till the end of the month, she says.'

'O my eye, that's likely, ain't it now?' It's all fudge—that's what it is!—Either you pay me to-night or you go. So there, plain and straight! I've got to live like the rest of you, I suppose? Will you give it me now? Four shillings I *must* have, and I *will* have; what's more, let me tell

you, I'm reg'lar hard up, that's what *I* am . . . You've given me one shilling of it already, you know. Now come! give us the rest, and I'll let you go on tick for the other week till Saturday.'

Another pause.

'—You know you can get it, if you like, you know well you can.' Mrs. Smith's voice was soft now, but hoarsely.

'I can't! How can I? Or else I would give it you.'

'O you can—if you like.'

'*How* can I?'

'Oh, come! *You* know well enough. . . You ain't so bad looking as all that.'

I put my hands behind me; my fingers scraped lightly on the wood and paper. My breath went from me, and I groaned. I was trembling all over. I did not know whether to cry out, or, keeping silence to see what would be the end.

I waited—the blood pulsing through my head, and whirring in my ears, till I was nigh blinded and deafened.

It seemed to me that it was half an hour before either of them spoke again.

Then Mrs. Smith said ;

‘Come along now! don’t stand there staring out of the window like that. Either you will or you won’t.—Oh, very well then. You won’t. V-e-r-y well! out—you—go! out, you, go, I say. I shan’t let you take your things, mind. I should think not, you idle hussy you: that’s what you are! a-comin’ and cheatin’ a lone widy woman, what pays her way, too; a-cheatin’ of her out of her the bread she puts in her mouth. For shame! . . . Precious fine things they are, too. I shall get a bob for them, *I* warrant, or for ten lots of them, it’s likely.’

A pause.

‘O do wait, do wait, Mrs. Smith,’ pleaded the other. ‘I really will pay you on Saturday night. I will really. I’ve been ill. I will——’

Her voice maddened me, I pulled to my door somehow and threw myself on to my bed, shivering and clutching myself,

muttering into the pillow : ‘ O, there cannot be a God in heaven, who is just and good and will let such things be.’

At last I stopped.—What would she do ? The thought stayed me all into listening for a moment.

Then I began to mutter again : and again stopped and listened. It seemed I was so for hours.

As I listened the fourth or fifth time, I heard Mrs. Smith’s voice almost at the door : then there came silence : then a door closed : then I heard slow heavy footsteps with clamping heels go down the stairs. My door was ajar.—I got up, and closed and carefully latched it. ‘ What would she do ?’

‘ What is the girl to me ?’ I thought. ‘ There are hundreds like—what she will be, in this city. And one more : “ What is one among so many ?” All soulless things too ; like me : and useless things, who will try to do no more than live in the sun, breed maggots, and perish. Whereas I ——What will she do ?’

I came to my bed and lay, face downwards, on it.

‘ . . . That three shillings perhaps means life,’ I thought again. ‘ Who knows if I can get any work ? and how to live in the meantime ? And I so weak. . . . Means *life* : means *hope*, and all my dreams ! means *everything* ! *That* is its meaning. And, if I give it up. . . . Nay, I *won’t* give it up ! I *won’t* give up my life ! It is the only thing here : the rest is but hope and dreams.’

I heard a board creak.

Some one went down the stairs quickly. . . . Who was it ?—Along the passage. The door closed. It was just beneath my head.—I seemed to see it, and her. I leaped to my knees on the bed : pulled up the piece of linen, that hung half across the window, and looked out.—She was hurrying across the road, with her head bent down, and her hands hanging beside her.

‘ Only one more,’ I thought. ‘ What is she to me ? Let her go. Let her go.—

Why, see : if I had gone out in the morning, as I had intended, I might very well never have known anything about it, I will not do it. Why, now——’ I stopped.

‘ You *coward !* ’ I cried. ‘ You miserable *coward !* ’

I covered my face with my hands, pressing my elbows against my body and tightening every muscle in my body.

At last I moaned :

‘ If I only thought there was a God—who saw us both !—A good God—who would not leave us die—despairing—I *would* give it her !—But—as it is—I—I——’

‘ *Coward !* ’ I cried, almost choking.
‘ *Coward ! . . . You cannot let her go !* ’

I leaped onto the carpeted plank : dragged open the door : and went leaping down the steps. At the foot, with my hand on the latch, cried out :

‘ Mrs. Smith ! Mrs. Smith ! ’

And when she came from the room on the left just by me, had the three shillings

into her hand, the florin and one shilling, and said :

‘ There is the money for her.’

I had the door open as her fingers closed. She was staring at me blankly enough ; but I saw that she understood what I meant. Then I stepped out quickly, ran across the road, and stopped for a moment : looking ahead to see if I could see her. . . . *If she escaped me after all !*

Three great gas-jets flared some fifty yards down, on the opposite side, in front of a fish-shop. I saw her pass by it, casting an irresolute shadow : her head bent down as before, her hands evidently holding one another in front. A few people were moving to and fro.

I walked quickly along the pavement, till I came to opposite her. She hesitated for a moment at the corner of a street. I crossed over, just behind her : as she made her first step forward, touched her arm, and said :

‘ Stop.’

She started, turned round sharply, and seemed to recognise me. For a moment we stood facing one another.

‘You must not go,’ I said. ‘I have persuaded Mrs. Smith. She will let you—she will wait till the end of the week.’

She answered nothing. Then I turned from her, and walked away.

I had gone some ten yards, when I heard her running after me. She laid her hand for a moment on my arm, and said quickly :

‘You are very good to me, sir : very kind. I cannot——’

‘I am neither kind, nor good to you. I have done nothing for you,’ I said.

‘You have paid Mrs. Smith, sir, for me,’ she said. ‘I know you have. She would not wait else.—But I will pay you back, sir, for sure, on Saturday . . .’

‘You need not trouble about it—’ (Looking at her face, I added :) ‘Child.’

‘Indeed, sir, I am very grateful to you,’ she said.

I could not bear to listen to her any more, remembering my late thoughts of her. I said :

‘It is nothing. I am very glad to have been of any use to you.—Good-night.’

And left her.

Near the end of the street I passed a man who stared at me, till I noticed it and stopped, wondering what was the matter with me, for a moment. I had no hat on : That was it. I proceeded a little : then, almost as if recollecting something, turned back and came home.

I found my hat up in my room, put it on, and went out again. I felt as if I must go, as if I was going, somewhere.

Wandered out towards the Park and then, up-skirting it, on to Primrose Hill, up which I climbed slowly. It seemed to me that I would not much care whether I lived or died. I would seek for no work. No : not I. It was nothing to me what happened, or to anyone else, or to God. I was glad the girl had not been driven to

prostitute herself in these damned London streets. 'You see, when the barrier of the first time you do a thing is broken through, the second time is easier, and the third easier still. I am only sorry that this vile body of mine should have so conquered me as to give the tyranny of its thoughts to my soul. These last few days have unmade me.'

I stood by a bench not far from the top, and turned, and looked out over the darkness from which came the cool breeze fanning my feverish face. All at once I cried out almost passionately :

'I *will* know, I *will* know !'

Then my head fell down onto my breast, and I said :

'Oh fool, fool ! Dost thou think, then, that thou art the first, and will be the last, to cry that cry ? They have not known. They will never know:—Ay, they are all wise,' I said, 'and they none of them find out anything ! They beat the air with heavy flails, proving each other fools and

us slaves and beasts, and then they also die, and rot, and are eaten. Behold, I here, a starving beggar-boy, know all that they know: and that is—*Nothing!* Ay, you foolish Wisdoms, that spend your days in spinning clothes of air with which to clothe the long procession of humanity, behold I here, a starving beggar-boy, *laugh* at you and say to you what you know: ‘*Why, you go naked,—naked, as when you came from your mother’s womb! Oh, oh, oh! we are all fools together. And there’s a consolation in that; but not much, if you happen to be starving.—Starving? I, starving,*’ I cried fiercely, ‘with a better head on my shoulders than all these damned. . . . Come, come: we mustn’t brag—even now.’

Laughing a sad, short laugh at my helplessness, I stepped out and down, and began to descend, thinking.

Half way, or so, down, an impulse made me stop and look up. And I saw what I took for a small woman, coming down also, just above the seat where I had been stand-

ing. Seeing her, I laughed again.—The poor girl! For, of course, it was my girl, following me. She thought me, *me!* a heaven-sent saviour, perhaps? I burst out into a keen short laugh and went on—went on in home, with the wings of a shadowy bird-thing or moth-thing fluttering in my inner ear.—Up these weary old stairs with an up-pulling arm.—The landing at last.—My door open.—My room, at last!

And, as I stood still for a moment, the thought that I had never once used the gas since the first night came in upon me, and I said wearily that I was a fool. I took the match-box off its mantelpiece corner, went to by and found the gas-jet, struck a light, turned on the gas, lit it, and looked back over my shoulders. And saw a large envelope lying on the table. I started.

Then I looked at the gas, one long half-vacant look: and turned and went to the table, and took up the letter and slowly opened it and read:

‘DEAR SIR,

‘Our reader thinks very well of your Poems ; but as there is little sale in poetry now-a-days he does not, on that account, think the work would command a remunerative sale. The following is an extract from the report which we have received on the MS. “ There is evidence of power in his book which, with due care and cultivation, may ripen into ability to achieve real and lasting poetic work.”

‘ If it were not for the poor attention poetry attracts in these days, we would gladly have made you an offer for a little work which contains so much beauty and melody.

‘ Yours faithfully,

‘ BAXTER, INNES, & Co.’

‘ We are sending the MS. to you per book-post.’

I put it down with a short laugh, and smiling, shrugged my shoulders.

‘ Very well. There is nothing left for me now, I suppose, but to write my will

after Chatterton, and invest in——arsenic and water I think it was? But I forget; I have no money! I must go out into the streets, even at *this* hour then, and beg a few pence to be able to kill myself; since in London, too, one can't die for nothing. There is the river—my old river at Colchester. If I could roll over and over in the long green weeds, why, it wouldn't matter much whether I was able to come in the brown earth again, would it? And to look up through the dusky, jewelled lightshafts of the currents! There are flocks down there! I read about it in a story book once, and a man went down in a sack to find them. But he was drowned. No, drowned. *Drowned* is bad grammar; but what's the odds, I say? These damnable wordmongers here talk about nothing but grammar . . . “For a good knowledge of the classics (especially of Cicero), is the foundation of all that is worth knowing in the *humani*,”—You think so, my good fellow? You think art's growing more and more of

a drug, do you? *You're a fool!* and you think I shall be great—some day? *He* said so?—If I was earnest! Good God! As if I could ever be anything *but* earnest! But I've no ambition to be great, I tell you. Fools are great. When they die they rot and are eaten. We all shall die some day, and rot, and be eaten. I wish I were a worm. . . . Hush! Hark! What was that? Who's there; hi! who's there? Rayne? You, Rayne!—No, I assure you! I'm *not* starving! I'm only——But take care, or you'll have the boat over. Why are women done up like mummies? If ever I have a wife, Rayne, she shall wear knickerbockers, and race up Taygetes. . . . Hush, hush! Here's Christ come to see me. O dear Christ, O sweet Christ, give me your soft hand! I'll tell *you* all about it. I seem to know you so much better than God. And I haven't a friend in the whole world, and——No, I'm afraid they won't understand them . . . My poor little poems! Too mystic; too mystic. I must keep out my mysticism:

But how can I, when my heart's breaking ?
breaking, breaking. . . . Chut, chut,
there ! You mustn't sit down on the bed
like that. *Why, you're a woman !* These
are clothes ; and here's—your soft breast ?
And your face ? and your hair ? O you
dear woman, why are you holding me so
with your soft arms, and laying my face on
your soft breast ? Let's go to sleep like
that—together. Will you ? Come close
to me, I will tell you something. Do you
know, I've been longing for you to come
to me . . . to come to me, ever since. . .
But let's rest, now you *are* come, dear. I
saw a woman with a sweet face to-night.
She passed me on the pavement in the
crowd : but not so sweet as yours. I love to
. . . . Closer, closer ! Let me feel you,
I am beginning to be afraid ! Don't let
these wasp-waisted waterspouts touch me !
. . . How dark it grows.—The waterspouts !
the waterspouts ! Ashtaroth, Ashtaroth, the
terrible woman ! A star over her brow,
driving in the midst, under the shadows.

—They are on to me! over me!—I am sinking! . . . —Up! up! Hold me up! . . . Catch me by the hair. . . . Rayne! . . . Rayne!’

CHAPTER IV.

BERTRAM LEICESTER.

*'Stirb und werde !
Denn so lang du das nicht hast,
Bist du mir ein trüber Gast
Auf der dunkeln Erde.'*

GOETHE.

I AWOKE in the dusk.

Up leaped a core of light at the far end of the room : then grew steady and lived . Some one had lit the gas-lamp at the street-corner below. I turned over in my bed. I thought that it was very lazy of me to be lying warm here : to-day, when I had, I remembered, intended seeking work, even manual. *Work !* Work for what ? Well,

it was lazy of me to be lying warm here. Where had I been ? . . .

Some one came in softly : the door had opened. And why didn't they knock ?

Turning round with a frown, I saw a girl on her way to the table with a paper-bag in her hand.

‘Hullo !’ I said.

She dropped the bag onto the floor with a start : sharply picked it up, and, looking with round shadowed eyes at me :

‘Good gracious, how you did frighten me.—Why, he’s better !’ she said.

‘Certainly he is :’ I answered, turning aside my eyes. ‘There was never anything the matter with him that he is aware of.’

She stood, with her hands joined in front of her, holding the bag, and looked down at me.

‘You’ve been very ill, sir,’ she said, and gave her head a little shake.

‘I assure you, madam, that you are mistaken. I have just woken up.—“*Abou*

ben Adhem, may his tribe increase," and so on.'

'You have been insensible for on two days,' she said.

I stared at her round shadowed eyes. She nodded her head at me and, I saw, smiled at me.

'—Insensible? . . . Why I have never fainted in my life. I would not let the man give me laughing-gas for my tooth for that reason last term. I . . . ' I saw an open letter on the table-cloth in that dusky light.

I let my head sink onto the pillow with a sigh and shut my eyes. Memory had flowed back everywhere.

At last:

'I have brought you some grapes,' she said. 'I thought you might like them.'

I raised my head again, and opened my eyes in the room, now full of gaslight. I had not noticed that she had lit the gas.

'You are very kind; but——'

‘You will not take them?’

‘I cannot. Thank you very much.’

‘Oh very well: I shall throw them out of the window then!—Why *shouldn't* you take a present from me? . . . I haven't paid you back the four shillings I owed you yet: but I can—now.’

She took out a purse: unhasped it: opened the leaves, put in two of her fingers; and then, with a quick lift-up of her head and a bright smile came towards me, holding two florins in her extended palm.

I smiled.

‘I only lent you three,’ I said.

‘And I have got no change! Think of that! Only gold and silver. Isn't it ri-diculous?’ she added: ‘Will you eat some of the grapes? . . . *Please!*’

‘I cannot.’ Then I smiled.

A pause.

‘It was very kind of you to bring me them,’ I said, ‘and I am—afraid I must have been giving you a great deal of trouble . . . Miss . . .’

‘ Oh no ! None : none !—You *will* eat them then ?’

I protested :

‘ Really, Miss . . .’

‘ Do you want to know my name ?’ she said with a drop in her voice.

‘ Only if you care to tell me,’ I answered, a little sorry for this my attempt at some sort of formality or other.

‘ ‘Owlet is my name : I’m from Norfolk. —But I hope you won’t call me Miss ‘Owlet.’

‘ Why do you hope not, may I ask ?’

‘ Oh, Howlet is such a *horrid* name !’

I could not help laughing. Then she laughed.

‘ But what *shall* I call you ?’ I asked.

‘ You called me “ child ” once. I’m not a child. I’m seventeen.’

I smiled at her. She at once caught up the bag of grapes, undid the mouth, and had offered it to me.

‘ Then I beg your pardon,’ I said.

She pouted :

‘—But you have not taken any.’

And our eyes met, and the bag was once more offered, and I dipped two fingers into it and lifted a big bunch half out (she looking at me all the time, and I at the bag-mouth), and stretched out my other hand to break off a portion of the bunch, and had broken off a portion, and was about to drop the remains of the original bunch into the bag again, when she drew back her arm quickly and the bag, and said :

‘That’s not fair !’

Then she took out a big bunch, squashed up the bag in her hands, threw it onto the floor, and came to me holding the grape-bunch with two fingers in the air. Our eyes met again, and I stretched up my hand and took the bunch. She smiled at me. A small thin black kitten was out and chasing the squashed-up paper-bag.

She turned, saw it, and cried out :

‘Minnie, Minnie.—Oh, you silly thing !
Let it alone can’t you ?’

She turned to me again :

‘That’s my cat Minnie. Isn’t she a beauty?’

‘Well . . . Yes. I suppose she is,’ I said.

‘I should think so!—Now I must go. I oughtn’t to have let you talk so much. I’m sure it’s not good for you. I hope you’re feeling better?—Here, Minnie, Minnie, Minnie, Min, Min! Oh, she’s after that piece of paper. Silly thing! . . .’ (Turning to me again.) ‘I’ll let her stop with you . . . if you like.’

‘Thank you,’ I said. ‘That’s very kind of you. I should like very much.’

‘Good-bye,’ she said.

‘Good-bye,’ I answered to her slowly going. ‘And thank you for all your goodness to me, Miss’ (she stopped) ‘Rosebud.’

‘I shall see you soon again,’ she said; and, at the door: ‘If you wouldn’t mind going into my room in a little—that’s this one’ (opening the door and pointing to the right) ‘here, we’d get your bed done very

quickly, and you could come back again. I don't think you ought to dress and go out yet.'

'Very well,' I said. 'Thank you. I will.'

She went out; but looking in :

'Put on your coat or something,' she said. 'For fear you catch cold.' And withdrew her head, and the door closed, and she went down.

I sat up in bed, and threw out my arms and up :

'Oh bless you, you dear Rosebud !' I said. 'You are the dearest thing I have ever known. You Rosebud !'

We had a short conversation together that evening as I ate my tea in bed, and then we said Good-night, and she left me. And I set about thinking what I had best do now. The failure of my attempt to earn my livelihood by my pen was a blow to me, and the heavier that it was so unexpected.—But I gave up further consideration of the

matter for the present : I must have some means of support, and at once. And what was the good of thinking about poetry, after what Baxter, Innes, and Co. had said to me ?

All at once the idea of becoming a school-master flashed upon me. Why not ? I was sure I was quite as capable of teaching as Currie, the under-master at Whittaker's.—Or a private secretaryship ? I let my thoughts go, and had planned out my life as under-master, or private secretary, or tutor, before I fell into a sweet dreamless sleep.

The next day, in the morning, although I was, I found, uncommonly weak, I managed to get into the Edgware Road as far as to a stationer's, where I inquired in a general sort of a way about such things as under-masterships and tutorships, of the genteel middle-aged party who was in the shop. She took a great interest in me, I thought, for a complete stranger ; but could not help me in the least.

In the afternoon I made three more attempts at stationers', and at the last one was so far successful that I learnt the name and address of the people, it seemed, I wanted.

I set off for Grenvil Street at once (a weary walk of toil to weak me), and interviewed a respectful clerk a good deal better dressed and, doubtless, fed than myself. He thought he might possibly get me an ushership in some small school pretty soon; but I must observe that it was not the time for such (that is to say, instant) engagements now, half way through the term. I told him the sooner the better; for I was in great straits. He had an equally disencouraging account to give of tutorships and secretaryships: all these things required time. I said that speed was the one necessity. And on this understanding we parted: I, I cannot say how forlorn, nay, once or twice on my wearier walk home, near to tears: and, worse than all forlornness, having with me a certain

shame that, owing to the clerk's instigation, I had given Craven as a reference in the paper of acquirements, etc., that I had filled up. Altogether I felt more like drowning myself than making any further fight for existence.

When I arrived at home I scarcely knew what I had said or done down at the agent's. Everything was a muddle, and a jumble, and from beginning to end. I cast myself down on my bed, and the tears came. O why had I not died in that strange dream after the reading of the letter? I lay sighing to myself till I dozed.

From this half-sleep of despondency the Rosebud roused me in the early evening, and took me out for a short walk. I don't know what we talked about. Everything seemed a muddle and a jumble, and from beginning to end. I was glad to get back, and tumble into bed, and sleep.

I was better in the morning: inclined, it seemed, to feel cheerful, and began, as

I lay with closed eyes thinking, to put the events of yesterday into something like connection and *tout ensemble*; but with no great success. The one comforting thought seemed to be, that the clerk had said he would send me up anything that came. Surely something *must* come! I could not believe I was destined to die here like a rat in a hole.—I played upon my inclination to be cheerful, till it had brought me to cheerfulness: and, getting up briskly, perceived a letter on the chair by my bedside. The agent, of course!

‘Hurrah!’ I said. ‘The tide’s on the turn. . . . What’s in here?’ I hesitated. The sun was shining in through the window upon the envelope.

I ripped it open, took out the letter and scanned it.

‘DEAR SIR,

‘Please call early to-morrow on
Alexander Brooke, Esq.,

‘5, Dunraven Place,

‘Piccadilly, W.,

who wishes to engage *at once* a secretary to go abroad with him. The engagement would be at least for a year, if not more.

‘Terms between £90 and £100 per annum.

‘Please inform us of the result of your interview,

‘And oblige,

‘Yours faithfully,

‘LINKLATER PEMBRIDGE AND BLENKINSOP.’

I threw the letter onto the table with new life in me, and began to wash, whistling to myself. As I was folding on my necktie I noticed how dirty my collar was, and then my shirt, and more particularly the cuffs. I put on a clean, the last, collar in the bag. And that set me off thinking for a moment about my clothes. ‘Well, well!’ I said—‘I shall have to tell the man the truth I suppose: and why not?’ For I did not doubt but that he would have me.

Rosy was of course off to her work these three hours. This, and the thought of

what she would think about the secretaryship, came to me as I passed her door and went down the dark stuffy old wood staircase. What would the Rosebud think? 'Well, well!' I said as before, 'it'll be time enough to think about what she thinks when I've got it.' And yet did not doubt for one moment but that I *should* get it.

I knew my way to Piccadilly all right. It was a crisp clear morning: the stir of the air and of the life brighter than usual stirred me. I went along down the Edgware Road, eating my brown bread and dates with some cheerfulness. Then I had a refreshing glass of milk. And, by the time I was half way across the Park by the path that leads up to the gates, I seemed to have regained something of my former self: something of my Colchester character of will and self-reliance. The last three weeks seemed a dream; almost a bad dream, a nightmare, for a little: then only a dream, save for something of the Rosebud that seemed to reach out half-

weakly into the present light. I asked the policeman at the gates where Dunraven Place was, and he directed me. Then I arrived at No. 5, Dunraven Place, and was shown into a beautifully furnished room.

Waiting, I began to examine a book-shelf that was full of beautifully bound books that harmonized with the room. They made me think how I should like to be rich and have all the books I wanted. I had my eye particularly on a Gervinus' Shakspeare in half-calf, and my fingers began to feel as if they ought to take it down, and run away with it to a convenient arm-chair, and then eyes to begin upon it at once. As I stood so, I heard a step behind me and turned.

'You are looking at my books, I see,' he said.

'Yes, sir,' I answered. 'It was a Gervinus' Shakspeare. I hope——'

'Oh, not in the least! Please sit down.'

He motioned me into a large red leather chair on one side of the fire-place.

‘You come from Messrs. . . . The name is rather confusing,’ he said. ‘I want a secretary to help me with—to make himself generally useful as I may direct. Another young gentleman has been here this morning already: I mean from Messrs. . . .’ He smiled.—‘He objected to going out to Africa. Do you?’

‘Not in the least.’

‘You see—shortly—I want some one to help me to get together my things, write letters, and so on.—You understand me?’

‘I think so, sir.’

‘The young friend who was going with me has suddenly been taken ill, and, as it is important that I should be out of England in under a month.—You follow me?’

‘I think so, sir.’

‘Good. Now tell me. Can you shoot? No. Ride? No. Um.—You are strongly made. Where were you at school?’

‘At Colchester.’

‘Ah, so was I. With Craven, I suppose?’

‘Yes, sir.’

‘Did you go in for sports—much?’

‘I was in the first foot-ball fifteen, and rowed in my house-boat.’

‘School house?’

‘Yes, sir.’

‘So did I. It was head of the river in my year.’

‘And in mine too.’

‘—Tell me something about yourself?’

I paused for a moment: then, looking at him, thought that I should in no case do any harm by at this point simply telling him the truth. He did not look the sort of man who would do . . . I smiled to myself: who would do, *could* do—what?

I said:

‘I have been at Colchester five years. I was in the upper sixth for two terms and a quarter. My father, who is dead, had placed all his fortune in the Southern Bank. My guardian called me up to London about three weeks ago, to inform me of this. I determined then to try to make my livelihood by

my pen and . . . failed. That is, shortly, why I am here, sir.'

'Tried to make your livelihood by your pen and failed. Did not your guardian help you? How did you? . . .'

'I angered my guardian by refusing to try for a clerkship. I thought that I had something here——' (Lifting my finger.)

' "Quelque chose là" —Yes. Well.'

'I sat down and wrote two poems, which I sent to a publisher, hoping——'

'Why all, or nearly all, poetry has to be paid for now-a-days, my good boy.—Of course they sent it back again?'

'They did,' I said.

'Well? And may I ask how you lived in the interim? You had funds?'

'No: I sold my great coat.'

'Excuse me. I am not asking from mere curiosity. : . Would you care to tell me more? I will (looking for a moment in my eyes), 'if you will allow me, write to Dr. Craven about you.—Not that I doubt

what you say ; but you must see. . . . You understand ?

‘ Perfectly, sir.—You have absolutely no guarantee that I am not a rogue.’

‘ Aha ! I think you are wrong there ; however,’ suddenly :

‘ How much did you get for your coat ?’

‘ Fifteen shillings.’

‘ And you have lived on that for nearly three weeks ?’

‘ Just three weeks.’

‘ Impossible ! You are joking !’

‘ No, sir.—Since I did. My room only cost me four shillings a week, and I——’

‘ Then you must have lived on a shilling a week ?’

‘ No. I have not paid my rent for this third week yet.’

‘ And how are you going to ?’

‘ That I cannot quite say. Perhaps, I hope to get an ushership in some school, within the next few days. I should anticipate my pay.’

He stood up ; we looked for some little in one another's eyes. Then he stretched out his arm, and let his hand fall on my shoulder.

‘ You are a brave fellow,’ he said ; ‘ and I believe you are a true one. I believe what you have told me. There, there, now.’ (For my eyes were suddenly full of tears)—‘ There, there, there, there, there ! It’s all right now.’ And he turned away and let his arm drop.

Then :

‘ Ah, stop,’ said he. ‘ Did you know a Mr. Blake at Colchester ?’

‘ He left just before I came ; but I met him once. He came to examine a school at Blackheath, where I was.’

‘ Ah, I am sorry ! He was a very dear, dear friend of mine—an old college chum ; but I had known him before then. He was a Wykamist.’

‘ Yes ; so I remember.’

‘ It would have been enough to me

that he had thought well of anyone. He would have liked you, I am sure.'

He smiled, and added :

' You see that I have let slip how well I believe in you, and what you have said to me.'

' Thank you, sir. Some day, perhaps, I may be able to show you that I deserved some of your belief in me.—Mr. Blake was very kind to me when he came to my old school. He was pleased, I think, with some verses I had to recite, and so. . . .' He had snapped his fingers impatiently, and made a sharp noise with his lips.

I stopped speaking. He cried out with a smiling mouth :

' You are not the boy who recited Longfellow's " Psalm of Life " ?'

' Yes, sir, I am. Mr. Blake——'

' Immediately after that visit he came and stopped with me here in London for a few days.'

His face grew sadder. He went on slowly :

‘It was the last time I saw him. You know of his terrible death, not so long after? All that he said in those few days has been treasured up by me, and lives for ever in my memory. The first night he came here after dinner, as we were sitting here by this very fire over our cigars and wine, he told me about the little boy he had seen that afternoon!’

He caught himself up :

‘Well : and how old are you now?’

‘Eighteen.’

‘You strange boy ! Eighteen.—Why, it is ridiculous ! (I really must read some of those Rejected Addresses of yours some day.) —You are very tall for your age, and look very old for eighteen.’

I smiled :

‘This fortnight has made me older by five years, I think. Years are no test of age, sir.’

We talked together for almost an hour : of many things. Then he looked at his watch and jumped up, saying :

‘ You have made me forget that I have a very great deal to do this morning, young gentleman.’

‘ I am sorry, sir.’

‘ —But very pleasantly.’

‘ Then I am glad.’

I smiled, and so did he. He tapped me on the shoulder.

As I was going, he spoke of Mr. Blake again : how that he was a truly great and good man : without the cant of the two words, a Christian gentleman. I flushed a little as he said that.

A pause.—Then I :

‘ I think I ought to tell you something, sir, that I have not told you yet.’

‘ Aha,’ he said.

‘ I am not a Christian, and . . . I do not say that I do *not* believe in a God, but I do not *think* that I believe in one.’

He put his hand on my shoulder again and smiled :

‘ It will pass, it will pass ! We most of us go in a circle now-a-days : most of us, that

is, who are worth anything. Christian, or perhaps nothing at all, till seventeen : Atheist till twenty : Materialist till twenty-one (we soon get tired of *that* !) : Deist till thirty (though some of the wilder sort go in for a course of that nonsense called Pantheism) : and then, either the old original Christianity again onto the end, or some slight modification of it. Take my word for it, boy, there is no religion worth calling a religion that does not take Christ and Christ's teaching as its original : and how much better is it to lift up your eyes from considering the shadow on the ground, to consider the One that casts the shadow, even Jesus, Who is as the standing figure that watches this our on-rolling earth, yearning for it as a mother for her wandering child, waiting for the hour when He shall take it to His Bosom and for ever ?' He paused. I kept silence.

We shook hands. I turned to go.

He called to me : I turned again :

' I shall not write to Craven.'

‘ Thank you, sir.’

We again shook hands : and I had my hand on the door, when he said :

‘ Stay a moment. You are my secretary—for a year. It is so agreed ?’

‘ Yes, sir : as far as I am concerned.’

‘ Then allow me to give you your first quarter in advance. It is always—I always manage it in that way. You may be in want of a little ready money : for this, that, and the other, you know . . . all sorts of things . . . And . . . as regards Messrs. —Messrs. X. Y. and Z., you will of course allow me to settle that with them myself.’

I stood irresolute.

‘ Come, come !’ he said.—‘ Now, don’t be foolish, Leicester. If you are going to . . .’

I stepped to him suddenly, saying :

‘ Sir, sir, you are very good to me !’

He took my hand in his and pressed it.

‘ Yes, yes, yes, yes : that’s all right now. —Now you really must run away ! You said that you would like to come to me to-

morrow morning, didn't you?—Very well. I will instruct you about what you will have to do, then. So good-bye, or rather au revoir, or rather (when I think of it) both.'

I was at the door, when he called :

'O you dreadful boy, you haven't taken all your belongings away with you! Here is your first quarter on the table yet. You are inclined to be careless, I see. Look to it. It is an evil, evil vice—carelessness.'

I found that I could scarcely see the folded piece of paper that he had put down on the edge of the table.

When I had it safely in my hand, I gave one look at him and a bright smile, and went out as quickly as I could ; for my eyes were full of tears, and I feared some might drop out.

Riding up on the outside of an omnibus to Praed Street, I felt as I had felt in some of the days at Colchester, when I had longed to leap and give a shout and move onwards towards something. And then I grew a little

sad, if it is possible to call joy sad, and began to say to myself :

‘O bitter time, you are past and gone from me now, as my vision swept from me on the sand and I saw her angel face. Well, pray that there is a God, child ; for you long to thank Him for this ! And see, it is very sweet to you to think, that perhaps, perhaps, He has but afflicted you and chastened you by this your suffering so that, in the end, He might lead you nearer and nearer to Himself. . . . It is a sweet, sweet thought !’

I spent that afternoon happily. First of all I had a good dinner at a restaurant in Oxford Street, and that gave me an insight into what a healthy pleasure in food meant : and then (the day continuing sunny and almost warm) I went for a long walk in Hyde Park, stopping to look at the men and women riding or driving by, and not one of whom I, in this bright day’s dawn of a new life, could possibly envy : although their

wealth might give me the chance of leading another life which would not be without its charm, nay, delight ; yet how much nobler this one that I was entering upon now, this one that had work to do, work for others, that is, which would require self-sacrifice—*conquest of self!*

And after that I came up home, buying on the way fruit and cakes and other things, for a tea I had in my mind with the Rosebud in my room : and then set about making it all ready, so that, by the time she came in, half-past seven, the room, lit up with gas and fire and well-laid table, was most cheerful.

But the tea was not. For Rosy took my good news most gravely, and did not laugh, properly laugh, once the whole time.

After tea we went out for a walk together, and, when we had gone a little way, I said, smiling, that I intended to get her a bonnet to wear as a memory of me. But she would not see anything to laugh at in that, and refused the bonnet with dignity. Then

I tried a coat, but she suddenly exclaimed :

‘ And do you think I would keep it all rags and tatters ?’ Dismissing the idea.

I tried a locket as a last resource.

After some persuading, she at last agreed, and we went into a jeweller’s in the Edgware Road together, and she chose a little round silver locket, and relented a little.

‘ No,’ she said, as we were walking slowly away. ‘ The bonnet and the jacket would wear out, and I couldn’t very well keep them then—eh ? And they wouldn’t look nice, all in rags and tatters, would they ? But I shall always be able to keep the locket, you know : and when I look at it I shall think of you and give a sigh ; for you’ve been very nice to me.’

‘ Hey-ho !’ I said. ‘ Who’s talking nonsense now ?’ And proceeded to demonstrate that, if anybody had been ‘ nice ’ to anybody, it was she to me. To which she answered that she liked to hear me talk so : And I felt rather foolish, and proposed that

we should go up to the top of Primrose Hill, and Rosy agreeing, we set off.

I began to question her a little about herself, and she answered readily, nay, entered upon a regular discourse, to which I played the accompaniment with some pleasure of amusement and otherwise, till we were half way up Primrose Hill: when I all at once remembered a certain bench not far from the top, by which I had on a certain night stood and looked out over the darkness from which came the cool breeze fanning my feverish cheek. Could it have indeed been *me*, this living, moving, thinking me here, who lived and moved and thought that certain night as memory silently told me that I had. Poor me!

I led her a little round and then up to it. And we sat down upon it together and talked somewhat softly.

What thousands and thousands of stars were in the sky! And what millions and millions of people had looked at the thousands and thousands of stars, and yet would

look : and when would it all ever come to an end ?

‘Rosy :’ I said again. ‘Does it never seem to you, as if you were here alone in the world, quite alone : I mean, as if nobody else belonged to you somehow ; and they are all here, and they live, dimly, and then die, and you can’t tell where they go to : and you can’t tell where *you* will go to, but you don’t think you really ever *will* die, although you know you will ; but when you do die, that you will go to somewhere else, where you will be quite alone again and nobody else will belong to you somehow, and they will be all there, and they will all live there, dimly you know, and then will die, and you can’t tell where they go to, and then *you* will die. . . . And then it goes on like that.—Did you never think of it all in that way?’

‘I never thought about it at all,’ she said. ‘But I like to hear you talk like that. Go on.’

I started and laughed : and then said :

‘ Now I’ll tell you a little piece of poetry, a merry little piece, and then we must be going home ; for it’s getting late.’

She composed herself to listen.

‘ It’s in Greek,’ I said. ‘ O yes, you’ll be able to understand it. I’ll tell you about it, first. It’s called a Swallow Song : and the little boys sang it in Greece when the swallows came back after the winter. They used to go round to all the houses and sing it, just like boys sing carols at Christmas. This is the way it begins :

“ She comes, she comes, the swallow,
bringing beautiful hours,
beautiful seasons.
White on the belly,
black on the back.

“ Do thou roll forth a fruit-cake
out of the rich house,
and a beaker of wine
and a basket of cheeses,
and wheat-bread the swallow
and the pulse porridge
does not reject. Say, shall we go away, or something receive ?
If thou givest—well ! But if not, we won’t let you off !
Shall we bear off the door, or else the lintel ?

Or else the wife that is seated within ?
She's a small body, easily shall we carry her off !—
But if you give us something,
something great may you get.
Open, open the door to the swallow,
we are not old men, but childerkins here.”

Then I proceeded to recite to her the Greek, and she moved her body in some sympathy with the rhythm of the words, so that I, who was somehow pleased with this and it all, gradually grew into the humour in which I had been before when I exclaimed : ‘You are the dearest thing I have ever known. You Rosebud !’ till, at the words *ἡ τὰν γυναικα τὴν ἐὼς καθήμεναν*, I gave one look at her, sitting there infinitely childlike and half-fairy-like and dear, and could have caught her up in my arms and then . . . I didn’t know what I should have done ‘then.’

I sat still looking out into the night.

After a little :

‘I wonder,’ said her quiet voice. ‘I wonder if you would teach me that ? . . . I think I could learn it very soon.’

‘ ———You need not wonder any more,’
I said slowly, looking on out into the night.
‘ I will teach it you.’

And so we began, I to repeat the translated words, she to say them after me, I looking on out into the night, she as I knew looking up at my face. She had a strangely acute memory, as I thought. She had soon learnt the piece, and repeated it alone faultlessly.

‘ You have a good memory,’ I said.

‘ Yes,’ she said. ‘ I always *was* quick at learning things when I liked them. I like that.’

A pause. Then :

‘ Now we must be going,’ I said, rising.
‘ It is getting late.’

We went slowly down the dark hill-side together.

Then something seemed to grow with and about us, and I began to feel somehow as if I were leaving a thing that had to do with me in a low plain, whereas I was going away to mount up into a rich bright

country of gentle sunshine. And once I, in half-forgetfulness of something, would have taken her hand with mine, and we, two children, would have wandered on so over the dim fields together for an ever till we softly faded away. I was moving in a dreaminess, and she in one parallel to it. Then we turned up one of the roads at the back of St. John's Wood in order to get to Maitland Street; and the dreaminess began to grow more transparent. I looked at her walking along beside me.

Then at last :

‘You're very quiet, Rosy,’ I said.

‘So are you,’ she said, looking in front of her. And then we went on together with the same quietness; for I had no care to say more, nor she either, it seemed.

As we stopped opposite the door of No. 3 she heaved a sigh. I stretched out my hand and opened the door. She said : ‘Thank you,’ and went in : I following.

Up the dark stairs we went together till we reached her door, the handle of which

she had in one hand as she half turned to me.

‘ Good-night,’ she said.

‘ Good-night,’ I said, finding her other out-held hand, and held it half-loosely for a moment. I could not see her face in the blackness.

Her door opened in, and a little light came from the turned-down gas—opened wider: she went in—slowly—closed the door. I unlatched my own door, and went into the room. The gas there was turned down. I went and turned it up.

‘ Heigh, ho !’ I said, with supposed half-weariness, and sat down in the chair: and stretched out my legs, and tilted the chair back, and lifted the hands of my stretched arms to my head and thought. All at once I stopped with listening powers like a rock balanced on the edge, breathless, motionless.

A low knock came at the door.

‘ Come in,’ I said, and was breathless, motionless.

The latch was lifted and the door opened a little.

‘It’s me,’ said Rosy’s low voice.

Then, the door opening a little, I saw her. ‘Rosy,’ she said. ‘May I come in?’ I started: sat up straight.

‘Yes,’ I said. . . ‘Yes.’

She came in: her face flushed, eyes bright, hair loosed a little round her head in wavy brown threads. I seemed to inhale her fairness like a soft sweet air. She said:

‘I thought—that as—as you were going away in the morning—before I come back you know—and as I get up early—at seven—so as to be down at my work by eight you know—I thought . . . —that—that perhaps I—that perhaps you . . . wouldn’t mind if I was to—if I . . .’ She paused, or stopped, with an indrawn breath: and so I was with her, and had taken her hands.

‘. . . What is it, Rosebud?’ I said, with a trembling in me.

All at once two large tears came out of her eyes and trickled down her cheeks.

Then she looked at me steadfastly, trying to smile and not wink her eyelids, whose long lashes had crystal drops on them. The trembling passed out of me. I thought only of her distress. I put one arm round her, and so, holding her small body, stroked her soft brown hair back softly, saying :

‘Why, little Rosebud. You musn’t mind like that, you know. I’ll come back again some day.—Quite soon.’

‘Oh, you were so *nice* to me,’ she said. ‘But you *will* come back again to see me . . . some day—*Ek?*’

‘Surely I will.—And bring you a bonnet with blue ribbons and a flower that. . . What is it?’

‘. . . I don’t want a bonnet!’

‘—Not a bonnet?’

‘. . . No’ . . . (piteously). ‘I want *you!*’

‘Very well then: I’ll bring you me,’ I

said, 'some day: and some grapes, and bon-bons to make me go down well.'

Her arms hung listlessly. She seemed very miserable about it.

I kissed her on the cheek, kissed a tear that was stealing down.—Then the next moment felt her breast heave and shake against mine, and she sobbed out:

'Oh I wish—you weren't going away: I wish you weren't going away!'

I kissed her again: now afraid lest my own tears should fall to join hers soon: and at last found voice to scold her, gently: telling her that this would never do, you know, and that she would be all right soon.—And we should see one another soon again, and have long walks in the evening again:

'—And learn more Swallow Songs?' asked she, looking up.

'Yes,' I said. 'And all sorts of other things as well.'

'—That *would* be nice: wouldn't it?' she said.

‘ Yes.—And climb up to the top of Primrose Hill and look at the lights.’

‘ —Yes, and go up the river some day as you said once. That would be nice too, wouldn’t it ?’ She had stopped crying at last.

Then, holding her little upturned face in my hands, I kissed her again, first on one cheek and then on the other. And then we said good-night.

But at the door she suddenly turned back to me with her arms half-raised, and said piteously :

‘ Kiss me again, do. . . I do like you to kiss me so !’

I took her hands and, smiling a little, went and kissed her on the cheek.

‘ Kiss me on the lips,’ she whispered, half giving herself to me.

I kissed her on the lips and drew back.

‘ . . . Good . . . night,’ she said.

‘ Good-night, Rosy, good-night.’

She withdrew : she was gone.

Then trembling came into me again,

and I stretched out my arms before me as half-round the air. And threw them up with an unknown word, and turned away.

I stood for a little thinking ; till, at last, the thought came and grew of her 'alone in the world, quite alone, as if nobody else belonged to her.' And then I seemed to grow further and further away from *that* her, and the last I had with her was now :

‘ Good-night, Rosebud, good-night.’

III.

CHAPTER I.

I BROUGHT a certain amount of enthusiasm to bear upon my new life : and the idea of working in co-operation with ' the friend of Blake ' was a powerful incentive to perseverance. I wrote in the Journal, which I began to keep at this time :

' I have had a great deal to learn and to do in this swift-flown fortnight. And I have found both the learning and the doing very pleasant to me. It would seem that my just-past struggle for existence partook, all along, greatly of the cul-de-sac ; whereas this new life is like an open road that leads to a great city : that city has to be reached ;

certain things have to be done, which things constitute a "cause." There can be no doubt that a definite aim, object, end, is the making of a man.'

But the next week came a reaction; I weary of the details of my work, more weary of the people with whom I was thrown, and there was growing in me a deaf unrecognised notion in connection with Mr. Brooke that would have partaken, had I let it, of dis-illusionment. Hear the Journal of three days later, apropos of a dinner at a Mr. Starkie's, a friend of Mr. Brooke's, where I had met some, what I called, travellers:

'Travellers are an aggravating tribe. They seem to expect you to know their books better than they do themselves: to pretend that no one else ever went where *they* went or, if some one else undeniably did go,—then that that some one else went the wrong way, came back the wrong way, and made rather a fool than otherwise of himself every bit of the way! People

have no business to be active monomaniacs : passive ones, as much as you like : I see no harm in that. I am a passive monomaniac myself.'

The next day :

' Imps have been at me to-day. The air has been densely populated with them.' Here is a lugubrious account for you !—But I begin from the beginning. Thus :

' Since the morning I had had a longing to write one particular thing haunting me. In crowded shops : before me as the cab cut through the streets : beside me as I sat at my desk ; wherever I was, whatever I was doing, I saw the same silent figure, with its hand to its brow, standing under a tree in the first evening. I was like an inveterate smoker, robbed of his pipe and left staring at his full tobacco-jar. Once or twice I very nearly went up to my room with paper and pencil to fill in my imaginary picture : having resisted and conquered, I was irritable with everything about me for my own firmness. How cruel it was

that I had no time ! how badly organized was the world, that so many other people had time, and wasted it !

‘ Driving down New Bond Street, I saw a young lady, with a pince-nez and walking-stick, staring into a jeweller’s window. I at once began to revile her as frivolity’s foolish wasp : and must have done so aloud, for the coachman opened the trap to inquire if I had said anything ? “ No,” I said. “ *Drive on.*”

‘ In the evening (this evening) we had a dinner-party. The two men who are going with us on the Expedition, Clarkson and Starkie, were there—with their wives. Also some other “ men of mark ” with *their* wives. But the female element was (thank God !) in the minority. But that didn’t save me. I sat between a beetle-browed prude who kept making (bad) eyes at her husband opposite us (a travelling monomaniac, of course !), and a cavalry officer who had cantered through half a continent, and, as soon as he came home,

sat down and wrote a book on all its histories, languages and literatures. The beetle-browed prude told me about her husband's travels : the cavalry officer about his own. (The lady he had taken in to dinner was a philanthropist, very distinguished, very loquacious, but unfortunately deaf. She and the cavalry officer soon gave one another up ; the cavalry officer, for me, the female philanthropist for a course of lectures to a weak-eyed man on her right : subject, parochial rates, I think.) The officer varied the conversation once, by remarking that Darwin did not appreciate the spirit of Nature : so leading the prude into a disquisition on Eternal Love, but, in the end disagreeing, they called me from a dream just under the ceiling to give my opinion : found I knew nothing about the points in question : and so repeated them in their entirety for my edification—even to the disagreement.

‘ After dinner, when we joined the ladies, the prude motioned me to her side by a

smile. I heard the officer repeating his remark about Darwin to, I swear, another prude (square-browed : lifeless combed-back hair : slow eyes : and an altogether suggestiveness of "shoulder arms ") just behind us. Then my own particular prude seemed for some time (that is, till I grew dreamy and answered monosyllabically) to have eyes, I should like to say a good many tongues, and half one ear, for me only : then she carried me off, tripping over her spasmodic train, to her dear dear friend Mrs. Basingstoke (to whom she really must introjooce me—a must cul-tivated and highly de-light-ful crea-ture, she *assured* me !) and I was presented, as (in a whisper) "a most interesting young man, with decidedly marked tastes, my dear Mrs. Basingstoke " (what could I have been saying ?) "and—alas !—a rare endowment of young men now-a-days—earnest religious convictions." Oh Jupiter ! Oh Jupiter !

‘ But *jam satis* !—After they were all gone, I stood frowning on the hearthrug.—

Mr. Brooke came in from the hall, having seen the last of them off.

“Aha, Leicester,” he said—“and how about those things from Taunton’s? I was dressing when you came back. They are all right?”

“Well, no, sir. The tubes had to be made on purpose——”

“I ordered them a fortnight ago.”

“And they came. But one of the people in the shop managed to crack one——”

“And the whole thing will have to be done again. Bother! : . . Hoity-toity: I’m very tired. . . . *You* look tired too.”

“I am.”

“I saw you making yourself very agreeable to Mrs. Napier, and afterwards to Mrs. Basingstoke.”

‘I curled my lip.—Then, feeling that I should say something foolish in a moment if I stayed, and irritated that I should have to save myself by running away, said :

‘I think I will go to bed, sir.—There is nothing more to be done to-night?’

‘“Ah-h-h . . . no! That is, I don’t think so.—Hamilton and Malmesbury sent up everything? — They are the rudest and most unpunctual people in all London; but they have the best . . .”

‘I made a sharp noise with my lips, expressive of impatience and disgust. I had forgotten altogether about Hamilton and Malmesbury:—What business on earth had *I* with running about seeing that Hamiltons and Malmesburies sent up things? Why not send a servant? Or use the post? There was not any need for such frantic haste. Whereas there were creatures, like that girl with the pince-nez and walking-stick, who dawdled away their whole lives! And here was *I*—going out on an expedition into the wilds of Africa, to be killed by fever and eaten by vultures, or run through with spears and eaten by negroes!—Oh, it was too hard! I really must write to some

CROESUS, state my cruel case, and ask for £100 for three years, offering to refund it out of my first year's earnings.—Nay; a better idea would be, to insert an advertisement in the *Times* agony column : “ *An unappreciated GENIUS (male), ætat 18, desirous of benefiting humanity by devoting himself to HIMSELF, would be glad to meet with some young woman who would give him the means of pursuing this lofty course of action. Millionairesses with a hankering after (literary) immortality are strongly advised not to let this opportunity slip, as a similar one may never arise again. Apply for further particulars to B.L., 5, Dunraven Place, Piccadilly, W., who . . .*” And I burst out into a laugh, rather a bitter laugh.

“ “What’s the matter ?” asked Mr. Brooke.

‘I shrugged back my shoulders with a half-sigh, half-groan. Then :

“ “I think I am ill,” I said.

‘He rose from his desk, where he was sitting examining some papers ; came across

to me and, smiling, put his hand on to my shoulder.

“Come : come : come ! You must not mind now.—It will soon pass, this malaise. You have lived so much in yourself, that you find it very hard to live in other people? —Ah well, well ! We most of us have that little difficulty to contend with sooner or later.” But I was almost bursting out into the soft tears of relief with the cry : “ *O, will she never, never come ?* ” But, instead, hanging down my head, bit my underlip with all my might for a moment. The pain made me master of myself. I looked up in his face, with my eyes hedged about with tears, but ready to listen to what he had to say to me.

‘ He pressed my shoulder with his hand :

“ Don’t dream so, my boy : ” he said.

“ Don’t dream so. You’re always at it, you know ; and it’s *such* a bad habit ! It leads to absorption in one’s own world : and that means selfishness. Why, I have known in my time at least *three* dreamers,

who ruined all their own happiness and their family's as well, simply because they *would* have their dreams. Such are they whom the world calls 'geniuses' and their friends 'brutes,' for no sacrifice is too great for these precious empty dreams of theirs—not excluding the dreamer's lives. It angers me to hear people erecting special codes of morality for such men. Because a man is dubbed 'genius,' is he also to be dubbed demi-god, and allowed to pick and choose from the laws of the land, which he will be so good as to obey and which he won't?—Give up thinking that you can do anything, and there is a chance of your doing something. Get out of yourself and into other people. They are, probably, better than you are.—You don't mind me speaking like this to you? Now do you now?"

"Oh no," I said. "It's very true what you say. I live too much in myself: and I am impatient of what I think are other

people's smallnesses . . . I will try to be more patient."

" "Very well. Don't let's talk about it any more.—*One* moment! Am I to halve the dose? Is it too strong for you?"

" "No, sir. I would say, double it; but——"

" "Your stomach can't stand it yet? Never mind. I only wonder that it has stood so much. Go on taking your medicine like a man (I don't mind your pulling faces now and then. Perhaps it is rather nasty!) and . . ." (with a smile) "well, you shall have some jam *afterwards*."

" "Will you tell me the sort?" I asked, but in a purposeless sort of way, for it seemed as if he expected me to ask for an explanation of his "*jam afterwards*."

" "You will be more contented: less self-conscious, a better member of society generally. I mean, more ready to put yourself out to talk to "fools," less eager to find fault with wiser people than yourself. In a word, more *healthy*."

‘I kept silence ; for I felt that it would be quite useless to speak.’

The next day has :

‘Mr. Brooke with me to Riding School. Nothing particular.’ And, after a space, the following remark :

‘These riding lessons five times a week are not without their pleasure to me. I am pleased at my complete freedom from fear. Small things, I hope, are here too the father of great. But, *can* I ever be afraid of anything again ? For have I not realized how small an atom I am of things living and dead : how valueless, as I am, to things as yet uncreated ? I am a spectator of existence in general, and my own in particular.—How *can* a man who believes in nothing but bare existence and the beauty of Truth, and feels that he is floating along, weak and not far from helpless, have *fear* ? What are a few more seconds to him ?’

Here my enthusiasm for a full Journal seems to have given way. The rest is

made up of simple notifications of the general events of each day.

This short period of my life is, strangely or not, one of those about which I remember least. It may be that I was too absorbed in what Mr. Brooke dubbed for me my 'dreams' to notice even what took place to myself. It may be. Perhaps that may account for the long filing trail of society-dressed people that represents my memory of this short period of my life, and for a certain lifeless wanness that contains even these conversations between Mr. Brooke and myself, although written so shortly after they were spoken. But as the days wore on, I with a little astonishment found that I was again beginning to take an interest, and something more than an interest, in my work. At first, as I have said, this astonished me, and I half anticipated that 'It would go off soon.' But, when it did not, rather grew, till it seemed to have achieved some permanent strength, I was led to look upon my early

discontent as the momentary humour and this calmer readiness for the actual individuality. There were no more theological conversations with Mr. Brooke now : no more of his jeremiads against brutal Science or debased Art, and consequently no more rousing of the antagonistical feeling in me. Besides, something of my old adventurous love was rising in me at the near approach of our departure, and this helped me to realize that, past denial, there was much in me that was morbid and self-concentrated, and helped me to determine to resist these infirmities. I had begun to *like* Mr. Brooke better : and this although I was far from holding him up to myself as 'the ideal friend,' as I had done at starting. No one could help liking the man's earnestness : an earnestness that had something of the tenderness-inspiring in it. It did not matter that the aim of this earnestness was not altogether apparent to you. You saw the effect : the effect was beautiful, earnestness and honesty welded together, and you

‘liked’ it. What matter about the cause ?

It was in a humour of this sort that, some days later, I sat with him after dinner in the library, he smoking a cigar, I thinking about things.

We sat in silence.

At last, with a slight yawn :

‘We shall be off,’ he said, ‘before this time next week. Oh-h-h ! . . . How delightful it is to think of it !’

‘Mr. Clarkson is to meet us at Brindisi, is he not ?’ I said.

‘Yes. He does not want to go through Paris : and it would scarcely do to go through the Continent and he not go with us. I do not think so, at least. . . . He has a perfect monomania about Paris. He caught a typhus or typhoid fever when he was there three years ago : and almost died of it : up at the top of an hotel—alone. He declared that he would never put his foot inside the place again. It was a very horrible idea, I must confess : death :

alone in a strange hotel : in a strange city.'

'But, if he's afraid of fever, surely it is rather a strange thing to go to ——'

'Yes : yes. *It is*. But men are made up of such inconsistencies. I, for example, am shudderingly afraid of small-pox : yet I have been through a cholera epidemic, nursed diphtheritic cases, known cancer, and what not besides.'

'King Alfred used to pray that God's will might be done in all things, but that he should prefer not to die of a loathsome disease. I should be afraid of such things too, if it wasn't that . . .' I paused.

'Wasn't what?' he said.

'O, a silly idea of mine !—I don't believe that I shall ever catch anything again, somehow !'

'Fearlessness is half the battle. . . . I too have prayed to God that I may not die of a disease that makes others fearful of me and myself loathe myself.'

'And I do not see why God should not

grant your prayer, if——’ I left the rest, ‘*If He is and can,*’ unsaid ; for I had seen his face contract a little.

‘I beg your pardon,’ I said, ‘if I have offended you. My thoughtlessness began, and my honesty wanted to end, my sentence.’

‘Oh no ! I am foolish to notice it. I should not have, but that it recalled to me that the same vile bartering thought had, I am ashamed to say, occurred to me too, as it were despite myself, before now. You see I am trembling’ (he held up his hand) ‘like a terrified woman. Upon my word I ought to be ashamed of myself !’

He resumed more slowly :

‘I cannot quite account for this hysterical dread of one particular disease. My father died of it just before I was born, and my mother was nigh losing life, and then reason, in giving birth to me. Perhaps that is enough to excuse my poor nerves. . . . But I’ve not much belief in these things. Hereditarity, as Spencer would say, has been done to death nowadays.’

I remembered a somewhat contrary remark to this of his : and smiled a little to myself.

There was a silence for a few moments.

At last he lifted up his head, looked across at me, and jerked his cigar-end under the grate, saying :

‘By-the-bye, Leicester, I have something to say to you. . . . It’s about my book.’ He paused for a moment. Then proceeded :

‘You know that it is not yet published ? —Indeed, it is not fit to be published. —It is like Cæsar’s Commentaries—*nudi, recti et venusti* (I think that’s the expression all right) *omni ornatu orationis tamquam veste detracta*—“Unadorned, severe and decent, stripped of all the embellishment of expression, like a garment”—but I was carried away from its actual state, *nudus*, into its ideal state, *rectus et venustus*. —Decent, comely, that is the best attribute for a man, his thoughts and his actions, that there can be. But you see *my* poor book never got

beyond starkness ! It was meant to be as a sort of introduction, or prelude, to a future work : my *magnum opus* ! I did not care to tell the tale of my failure—not, at least, till I could tell with it the tale of my success. But . . . If anything happened to me : Who can foresee even a moment here ?—*Quid humanitus*, as Cicero has it : any of those chances to which humanity is liable——’ He paused again. The words seemed perseveringly jerky.

I waited.—He resumed :

‘ I should like it brought out—then : supposing, I mean ; supposing *aliquid humanitus* occurs this time. For, you see, it might be of some use to others : more especially to him following on my track. It contains my attempt from the south, and my last journey ending at Iujigi.’

‘ Yes ?’ I said.

Another pause.

Then he :

‘ Ah, but I thought I had the bird in my hand *that* time ! Only in the bush, only in

the bush ! And I with no more twine with which to mend broken nets and snare it. I have not told you before, how bitter that moment was to me : To turn back at Mount Nebo, within sight of Canaan, into the sandy desert, so hot and waterless !—And as I turned, verily my anguish shamed me out of my manliness to play the woman. I did restrain myself till they had pitched the tent there, in the roar and very breath of the mighty waters ; but then I went apart, and sat, and looked at the smoking columns of the fall fading into the purpling sky, and wept. It seemed to me as I sat there alone that evening that I was not turning back, to come again with new victorious face and reach to It ; but it seemed to me—I cannot tell you how, or why. I can only tell you that so it was.—It seemed to me, I say, that a still small voice spoke whispering to my heart : and I knew that I should not see Mount Nebo again, should not even cross the desert again, but die far away in the land of Egypt, in a land of glory and sin.'

Another pause.

He went on :

‘ Since then, I have tried to persuade myself that I was mistaken. Life is so ordinary : it is hard to believe always in the faith of one’s higher moments.—And you see, my dear boy : in a few days we are off ! What do you say ?—Well, what I want to tell you is this. Supposing *aliquid humanitus*.—You follow me ?’

He looked at me, who was a little mystified by it all.

‘ Yes,’ I said. ‘ To a certain extent.’

He smiled.

‘ Ah, you’ve grown deep into my heart, boy ! you cannot know *how* deep. Perhaps there is some selfishness in my love for you : I do not say that there is none : But I do love you !—I have been rather sharp with you at times : Forget it ! It is, that I cannot bear to see you with the ideas you have, about this beautiful world—and God. It seems to me almost a crime that you . . . Forgive me : Now you do now ?’

He had touched my leg : laid his hand on it, and looked so fondly into my eyes that I was moved, but not quite with an answering feeling to what he called his love. I turned my look aside.

‘ You see that I believe in you,’ he said. ‘ Believe in you even as you are now, a mere boy ! I know that if you only had some great work cut out for you to *do*—you would do it ; and that there would be no need for it to be done again—something that would require all your heart and soul ! At present . . . I am afraid for you, and that is the truth ! And being afraid, I am jealous for you, and so—cross with you ! That is my way. . . Can you understand me ?’

‘ Yes,’ I said. ‘ I think I can.’

He went on at last, I was glad, looking away from me.

‘ I have this presentiment upon me, and I cannot shake it off. I shall never reach my heart’s desire. God’s will be done !—And it is so strongly upon me that I . . . I am afraid I am very clumsy, beating about

the bush like this ! See now. Here it is out straight for you ! I want you to promise me to go on and finish what I feel *I* shall never be able to do more than begin. —Every river, every lake of that land shall be mapped out and known !’ (His voice rose and rang) ‘Why, I tell you I dreamt about it as a boy at school. I have kept it by me all my life. A *grand* idea !—But not yet ! Not yet, you understand. That would be foolish. If we—if they, fail this time, I want you to come back to England and wait here four or five years, preparing for it. You will grow apace. Read, read, read !—Then try again : and when you do it !—when you do it ! then. . . Tell them of my poor old dead book : and of me, just a little, to say how I dreamt of that hour all my life ! None of the glory !—Oh no, I don’t want any of *that*. All that shall be yours ! But—if I could only think that *through* me, if not *by* me, the thing had been done at last !—If I could only think *that*, why . . . You must not come out with us this time. You are too

young. Your constitution is just changing. You know the critical periods of a man's life—the twenties and the fifties—wait till your constitution has settled.' (He rubbed his eyebrows.) 'Yes, yes, you might come down as far as Zanzibar with us, if you've set your heart upon it—if you've set your heart upon it. Eh? You might as well get some knowledge of the life. But remember always that you are the reserve. (When you have been over all the land—crossed and re-crossed and known it—then you'll be able to confute that absurd theory of there being some Central Africans who have no idea of a deity. That's all nonsense! If I had lived I had intended confuting it myself. However . . .) Well, as I was saying, you must always remember that you are the reserve: both for our sake, dear boy, and for the sake of the Cause.—I am afraid again that I am very clumsy. I haven't yet told it you in so many words—eh? Well, this time I will, straight out.'

He began deliberately;

‘I want you to promise me that, in the event of anything happening to *me*, you will devote yourself to the Cause.—You see?’

He went on:

‘Study for it; toil for it: do for it everything; forget nothing! On that condition I make you my heir.’

There was a pause.

Then I said:

‘I cannot!’

‘Yes, yes,’ he cried. ‘*You* can do it, if anyone can; and it *is* to be done! I am *sure* you can do it! I know you better than you know yourself. You will grow old apace: a man by twenty: a—something more than a man by thirty, if God prolongs your days so far. I pray He may.—No, I say. Don’t be afraid of that. I have no relation whom I can wrong by making you my heir: be easy on that point.’

He stopped suddenly:

‘You say nothing?’

In a little, I, with my eyes downcast, said:

‘You have so completely taken me by surprise, that I scarcely know if I am asleep or awake.’

‘Yes : yes : yes, I know. It was foolish of me. I had intended working up to it slowly : training you into what I wanted you to become. You *must* do it ! and . . . all sorts of things. Of course you will.’

He began to drift away :

‘Last night I . . . I had a horrible, a horrible dream. . . Strange : strange how we all are troubled by our dreams. . . What accursed shadows I saw ! shadows of sin : shadows of a tormented universe. Oh my God ! . . . My time is short. . . I know it. I shall not get further than Paris. I know it. . . “Blake, old fellow : Allan’s dead.”—“Dead ?” he said.—“Yes, *dead*. Renshaw brought me news of it last night. He carried him on his back over a mile through the hot sands. It was eve when they got to the spring. Allan was delirious. I cannot think of his poor parched lips muttering : and his eyes

stared so, Renshaw says. But at the last, he grew quite calm, and asked him to hold him up. *'Are those the mountains out there?'* he asked. *'Yes,'* said Renshaw. *'How peaceful they are.'*—Then he closed his eyes for a little; but opened them all of a sudden and cried out: *'Do you see the Cross there?'* *'No,'* said Renshaw. *'Where?'* *'Upon the mountain top, the ridge I mean. Christ is holding it. How sweet His face is. . . Oh what a light, what a light! It bursts out all round Him. And see, the shadow! There, there on the sand. The shadow of the Cross. Nearer—nearer—nearer, fleet over the golden sand. The shadow of the Cross!'*—And so he died." "

I shook him by the arm :

'Sir, sir—You are ill,' I said.

'No,' he said. *'Not ill, only tired.'*

All at once he started up :

'I've been talking quickly. . . . My blood's been boiling. I'm all right now though.—You have understood all that I said? No. I see that you don't realize

it. Well, well. That is nothing. We'll begin again.—No, I assure you, I'm all right now. Sit down. Draw your chair closer. Now I will go through it again.'

It seemed he had quite forgotten the story he had told me of his friend's death. He began to explain the object of the expedition: what was to be done this time: what was to be done next time: lastly, what he wanted me to do. I listened patiently, although I was, as it were, physically wearied of it all.

Dawn was breaking as I stood looking from my bedroom-window. I wished that I stood on some Thames bridge, to look at the sleeping town: then turned away sighing, and glad that I was not there—anywhere but where I was, a few yards off my cool, comfortable bed.

As I had one knee on it, getting in, I paused, made half-irresolute by a thought. How long was it since I had prayed? Had I grown so sure, then, that there was no 'good' in it?—*None! none!* 'If God is,

He knows what is in my heart without my telling Him. And yet I haven't given much thought to the subject of late: not had time to go searching for new material with which to build up my belief in disbelief, as I used to do at Colchester. Ah, I was a boy then. Now I am . . . a fool to be standing here like this.' I was into bed and had the clothes over me.

' . . . I wonder what Rosy's doing now? Asleep, of course, like a good little girl. I wish *I* was! I wish this world had never been made. I wish I had never been born: and then I shouldn't have been plagued with all these things. I wish . . . *Ah, this world is not much of a place to be happy in!*'

CHAPTER II.

For some time, when I half-awoke next morning, I was aware of a letter with the usual cup of tea by my bedside. At last I roused myself sufficiently to stretch out my hand and lift the letter into the bed by me : and then managed to open it, and began, still half-awake, to read it :

‘ DEAR MR. LEICESTER,

‘ I have been informed of your appointment as private secretary to Mr. Brooke, and that you are about to accompany him on his expedition to Central Africa, to which I wish all possible success.

I have a profound admiration for Mr. Brooke personally. I once had the honour of meeting him at the house of my distinguished friend, Professor Strachan, F.R.S. I think that you are to be greatly congratulated on the results of your independent course of action in having faced the world so boldly on your own account' (about this point I woke up completely), 'and I have no doubt that you will always do credit to the name you bear. I have to regret and apologize for any little disagreeableness that may have arisen during our last interview, and to ask you to ascribe it to the very indifferent state of my health at the time. I am still, I believe, in rather a critical state ; but my doctors give me every hope of the ultimate recovery of my accustomed vigour. Thinking that perhaps you might require some small moneys, cash for your outfit, etc., I have directed that the sum of one hundred pounds shall be deposited to your account at my agents', Messrs. Milnes and Co., Axe Street, which you do me a

great pleasure by accepting as a small token of my personal regard for yourself.

‘I remain,

‘ Yours truly,

‘ THOS. R. JAMES.

‘ B. LEICESTER, ESQ.’

‘ P.S.—The £100 will be handed over to you on personal application. I have to ask your indulgence for the indifferent composition of this letter, which you must please to ascribe to my present condition. I find any mental effort very painful to me.’

I lay back, with my head deep in the pillow, staring at the ceiling: ‘Either the man is soft-brained,’ I thought, ‘or flunkey-hearted, or . . . I don’t understand it! But I certainly shan’t waste a quarter of another minute in trying to. What’s the old hypochondriac to me? Of course, I won’t take his money, confound him!’

Then a crowd of other thoughts came upon me, till I was in a not far from disgusted state. There was Rosy: and my books still at Colchester: and the general futility of existence, and particularly of my own. I ended by growing sapless, and then half-peevish.

A barrel-organ began playing some way off. I lay and listened to it in an arid disgust. At last it stopped. Then I got up, and proceeded to my toilet.—‘This is what is generally known as getting, or having got, out of the wrong side of your bed this morning,’ thought I, going downstairs.

Mr. Brooke seemed better. He talked to me quite naturally at breakfast about things in general. Then we parted: he to go I do not know where, I to see about some orders that had not been punctually fulfilled, etc. . . . But when we met again at luncheon, I thought he had rather a beaten-out look, a look of extreme weariness. I ascribed it to the amount of conventional thought and worry that he had gone through

of late, and perhaps a little to the unusual excitement of last night.

The next day was quite ordinary, quite uneventful. And so the day after. Everything was done now. We were to start early in the morning from Charing Cross. Consequently, we went to bed earlier than usual : about half-past nine.

I, out in the hall, lit my candle first : said good-night to him in the library : and was almost up to the top of the first staircase, where our ways separated, when I heard him call out. I stopped and listened.

He called again :

‘ Boy !’

I answered :

‘ Yes ?’

‘ Good-night.’

‘ Good-night.’

‘ No : wait. I will be up in a moment to shake hands with you. The night before the campaign opens : eh ?’

He came out : lit his candle (I watched

him over the bannisters. I see him now): and came up slowly. I stepped back, and stood waiting for him in the mouth of the passage.

Then we shook hands: but he did not let mine go after he had pressed it. I turned my eyes from his face generally to his eyes, and looked into them: puckering up my mouth a little to one side.

He smiled: smiled a second time: and let fall my hand.—He meant something by that smile, and I understood something, but I did not, and do not, quite know what.

Mine was a dreamless sleep that night.

Sitting opposite him in the railway-carriage some five minutes before we were to start, he caught me glancing at him in a peculiar way.

‘I can tell you what you are thinking of,’ he said, bending towards me and putting his hand on my knee. ‘You are half-puzzled, half-amused at my “delusion.” Oh yes, that’s your word: “Delusion.” Very well! We shall see what we shall see. My dear

boy, *I* am not given to morbidity, believe me.—By-the-bye, you didn't forget to get some papers ?'

I started up.

'Really, I am very sorry. I am afraid I have forgotten all about them. I am very sorry. I will go at once.—What papers shall I get ?'

'No, I should have got them myself. Let me go. I have been doing all the talking and you all the work. It was very kind of old Gordon to come down to give me a God-speed and shake o' the hand, wasn't it, Starkie ?—You didn't see him, I thought. He kept me chattering with him.—Stop ! stop ! I'll go. I really insist on going !'

'It is only at the end of the platform, sir,' I said. 'Don't think of troubling about it. Let me——'

'Ne : no. I will go myself. You stop here.—Is there any paper you particularly like, Starkie ? Are you a liberal or a conservative ?'

Mr. Starkie, with his feet upon the cushions, looked round with his usual beard-twitching smile :

‘ Oh, I’m neither. They’re both equally bad.—Get me a society paper.’

As Mr. Brooke hurried away, Mr. Starkie said something sarcastic about ‘ society papers.’ Then, after a pause (I knew nothing about ‘ society papers ’), I went on to the platform, and began walking up and down before the carriage.

All at once I saw Mr. Brooke, with some papers in his hand, coming towards the open gate. A shabbily-dressed man was slouching along at right-angles to him. They met. I saw Mr. Brooke start back : half-loose and then clutch the papers : let the man pass by, and then come towards me, but more slowly.

I thought nothing of it : re-entered the carriage : and a moment after he was at the door, and thrêw the papers on to the seat. I was arranging some rugs upon the racquet. Then the guard came to the door to

examine our tickets. I had Mr. Brooke's. I gave it up with mine : and then for the first time noticed him. He was sitting staring in front of him, with his hand supporting his head. He was very pale. I stood in doubt, looking at him.

‘Are you ill?’ I asked.

He started and laughed.

‘Oh, it is nothing.—We are to have a fine day for our journey. See how the sun is shining. It must be quite clear out in the country. . . . Do you know what time we get to Dover, Starkie?’

There was a door between Mr. Brooke's room and mine at the Hôtel de Manchester. We had it opened, and talked as we were dressing for dinner. He was instructing me in the programme that had to be gone through here in Paris. I was at my glass, spoiling a white tie.—I heard him come from his room into mine, but did not turn, thinking he was only continuing the conversation. All at once I saw his face re-

flected beside mine. I cried out: 'Good God!' and jerked myself round.

His eyes kept opening and shutting. I caught him by the arm. He smiled at me.

'It is as I thought,' he said slowly. 'We must get out of this, boy. . . . That man at the station. I ran against him.'

He shuddered. I heard his teeth click as he closed his jaws.

'You are ill?'

'Yes. That man! It went through me like Weland's sword. Oh, the horrible smell!'

'You think you have caught the small-pox?' I said incredulously.

'I do not think: I know. How weak my eyes are. I could almost fancy I saw motes before. . . . I am a fool!'

'It is the crossing,' I said. 'You will be all right soon.'

'The crossing? An old sailor like me? Pooh, pooh! Nothing of the sort. And yet——'

He began to consider to himself :

‘ And yet . . . How possibly . . . ’

I caught him by the arm :

‘ Stop : stop ! ’ I said. ‘ You will *give* yourself the small-pox if you go on at that rate.—Have you been vaccinated ? ’

He moved from me, saying, with great calmness :

‘ Not I. Nonsense every bit of it. I never wanted to have all the vile diseases flesh is heir to pumped into my system with bad lymph ! See. I will sit down here, on the bed. I don’t feel well : that’s all—at present : giddy. Go and tell Starkie. Then go and find a room for me somewhere. A nice room : and flowers. Mind you tell the people what it’s for : a case of small-pox.’ He stopped and smiled. ‘ Variola confluens, if they are particular. That means something like the certainty of a dead body in the house. You may add that : people like to know. Never mind what you have to pay. A nice room, Leicester. Remember, I shall want to be

in it—probably a fortnight before I die. I used to like Passy: try in Passy.—Now go. No: I am not mad: not in the least.’

‘Will you let me fetch a doctor?’ I said.

‘You will anger me in a moment!—Go and tell Starkie, and find me a nice room. I want to get there while I am quite sure of myself. We must think of other people as well as of ourselves.—Please go at once.’

I went to Starkie and sent him into my room: then ran downstairs; found out the maitre de l’hôtel, and tried to explain to him that I wanted to know where I should be able to find a house-agent. Seeing that I only confused the man, I came up to my room again.

Mr. Starkie was sitting beside Mr. Brooke, speaking to him earnestly—I think trying to persuade him that he was mistaken in his idea about the small-pox. He stopped speaking as I came in.

I explained how useless it was for me to

try to get what was wanted : I did not know a street in Paris, and could not speak French. Mr. Starkie had better go, and leave me here with Mr. Brooke. They both seemed to see this. Mr. Starkie jumped up, saying that of course I was quite right. It would be a dreadful waste of time for me to go, and in the end I might not be successful. Mr. Brooke thanked him.

As the door closed I sat down beside the bed.

After a little :

‘I wish you would let me get a doctor,’ I said.

‘Not yet. Not yet. Useless. We shall see, boy, in a little while. I hate doctors. They are a blundering race. . . . But I have one or two things to say to you before you go . . . Bertram.’

It was the first time he called me by my Christian name. I felt a sort of answering thrill in me.

‘Before I go?’ I said.

‘Yes. I shall not allow you to stay,

and run the chance of catching it. That would never do. Nor must Starkie: he will have to hurry on to Brindisi; but I'm afraid Clarkson won't care to go on without me. . . . And *he* wishes to put it off, too. It is very hard: after all these years!

A pause.

· 'I have been speaking to him about you,' he went on. 'He knows all my wishes. He is one of my executors . . . a brave man: rough and ready: will follow anywhere, but can't lead. Clarkson has all the brains of the party. You *must* have scientific observation to hand, or you can never do any real good. That is the mistake we have all of us made. Brave men can plod on and, when there is need, shoot straight (but the less shooting, the better); but there is something else wanted as well, and that's perception. They don't recognise more than half they see. There has only been one naturalist in Africa yet—Klesmer, I mean. Think of that! And he, poor devil, came to grief on the ubi-

quitous reef of poverty. I have often regretted I didn't know of him in time. But it's the old, old story! When they had muscle, they hadn't brains: and when they had brains, they hadn't muscle. These explorers (especially the French) are a queer lot. Du Camp's gorillas are . . . well, let's only say exaggerations: and as for Louis . . . But there, there! Starkie knows all about it. He will tell you some day. I have a thousand things in my head, and can only bring you out one. About yourself. You would not promise that night to give up your life to the Cause. You said that you believed you had other work to do. I want you to promise now. You must leave me to-night, Bertram—very soon.'

'Leave you? That is impossible. Here with strangers?'

'I want no one but the Sisters. I have seen them at work before: have worked with them. They are all I want. With the small-pox, men die in delirium, loath-

some to everyone. You could not stay. . . . I am thinking of going into an hospital, instead of taking an apartment—if it can be managed as I want it. Starkie has gone to see. . . . That was a foolish idea of mine: I am glad you came back. It is all right. Starkie knows all about it. If the doctors will only leave me alone! . . . Oh, boy,' he said, 'if you would only promise to try! Go back and study, say, for three years: only three years! And learn everything, everything! And then go down there for another year to learn about the life. And you will pick up experience very quickly. I know you. Starkie says he will do it: he will not be too old: a brave fellow! Ah dear! ah dear! I have so many things that I want to tell you: so many; so many that they confuse me, and I can scarcely tell you anything. All one jumble, eh? But I have not been like myself since that dream—Now, you will promise?'

I answered nothing.

He lifted up his head.

‘Promise me. I am so sure you could do it. If you only had some beacon-light to steer to. At times I have thought that I am infatuated about you. You did not know that I was married once? . . . And God took away my son from me. Yet I bore it. And then my wife, too. “*The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord.*” That was what Blake said to me in the evening when my son died. I only saw him dead. It was very sudden. Dear child ! dear child ! . . . You have something of him in you, Bertram, at times. . . . And then Ratcliffe came and fell ill. He was not worth much. Intelligent, and all that ; but had no interest in his work, and could not have done much for it if he had had. And then God sent you to me. Your struggle in London. —Oh, you must promise me. . . . Ha ! I am a fond old fool !’

At last :

‘ You have not answered me,’ he said.
‘ Will you not promise ?’

‘ I cannot, sir. It is as if you asked me to become a priest—having no vocation.’

‘ But I have determined that you *shall* promise ! . I have made you my heir. I am not very rich. Some eight hundred a-year now ; much less than I once had. I have spent much in the Cause. You will promise ?’

‘ I cannot, sir. I thank you none the less ; but you must give it to some one else.—To Mr. Starkie. I cannot promise to give up my life to the pursuit of a thing—I do not care for : I mean care for, enough for that.’

After a little he ;

‘ You will think better of it when you are older. You are full of dreams now.—Promise me now. In five years . . . It is not for five years.’

‘ I cannot promise. You must not leave me that money. I could not take it with-

out I did promise, and I will never promise. How could I honestly ?'

He sighed :

'My head is very heavy. I cannot talk any more now. Remember ; I will alter nothing. You will go some day. Wait till you have been out in the world, boy. I have seen bees covered with tiny red spiders innumerable, tickled to death. I will alter nothing.'

I took his hand gently :

'I cannot tell you, sir,' I said, 'how sorry I am to seem so ungrateful. It is not that I am so really ; but . . I cannot—do this : I cannot give up my life to such a thing. Do not think that I set great store by my life. . . I do not. I am not far from indifferent whether I live or whether I die—as yet. But, as you have just said, I am full of dreams. I have scarcely dared to whisper to my own heart what they are, but, such as they are, I will either climb up to them or to nothing. Greatness is the only truth. Man's soul is his fresh memory

—and so is death the perfecting of life ; for life is the hero and death the crown with which he is crowned one of the heirs of immortality.—And harvest breeds to harvest : and evil days eat not the blades away ; but they ever live till their sheaves' golden heads shall touch the sky and drop.'

In a little he said :

'Oh greatness, greatness! what greatness, boy? It is all—vague—visions—dreams.'

'No, no, not to me—now.'

'I am too weary to talk of it any more. Rest. Rest! This is not the end ; for the end *cannot* be with you—yet awhile.'

I did not say what was upon my tongue. I was foolish to have said so much. I kept silence for a little. Then :

'Can I get you nothing?' I said. 'Are you sure?——'

'Nothing, nothing. . . . Let us wait for Starkie.'

I rested my elbow on my knee and my chin upon my hand ; and so sat, looking at the floor, and thinking of my dreams. Mr.

Brooke lay motionless on his back with his eyes closed. His breathing seemed to me short and heavy.

At last Starkie came. It was all right : Mr. Brooke might go to the hospital.

Just before he went downstairs, he asked Mr. Starkie to leave us alone for a moment. I stood by the large wardrobe mirror, with a certain feeling of half-shame, making me half wish to avert my eyes from his face. He came to me—put one hand on to my shoulder in his old way, smiling, and said :

‘ Well. Starkie knows all about the book too. It is to be brought out soon after my death, and you are to be joint editor with him.’

‘ I, sir ? But consider, I am not yet nineteen. I know nothing about Africa ; nothing even of literary matters. How shall I . . . ?’

‘ I wish it so. You will not refuse me this ?’

‘ But, sir, I am so young.’

‘People will laugh. Is that it?’

‘What people do or do not do, is, and I think always will be, as nothing to me.’

‘You say it with proper and distinct emphasis. Very well.—Then you accept?’

‘Yes, sir.—But I hope that neither Mr. Starkie nor I may ever have to touch your book. You will most surely recover.’

He smiled again; less sadly than before, it seemed to me.

‘No, no, that is not to be. God has laid His hand upon me; and I am to pay the penalty of my sin. It is just.—May His will be done in all things.’

I answered nothing.

He sighed; let fall his hand from my shoulder listlessly; turned, and was moving to the door. I followed him and touched his arm:

‘You have not said good-bye to me, sir,’ I said.

I passed to in front of him. He raised a hand to either shoulder, feeling up my right

sleeve, but not the other; then bent his face forward towards mine, murmuring :

‘My eyes are a little weak. I too am a little weak—a little feeble. That is tautological—eh? . . . I did not say good-bye to you? That was careless of me. You were in my thoughts—in the thoughts behind my thoughts, Bertram.—Good-bye, my boy. . . I have no fear for thee—in the end, child. Thou wilt do it in the end. Keep a brave heart. God is not so far from thee. . . ’

His lips moved after that, but I heard no sound that came from them. Then felt the pressure of his hands moving me aside : caught the door-handle : turned and opened the door ; and he went out.

I stood watching him. Mr. Starkie was at the top of the stairs. He offered Mr. Brooke his arm, who half-absently took it : then started, looked at Mr. Starkie, and smiled. They went down together slowly.

As they reached the bottom step, I moved back into the room ; stood staring

at the carpet for a moment : looked up : saw my frowning face and then whole bent body in the mirror ; and said to myself :

‘ I do not understand you, heart of mine. Are you selfish to your very inmost core of cores ? That man is going to his death. You are not really moved by his pitiful longing for some one to achieve the object of his life, or by the deep pathos of his silent grief. That man is going to his death : and you have not even a tear for him ! Is there anything in all the earth, think you, that could do more than send your blood raging through its channels for some few instants ? Oh, uneasy, backward-glancing dreamer ! “ Words, words, words.” What of real use are your dreams, even to you ? After him ! after him for your life ! Ask his pardon. Promise him all that he asks. *I am alone.*—Ay, frown ! Go closer. Look deep into your own eyes : look, till you can see your own black, selfish heart within.—*I am not selfish !* Take back the lie into your teeth, accursèd Doubt ! What

is that man to me, that I should give him my life ? . . . Can you hear me, God ? I have no such duty towards him, I say. No ! no ! And the memory of childish tales shall *not* cozen me into a fool's belief. Away, away !'

Mr. Starkie went on to Brindisi next day. I told him that I would not leave Paris until I had heard decisive news of Mr. Brooke : I had still £15 left from my £25 : and had scarcely spent anything, Mr. Brooke having insisted on paying all my expenses of outfit, etc.

Mr. Starkie told me of a ' pension ' in the Avenue de Fontenoi. I went there on the same evening that Mr. Brooke went to the hospital. The last thing Mr. Starkie said to me (we were sitting in the courtyard of the hôtel : I was about to leave him for the ' pension ') was that he had very little doubt but that Clarkson would agree to give up the expedition, but still, if he wished to go on, there was nothing left but

to go on with him : in which case I should hear at once, either by letter or from Mr. Starkie himself. As for my expenses at Paris, those would, of course, be defrayed by Mr. Brooke ; but of this, and many other matters, more anon.

It was late in the evening when I arrived at the Avenue de Fontenoi. I went straight up to bed : to sleep heavily, I felt ; and yet I dreamt of a man consumed in a jungle by a small tiger. A horrible dream.

In the morning no one appeared for café au lait and petit pain in the salle-à-manger but Madame Rouff, her child, and myself. I learnt from her that there was a park quite close to us, the Parc Monceau.

I went there at once. It is a pretty greenery. I found a sunlit, bubbling spring at the end of a pool in a (I thought) sham ruin. And so, first of all, sitting watching and playing with the stream : then sitting watching the passers and some horses being tried, I was happy enough for the time. The sense of it all being in an air and place

somewhere between dream and reality was perpetually with me and of me. There were water-jets of pierced hose playing to right and left on the fresh grass : cooings of pigeons : and the flappings of their wings as they took flight : small birds taking baths in the dust : all the morning smiling and soft, fresh-breathed. I thought of my first morning in Regent's Park, and of others : and that by degrees led me to thinking of Rosy. —What was she doing now ? And Minnie —such a dear beast, but then !

Later in the day I went to inquire about Mr. Brooke. Nothing new. 'The symptoms of small-pox, you know, sir, advance with order. This does not hurry itself for anyonè. You must keep quiet.'—And so, day after day, I went, and it was always the same answer. This advances, this goes on advancing.

I tried once to make myself unhappy by thinking about him. I could not. My sorrow for him was of itself hushed and not untender ; but I could not make it into a

disturbing gnat buzzing in my ears at all hours. After that one attempt, I let my thoughts wander on at pleasure, as I had always done before, and was contented ; for such unceasing misery, produceable, it seemed to me, by continued concentration of the mind on one subject, was not 'true.' I instinctively shrank from it. No, it was not that I was hard-hearted (I had fooled myself with that idea long enough). It was simply that I had nothing more than regret for this man, and that my old, unrooted-out ideas had been doing their best to persuade me that therein lay a sin !

My old wandering spirit came back upon me in Paris quickly enough. I had nothing to interest me indoors. Perhaps there were few things that could have taken me out of myself then : I was living for my dreams so much. I saw so many things before me.

So passed ten or twelve weary days, whose only memory to me is unrecorded weariness. I spent most of my time wandering about

Paris, reading, and talking with Starkie ; but that last was only as we went down together to the hospital each morning for news, and sometimes an hour or so in the evenings ; he having a good deal of business to do in one shape or another.

On the, I think, thirteenth day (but all accurate record or memory of these days is gone) I lit upon the Louvre, and from that hour forward was in it continually. It gave me quiet.

This quiet was broken into by the news of the nineteenth morning. Secondary fever had set in. For the first time, Starkie seemed to give up all hope. The effect on me was quite different. I could not realize the fact of Mr. Brooke being in the state I, I almost thought, knew he was in. I went into the Parc Monceau, and sat there in a sort of warm, gold dream of wilderment for some time, till, all at once, I caught myself starting up with the exclamation :

‘No, no ! If I was right in then refusing, I am right in now having refused.’

—And I *was* right. For what had I to do with it ?

I spent the afternoon sculling on the river but at Courbevoi.

After dinner I went for a walk along the boulevards, softly singing or whistling to myself ; till, in a dim street by the opera, I woke up out of dreamy, sweet thoughts into the perception of something like a breath of fluttering music in me, now melting, now languorous, now fierce, floating up into my brain and pulsing through me, from time to time, a longing and yearning to stretch out arms with a gurgling cry to something. And in this strange, half-ecstatic state I came home, threw off my things, and got into bed as into a white, cool haven.

In that night I had a strange and vivid dream. I stood below somewhere, and saw a lady I had seen once, in a carriage with a dead child, on a green-lit down by the sea. The carriage had just crossed a bridge. A river rolled down smoothly over golden

sands. A boy on the right shore stood watching a ball that the up-crested sea-waves kept lifting up to and back from him every moment. I rose, and crossed over the stone bridge : came to behind the carriage, and began climbing over it from the back. The lady turned, and, seeing me, put out her brown-gloved hand to me ; and then, when I would have caught and pressed it into my bosom, touched my chest with her finger-tips, the carriage moved onwards, the child wailed, I fell backwards and down : and awoke trembling and wet with trickling sweat.

It was the next morning that, when we came together to the hospital, they told us that Mr. Brooke had died last night, at half-past ten, delirious.

In a long moment Starkie turned away. I followed him.

We went in silence along the pavement with the on-moving people, till I said to myself half-aloud :

‘ I cannot believe that it is so.’

‘Nor I,’ he said in the same way; ‘nor I: scarcely. . . . He was a good man.’

Then I said:

‘It is a deep thought to think that his soul has gone out like a candle, and that *that* is the end of him.’

Starkie answered nothing.

‘I wish,’ I said, ‘you would tell me truly and from the bottom of your soul: do you believe that *that* is the end of him?’

In a little:

‘I believe it,’ he said. ‘The energy that was in him has undergone some change. We call that change death. It is, I believe, the end of us.’

‘Do you think that, when that change comes to *you*, *you* will end? that there will be no more of you?’

‘I do. Death looses that which grips the gathered threads of our individualities: the threads fall away, going to other invisible work, just as the threads of the body which is left slowly fade into the earth and air, going for other *visible* work. What

death is, to use what seems to me its proper name, solution may be, I cannot of course pretend to guess; but our grandchildren may be able to, and their grandchildren, perhaps, to know. You asked me to tell you my belief: what I truly and from the bottom of my heart believe. *That* is my belief.'

'I thank you for it,' I said. 'For from to-day I purpose beginning my soul's life anew, and I might go very far, I think, before I met one who believed what you believe, and would tell it me as you have told it me. Will you let me ask you one more question?'

'Twenty, if you care to ask them.'

'Have you not in you a feeling, a strange unaccountable, but nevertheless undeniable feeling, that you, *you*—your individuality, as you said, can not possibly be destroyed?'

'You mean have I, what is called the Instinct of Immortality?—No: I have not, now. When I first began to think about these things, my mind was strongly pre-

possessed in favour of immortality, and consequently this instinct soon developed itself from its passive unconsciousness into active consciousness, and I held fast to the idea of immortality when everything else, save belief in a Deity, had gone. It was not till after more than three years of thoughtfulness and study, that I learnt that my desire for immortality was only a synonym for my selfishness, and, having learnt this, I began to see, too, the complete needless-
ness, though as complete naturalness, of that desire. I determined to devote myself to benefiting, as far as I could, my fellow men. Whether this was a result from, or parallel to, my loss of all belief in immortality, it would be difficult to say. At any rate, there are the two facts contemporaneous.'

'And do you not believe in a Deity either?'

'I cannot answer you; for I do not know. I am content, seeing a world full of ignorance and woe, to strive to lessen however little of that ignorance, knowing

that thereby I shall lessen a corresponding amount of that woe. This seems to me the one undeniable duty of each of us: to make the earth better for our having been in it.'

I answered nothing, for my thoughts were full. So we walked on together in silence till we came to the hotel door. Then, as he half-turning faced me, I held out my hand for his, and when it was in mine, squeezed it, looking into his eyes that looked into mine: and I said:

'Thank you.'

Then we passed to other matters; for what more was to be said or done as regarded this? .

We bought Brooke's grave in Père-la-Chaise à perpétuité. Upon the tombstone a plain white marble cross was to be put, his name, the dates of his birth and death, and below,

'Thy will be done.'

CHAPTER III.

ON my way to London, I sketched out something like a plan of action for when I got there. The first thing to be done, I thought, was the mastering of Mr. Brooke's business affairs, all, I meant, that was connected with his property and money: the next thing, the editing of the Book. I had determined to take as much of the income of one year as would keep me in comfort while I was engaged upon my work for him. Starkie had given me a letter of introduction to Professor Strachan, who would assist me in the editing of the Book, or rather, who would be assisted by me. Doubtless, after the first few weeks, I

should be able to find time to set about the recovery of my books and clothes from Colchester. Also, to see Rosy. Also, to meditate as to what I should do when the time of my work for Mr. Brooke was over.

I had a certain amount of trouble about the business affairs, despite both the trouble which Starkie had already taken to save me from as much of it as possible, and the courtesy, not to say kindness, of Mr. Brooke's lawyers. Howbeit, at the end of some ten days, I found that it was now time to present the letter of introduction to Professor Strachan.

He received me with the utmost kindness. I had, at a dinner at Mr. Brooke's, seen but not spoken to him, and so he was not altogether a stranger to me: besides which, I had heard a good deal about him from Starkie on our last night together, and he, I could see, was not unacquainted with me. He arranged to come to Dunraven Place the next morning, and we

would then proceed to examine the work that was before us.

After we had talked a little on general subjects, he asked me to go up with him and have some tea with Mrs. Strachan in the drawing-room. Up, then, we went and into the drawing-room where were three womenkind, one middle-aged and two young, to whom I was presented : Mrs. and the two Miss Strachans. Mrs. Strachan struck me as an ordinary good-looking middle-aged female, and her two daughters as two ordinary pretty young females, clothed with decorous fashionableness and speaking platitudes of the most irreproachable character : or shortly, as three ladies. And, this seeming so, it followed that not even a certain demureness in Miss Connie's face and manner not unsuggestive of a certain experience in the art of flirting, and added to what I subsequently was assured was a 'grave sweetness' in Miss Isabel, were enough to entice me out of my shell. It was far more amusing, as it seemed to me,

to sit and listen to their irreproachable platitudes, which, it was not hard to see, they took for delightful if not brilliant conversation, than to enter into the splashing shallows myself, for, if I had been a talker, I must inevitably have missed over half of the nature-strokes which as a listener I caught. The amusement of hearing Mrs. Strachan and her daughters talk about 'Culture,' while the Professor sat drinking his tea and occasionally throwing in a gibe, which they either did not hear or quite misunderstand, seemed to give me something of an insight into the meaning of the word Comedy. Finally, towards the end of an almost irrepressible fit of merriment, I rose and said good-bye to them, and went away down the stairs and out into the street hot and a little exhausted. If I had stayed much longer, I thought, I must have shown some sign that perhaps might have offended them, and that would have been to-be-regretted. And then I was led to think of my last society experiences of three, it

seemed years, but it was only weeks ago, when I came to Dunraven Place. It then occurred to me to write to Mother McCarthy about my things at Colchester.

Accordingly I wrote : and took out my letter and posted it ; and went for a walk into the Park, Hyde Park, till seven, when it was time for my supper. And after supper came a reading of ' Esmond,' highest Thackerayean art, in the low, red-leathered armchair under the green-shaded lamp ; till eleven, dumb-bells, bed and sleep.

The next morning Professor Strachan and I began our work.

My Journal takes out a new lease on that evening. (It seems to have given me pleasure, though no great pleasure I think, to record events or conversations, or to deliver some few of my impressions of present people and things in that way. Perhaps there was some small necessity upon me to write these things. I cannot say.)

Here is from a week later :

‘ We are often almost in despair over the manuscripts. In the first place the writing is fearful. He seems to have thought it quite enough to write the first three or four letters of a word, for the rest is nearly always comprised in a twirl. Now this is aggravating to the son of man. Then, the Journal is broken off by chance notes, and these notes have references to other note-books, and so on. I never was made for editing other people’s books. I lack patience : and the worst of it is, that I don’t believe that anyone can do anything worth calling thing *without* patience. The Professor is Job and Griselda put into one.

‘ After a week’s hard work we have arranged the stuff, I should say materials or notes, I suppose, into something like chronological order having separated the whole mass into three almost equal parts : to wit, The Travels in Palestine and parts of Arabia, The Expedition from South Africa upwards, and the last Expedition to Iujiji.

‘A sheet was pasted onto the inside of the cover of the first note-book of the “Journal through Palestine and parts of Arabia,” which we are going, we think, to use as an introduction to the two first expeditions. It is as follows :

‘“This Journal through Palestine and parts of Arabia was undertaken by me in 18—, with a view to helping by details, principally geographical, my dear friend the Rev. Charles Blake, in the compilation of his proposed *History of the Origins of Christianity*. On returning home, however, in —, I learnt that he had been compelled to abandon his scheme for certain most satisfactory reasons. I therefore laid aside my MS., hoping that events might some day make it possible for him to utilize it as he had originally intended. With that hope I seal it up now.—In case of my death, this packet is to be given to him unopened.”

‘“February 15th, 18—.

‘“My Journal through parts of Arabia

was connected with the same scheme; Blake proposing to draw a parallel between the life of the Saviour and that of Mahomet, as illustrating—" [Last two words erased.]

‘ It seems in some way a little strange to be sitting here copying out these words of a dead man. It would perhaps seem really strange if I *realized* that he was dead. Is he *dead*? It seems rather as if he had gone a journey into a far land, and now stays there. The thought *is* so. I wonder if I shall ever read this after many years to come, and what shall I think of it then ?

‘ I think I should like to go to Palestine some day. Nazareth must be a very beautiful place from what he says of it, and what so soft and sweet as to wander in that land of softness and sweetness, thinking of——’
[*Cetera desunt.*]

A little lower :

‘ That sheet may originally have been
VOL. I. 21

Journals

pasted on the outside of the packet; at any rate the packet has been broken open; for the note-books are all mingled with those of the other two journies in the drawer,' etc., etc.

Another entry :

'Books and things from Colchester. My Ruperti's Juvenal missing, also my Greek Lex., also several note-books. A distinct nuisance. I have divided my day off as follows—Breakfast, 8.30 : Italian, 9 to 10 : The Book with Strachan, 10 to 1 : Walk, 2 to 5 : Greek, 5 to 7 : (Supper) : Latin, 8 to 10 : English, 10 to 11. I find it is the only way to get any real work done. Now and then I go with the Strachans to the theatre, or spend afternoons or evenings out at people's houses. Mrs. Strachan does her best to drag me into what she calls "society," by introducing me to her women friends (especially those having daughters), who send me invitation cards, and the rest of it. I believe she would

like to see me married, or at any rate engaged, to some young woman or other. She seems to look upon me as lawful prey in the matter of endurance of female agacerie. Sometimes I grow mischievous, and talk "atheism" to the young women she puts me with, or who are put with me, or whatever the real case may be. It is sufficiently amusing. I had great sport with Miss Isabel's "grave sweetness" last Wednesday afternoon in this way. (Miss Isabel would marry me, "atheism" and all, I think, if I, after all proper formalities, asked her to : which is a tribute to my personal charms and her belief in my personal possessions that I fully appreciate.) Miss Connie, however, resolutely refuses to be drawn into discussion of anything deeper than flirting, and I respect her for it. She is a frank little sensualist. Take it all in all, the womenkind I have so far met with have been of a most God-forsaken sort. There is not one that has seemed to me worth more than a mild sort of feeling

that might by some be denominated "lust." The idea of having to live with one of these things for your natural life, short though it is! But the idea is happily out of the question; for where could you find one that would live with you without being your wife, with bell, book, ring, and the rest of it? And I simply would not, could not, go through the foolery of the marriage service for any woman (or so it I think) alive. The more I think of Christianity as compared with humanity—I mean, that Christianity is the only divinity and all other than Christians are either damned or at the best deluded, the more I revolt against it as an accursed libel on God, if He is, and His justice.'

About three weeks later :

'The first part of our work was finished to-day. I must say I hope the rest may be a little more interesting. And, indeed, it has at times seemed, perhaps illogically,

that this Journal through Palestine and parts of Arabia has been as it were extra work ; at any rate, it has at times made me feel a little aggrieved. Strachan doesn't care for it either. I told him that Mr. Starkie had said nothing to me about it, nor yet of Blake's proposed History in connection with which Brooke's journey appeared to have been taken. He said that he had known of it through Clarkson, but had thought that the MS. had been destroyed, he did not quite know why.

' We should have liked not to have suppressed or added a single word of it, for obvious reasons ; but this was really quite impossible. At times we came upon whole pages of, what I dare say were abbreviations, but which were to us, absolutely meaningless signs : then there were long extemporary prayers, coupled with the most child-like virulent attacks on different scientific men of the day and Christians whose conceptions of Christianity were different to Brooke's own. Now all this was neither

beautiful nor to the point, and, besides, we felt sure that he himself would never have wished them to see the light, at any rate, in their present form. Accordingly we eliminated certain passages that seemed to us to offend : and were, I think, quite justified in so doing ; for to whom could they do good ? Certainly not to the future investigator of the origins of Christianity : certainly not to the people who would read this book : certainly not to the memory of Mr. Brooke. None the less, I for my part felt that it was very delicate work touching anything, and so I think did Strachan. However, it's done now, and the best we could do it : so what's the good of troubling ?'

'It is astonishing how carelessly he put his materials together, considering that the object in view was one apparently so dear to him. I had to copy it nearly all out. The only interesting part was where he debated upon the sincerity of Mahomet.

This we left intact in the form of an excursus.'

The next day has :

'Went to Maitland Street this afternoon, after a good boring at Mrs. Cunningham's. Upon my soul (*façon de parler*, that, of course) I don't think I will ever enter a drawing-room again. The sickening foolery we all talked! And yet: [A pause expressed on continuing by half a row of dots.] . . . And yet, how, if I do not go out into the world and talk with people therein, am I ever likely to meet the woman I am to love, nay love already in my heart?—"O dear woman with soft eyes, standing waiting and looking for me while in my light boat on that, the night of my life, I pass from the shadowiness into the silver-purled moon-track; pass on and on to the grass mingled with the gently-moving wave in which the roses dip. I am there now, and know not of you: see, breathe, only this terrestrial beauty. I step from the boat into

“ “ Oh,” I said.

“ “ Miss Martin’s a friend of Miss ‘Owlit’s, sir. But I don’t know anything about her ‘istory—nothing about her ‘istory, sir.”

“ “ Oh,” I said. And then :

“ “ You will give her that when she comes in, Mrs. Smith ?”

“ “ Yes, sir, I’ll be sure I will, sir.”

“ “ Thank you,” I said. “ Good-evening.”

“ “ Good-evening, sir. I’ll be sure to give it her.”

‘ The old she-devil !’

The next entry is five days later :

‘ Rosy, not seeing fit to write to me as I asked her (I don’t quite know what I expected her to write), I went to No. 3 again yesterday. She had just gone out—I was a little angered (having a most ridiculous idea that she had done it on purpose): scrawled her another note, why hadn’t she written to me ? If she would only tell me some fixed hour, I would be happy to come

and see her, etc.: gave it to Mrs. Smith, as servile as usual : and then went for a long walk. — Half round Regent's Park, up Primrose Hill once more, and then back to Dunraven Place. It was all strangely dim to me, this walk over the old land. (This was yesterday.)

'I found a letter from Rosy waiting me after this afternoon's walk.

“ “ DEAR MR. LEICESTER,

“ I was very happy to see you had not forgotten me.

“ I was very sorry that I was out when you called on me the two times. I hope you are quite well, and have enjoyed yourself in Paris.

“ Minnie is quite well, and I am quite well.

“ And I have not forgotten the Swallow Song.”

“ Yours truly,

“ ROSY HOWLET.

“ “ Oh,” I said.

“ “ Miss Martin’s a friend of Miss ‘Owlit’s, sir. But I don’t know anything about her ‘istory—nothing about her ‘istory, sir.”

“ “ Oh,” I said. And then :

“ “ You will give her that when she comes in, Mrs. Smith ?”

“ “ Yes, sir, I’ll be sure I will, sir.”

“ “ Thank you,” I said. “ Good-evening.”

“ “ Good-evening, sir. I’ll be sure to give it her.”

‘ The old she-devil !’

The next entry is five days later :

‘ Rosy, not seeing fit to write to me as I asked her (I don’t quite know what I expected her to write), I went to No. 3 again yesterday. She had just gone out—I was a little angered (having a most ridiculous idea that she had done it on purpose): scrawled her another note, why hadn’t she written to me ? If she would only tell me some fixed hour, I would be happy to come

and see her, etc.: gave it to Mrs. Smith, as servile as usual : and then went for a long walk. — Half round Regent's Park, up Primrose Hill once more, and then back to Dunraven Place. It was all strangely dim to me, this walk over the old land. (This was yesterday.)

'I found a letter from Rosy waiting me after this afternoon's walk.

“ DEAR MR. LEICESTER,

“ I was very happy to see you had not forgotten me.

“ I was very sorry that I was out when you called on me the two times. I hope you are quite well, and have enjoyed yourself in Paris.

“ Minnie is quite well, and I am quite well.

“ And I have not forgotten the Swallow Song.”

“ Yours truly,

“ ROSY HOWLET.

" P.S.—I shall be in to-morrow night early by eight. If you care to go a walk with me then, I shall be very happy to go a walk with you. I hope you have not forgotten Minnie.

" Yours truly,

" ROSY HOWLET.

" (Rosebud.)"

' The work is much easier now, though not particularly interesting. Brooke, I must say, seems to have taken a good deal more pains over his own particular mania than over his friend's. Great parts of this second Journal are continuous narrative that (thank God) require nothing on our part. Strachan thinks my old friends Baxter, Innes, and Co., will be the best publishers to send it to when it's done. Here is a copy of my preface.—But I can't trouble to do it now. I only said that all the credit of the editing of the Book was due to Strachan, that I had only, etc.,

etc., etc. There was nothing else to be said.

‘He calculates finishing it by about the middle of July. O destiny !’

END OF VOL. I.

LEICESTER

An Autobiography

BY

FRANCIS WILLIAM L. ADAMS

'A rimirar lo passo
Che non lascio giammai persona viva
DANTE

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II

LONDON
GEORGE REDWAY
YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN
1885



CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

CHAPTER	III.—<i>continued.</i>					PAGE
IV.	-	-	-	-	-	1
IV.						
I.	-	-	-	-	-	18
II.	-	-	-	-	-	41
III.	-	-	-	-	-	77
IV.	-	-	-	-	-	114
V.	-	-	-	-	-	144
V.						
I.	-	-	-	-	-	173
II.	-	-	-	-	-	205
III.	-	-	-	-	-	223
IV.	-	-	-	-	-	244

LEICESTER.

III.—*continued.*

CHAPTER IV.

THE next day after lunch, I went for a walk to Hampstead, and wandered about there, my thoughts alternating between the beautiful soft nature about me and the past days of my first London weeks, till half-past six. Then I remembered that Rosy would be waiting for me at eight. It used to take me something under an hour to get from Maitland Street to Hampstead. It was now half-past six. What to do with myself for an hour?—from seven to eight, that was. Then my thoughts turned off in memory: memory of the many times I

had come marching along this very pavement in those first London days whose second half was an age of weariness and woe. Here was the very corner at which I stood that dreary day. Was it all a dream? 'I stand still here to-day,' I said to myself, 'as I stood still here that day, and look at the brown cracked concrete of the low wall and the black sooty rails that top it. The windows are lampless too, as they were when I first stood still here. Will the left one light up suddenly too as it did then? No. Lampless yet. Who lives here? God knows! And yet, foolish though it be, will not the thought occur again: *'Is it nothing to you, all ye who pass by, my weariness and my woe?'* I put my hand on the nearer cemented gate-post, brown and cracked like the low wall, and think of the figure that leant against it in that dreary rain of half-darkness when my body seemed all bloodless, and the girl hurried by me with her huddled-up dress and umbrella spread over her. I see her

now. Her quick glance, and that hurry by : the devil that rose in me——

The door above opened and an old lady came out and, looking at me through the spectacles on her elevated nose, asked :

‘Do you want anything, young man?’

I took off my hat and held it off.

‘Nothing,’ I said gravely, ‘thank you. I hope my stopping a moment to examine your gate-post has not troubled you, madame? I see that the cement is cracked and peeling off. Now I am the patentee of a cement which is warranted to——’

‘No,’ she said, looking at me over the spectacles of her depressed nose, ‘I don’t want any of your cement, thank you. Good-day.’

And was in and viewing me suspiciously through the glass-door-panel of the closed door. If I had not been afraid of disturbing her feelings, I should have given a shout. As it was, I repressed the shout, and marched off quickly, laughing to myself.

It was a little past seven when I reached the canal bridge at the bottom of Maida Vale. I stayed a little there, looking at the flowers, finally buying a rose, and carrying it off with me. This I took to No. 3, and inquired of Mrs. Smith if Miss Howlet was in? She wasn't: as I expected. I left the rose, and went for a prowl about the streets.

All at once I found myself looking at the Marble Arch clock, by which it was five minutes past eight. Away I went up the Edgware Road, and was marching along at full speed, a little past Praed Street on the right side, when, passing before a gas-flaming fruiterer's, my eye took in a girl's form, and by the time I had gone five or six yards my heart was up in my throat at the sudden thought of—*Rosy*! I turned back at once. We met face to face, she smiling up into mine, I looking with an odd half-graveness into hers.

'Well,' she said, 'you *were* in a hurry!'

We were walking on together, I taking one stride to her two. It seemed to me odd in someway, this meeting. We had not shaken hands. I did not know what to say. We walked on together for a little in silence. Then I said :

‘ I am very sorry. You took me so by surprise. We have not shaken hands yet. And I hope you are well. Will you shake hands now ?’

I stopped : and our right hands met, while my left held my hat off, and my eyes looked into hers. There was light upon it, not much light, from a parallel shop-window. The people passed on about us. There was no doubt that the child’s face was very—pretty. We walked on again, I taking one stride to her two, as before. I said :

‘ I am very glad to see you. And I hope you are well. If you have taken walks, as you told me you would, then I am sure you are better than you were when I left you.’ And began to think about the

words of Rayne's letter (where she stood upright in the boat with head bared and revelled in the light and the air and the all of that new glory over everything) in connection with my bare head before this child's face. The memory spoilt it. Rosy had said something which I had not heard.

We talked of general things that did not interest me or, I think, her much ; till we came to the corner of Maitland Street. Then ensued questions and explanations, and, in about five minutes, Rosy returned from her visit to No. 3, full of the beautiful rose I had given her.

'Beautiful rose?' I said. '. . . How do you know *I* gave it you ?'

'Because,' she answered,—'who else *would* ?'

She was ready for the walk now. We set off at once, in a half-mechanical way Park-wards, beginning to talk like two children.

All at once :

'Here's your locket !' she said, taking it

from inside her coat, and holding it out, little and round and silver.

‘Nay, yours :’ I said. ‘Not mine.’

‘You gave it me, though.’

‘I did. That made it yours.’

‘But it *was* yours ; before that, or how could you have given it me ?’

I acquiesced, with the reflection that Adam must have had some trouble to get an authentic account of the eating of a certain historical apple.

‘What are you laughing at ?’ said Rosy.

‘Have you forgotten the Swallow Song ?’

‘Forgotten it ? My gracious, no !

“She comes, she comes, the swallow,
bringing beautiful hours,
beautiful seasons.
White on her——”

what *are* you laughing at ?’

It was no wonder she asked. Peal after peal of laughter, quenchless, re-echoing, came from me. The more I tried to stop it,

the more it came. At last I stood still, exhausted, with my hands on my hips. But a glimpse of her face was enough to generate a fit of laughter as violent as the first. We went on together somehow or other, I still shaking with this second fit, she solemn to degree. All at once it struck me that she was a little afraid I was mad. I tried to assure her that there was nothing the matter with me but—laughter !

Well, I settled down at last : and then came the task of appeasing Rosy's outraged sense of dignity. I was, of course, really sorry to have laughed in this way. I explained that what had made me begin was the way she scampered over the Swallow Song . . . and so on.

Her outraged sense of dignity took a great deal of appeasing, but I managed it in the end. Nay, I pleaded so hard, that I obtained from her a repetition of the Swallow Song, repeated as we sat on that seat not far from the top, which I knew so well, so well, and perhaps she remembered.

We parted at the door of No. 3 at about eleven.

As I marched away down the Edgware Road, I thought of the evening I had spent with her, and of her grave bow of the head as I went back from her at the door with my hat down in my hand ; but, going across the Park, other thoughts came to me, and I had lost sight of the evening I had spent with her when I reached home.

Here the Journal begins again :

‘ Oh, Claire, Claire, that we should have met here in the time of eternity, and so parted ! Shall I ever forget the depth and sorrow of the eyes that were for that short hour as the air of my world ? Claire, Claire. Oh, it is a vile devil’s earth, and good is only in the slave. To have held thee in my arms, and, with my eyes in thine, to have kissed thee once, and died. Death were sweet so.—But it is useless to think. This city is a market where souls are pledged for bodies, and bodies for souls, and wealth

buys all. I will go out from it. It is useless to think.

‘There is a poor devil outside playing furiously on a cornet, and an Italian girl yaaing to her native concertina. A sweet harmony! Not unlike my disgust. Jam satis! Nay, jam nimium! I am a damnable idiot!’

It was a few days after this that Rosy and I went our second evening walk together. There is no allusion to it in the Journal, and as I was during most of it in more or less of a half-dreamy, half-abstracted state, I cannot remember much of what we said. That walk was not what might be called a success. We went up to the top of Primrose Hill again, and I snuffed in the breeze and was somewhat revived; but (it had been raining heavily earlier in the day) that made me appreciate how stickily muddy it was going down, and I was forthwith driven into a state of utter saplessness and disgust. Rosy mocked at me as well as she

could, but I took no heed. Finally she declared she wouldn't walk with me any more. (This was half-way down the St. John's Wood Road.) I acquiesced. We stood still, I looking in front of me at nothing in particular, not thinking of offering my hand. Then she was turned and walking away. I did not look at her. When she had got some twenty yards, I looked at her with a comical smile : and sighed : and hit my iron-tipped stick-end straight on the way : and said a little wearily, ' Oh dear ! ' and went with large strides after her.

I caught her up in a little, and we walked on together in silence ; till I observed :

' I'm sorry I was rude—if I *was* rude.'

' Then you *were* rude then ! ' said Rosy.

' Rudeness implies deliberation,' I said. ' My definition of sin is : the deliberately doing anything that may harm anyone else. Thus, it is sin to buy a pistol, intending to kill, and then absolutely killing, a man : or,

to ruin your body by excess, intending to beget, and then absolutely begetting, children.'

'You talk great stuff,' said Rosy.

'My dear child,' I answered, 'I intended you to apply my definition of sin to the point at issue, my rudeness or unrudeness. But this, like so many good intentions, has gone to the artificial protection of infernal causeways.'

Rosy vouchsafed no reply.

I proceeded :

'Well, be that as it may, considering the inability of the feminine intellect to comprehend anything of subtle in the matter of metaphysical psychology, or anything else you like, I shall proceed to admit that I *was* rude : and apologize accordingly.'

'I never asked you to apologize,' said Rosy.

'I never said that you did, my dear—well, something or other.'

'You're very aggravating to-night. That's what you are.'

‘Oh, Polyphemus and Abracadabra, did you ever hear such a libel as that?’

Rosy began to hum a tune shortly and defiantly.

After a little I said gravely :

‘Lady, it seemeth unto mine uncultured ear that thou warblest the melody of which men say the venerable vaccine one rendered up the ghost. Now——’

‘You’re very cruel!’ suddenly sobbed Rosy. ‘And I hate you. Why do you go on at me like that? . . .’ (The rest inarticulate.)

‘God bless my soul!’ said I, standing still. ‘If——’ And I proceeded in a brotherly way to comfort her.

And so I at last got her in a rather limp state to No. 3, where we said a final good-night after I had promised to write and tell her when I could get time to go for another walk.

If it had not been for my recalling friend Horace to the effect that *Dulce est desipere in loco*, I should have, I think,

been in a most disconsolate humour going home. As it was, I could not help laughing at the memory of our little squabble.

The next entry in the Journal is a record of my having seen, or thought I had seen, at a theatre the girl of the nuts, she who struck me so on the night of my interview with Colonel James. (She was playing a second part in a 'realistic drama,' and not playing it badly, it seemed to me.)

'I was with the Strachans in a box made for two people to see comfortably in, and three others to be as miserable as they disliked. I asked the Professor, when we two went out for a stroll in the passages during an entr'acte, if he had seen her before, and he said that he had not.

'I should like to know her. She might marry me perhaps, and then I should be properly miserable for the rest of my life, if I didn't murder her or she me before the honeymoon was over. Well, the original expression holds all right, even then. I wouldn't much mind her murdering me, I

think, if I was only sure she'd be hanged afterwards. I have thoughts of proposing to Connie. She is a sweet little cocotte, only wanting development. But it would be better fun to marry Isabel, and see what could be done in the way of ruffling her "grave sweetness" a little.—I'll stop here.'

My feeling towards the book was, at the end, nothing short of positive loathing. Strachan I think perceived this; for he did all he could to lighten my share of the work. And I accepted his doing so without remark. I remember his asking me one morning if I hadn't been a little out of my sorts of late, and my answering, with all solemnity, that my bowels were not as they used to be, and that I feared I had trichinosis. Pork, especially in the form of sausages, was a favourite dish of mine. (I never eat pork and particularly loathe sausages.) I don't know what he thought of my answer. He said nothing.

Late on in June is the next entry in the Journal :

‘ *Last night.*—

‘ Something making me come back quickly from the corner of the street, I found that she had not opened the door with her key yet : or even taken the key out of her pocket ; but was standing watching me seriously. I took off my hat, and stepped close to her with it in my hand. The moon was shining clear.

‘ Neither of us spoke. We looked into one another’s eyes.

‘ At last :

‘ “ What made you such a serious little rosebud to-night ? ” I said.

‘ She sighed softly :

‘ “ . . . I don’t know.”

‘ “ Good-night, Rosy.”

‘ “ Good-night.”

‘ “ Good-night ! ” turning, I repeated to

myself, and put on my hat, and strode away.

‘ Round the corner, and I drew a breath of relief.—*That was temptation.*

‘ *I will not see that child again.*’

IV.

CHAPTER I.

It was four days after this, a Wednesday as I see, that I awoke at about half-past eight in the morning and found that there was a letter with my cup of tea. After a while I summoned up sufficient energy to pull the letter somehow from the table to onto the bed, and then must have fallen off into a doze again ; for I remember that the writing of the envelope that must have been just under my half-closed eyes, was wound with some other writing in and out of a fantastic sort of dream-space from which I suddenly started, with the recognition that the letter was *Rayne's*.

With all my soul in my eyes, I stared

at it. A large white glaring envelope with

‘ B. LEICESTER, Esq.,
Colchester School,
Colchester.’

in Rayne’s hand, in the middle, the last three words lined through, and below in a thin scrawly hand :

‘ 5, Dunraven Place,
Piccadilly,
London.’

These details realized, I calmly took the envelope, ripped it up at the back, produced the thick white folded double sheet inside, and opened it. This is something like what I read :

‘ 22, Balmoral Street, W.

‘ MY DEAR BERTRAM,

‘ We are in London for a short time—three or four weeks, before going north to spend the summer at Kirkory, my

husband's family seat, or I should say home. I have wondered a little at hearing nothing from you. You are, at the least, two letters in my debt. I do not even know where you are, and address this at random. I need not say, my dear Bertram, how pleased I should be to see you again ; but I am afraid you have quite forgotten me. Why it is—how long is it, since you last wrote to me ? I last heard from you at Montenotte in the autumn of — ! How long ago is that ? You ought to be ashamed to think !

‘ But here is time and space and patience (yours) all exhausted. I must end, as usual, in a hurry. Write to me and tell me what you are doing. You know that, if for no other reason than because you were loved by what I loved best in the world, you are and always must be dear to me : and so let me write myself down as being what, I trust, I always shall be,

‘ Your friend,

‘ RAYNE GWATKIN.’

I lay still for a time and thought about what I had read, and then re-read it, and thought of the past that concerned all this strange present, and of my whole life. And at last got up and went to my small polished-oak box (a small box in which I kept certain things that were, or had once seemed, precious to me), and, having opened it, found a letter, which began :

‘ MY DEAR BERTRAM,

‘ It is a wet and tempestuous afternoon, and therefore I consider it a fitting occasion to answer your long and with difficulty decipherable epistle.’

Through this letter I glanced, till I came to words that stopped my glancing and steadied it :

‘ . . . Rather a tempest going on outside, and so I am going to try to dodge my dear old daddy and Sir James, and get out my boat and enjoy it.—By-the-bye, I had forgotten to tell you that an old friend of

ours, Sir James Gwatkin, has been staying with us this last week. He is a most amusing mondain en villégiature, with a marvellous French and Italian accent, and altogether a very amusing companion to the father, and myself at times. He knows what seems to me a great deal about . . .’

And I folded up the letter and put it into the box, and re-locked the box, and went back to bed: and lay thinking for another half-hour, when I got up and dressed.

At breakfast I reconsidered the matter :

The news amounted to this: Rayne had married the amusing mondain en villégiature, and was here, in London, for a short time—three weeks or so, before going north to spend the summer at Kirkory, her husband’s family seat or home. Where was Mr. Cholmeley ?

I started :

‘ *Dead !* ’

‘ That could not be. . . . And yet——’

I took out her letter and considered it. ““ You know that—if for no other reason than because you *were loved* by what I *loved* best——” Nay, that may be nothing: or only mean that she *loves* her husband best. And there is no black edge on this white sheet. “ By what I loved best in the world, you are and always must be dear to me: and so let me write myself down as being ”” (I hurried) ““ what I trust I always shall be, your friend, Rayne Gwatkin.”—It is puzzling!’

All at once I exclaimed:

‘ She oughtn’t to have married that man!’

‘ . . . *Why?*’ said the faint voice of the air and the room. I answered to myself: ‘ *I wish she hadn’t.*’

‘ . . . *Why?*’ said the same faint voice. I frowningly considered a few moments, and then rose, a little viciously. Some of the viciousness was expended in the sharp putting of my chair directly in front of my plate: the rest in my casting myself into

the arm-chair in the window, and, with my hands at my mouth, scraping my lower lip with my upper teeth. My eyes were half-filled with tears as I looked out of the window. My hand fell on to the chair-arm, and some of the water in my eyes welled out.

Then :

‘What is the matter with me?’ I said to myself; and, after a pause: ‘I don’t know. I wish I knew what was the matter with me. Is there anything, then, in the whole world would make me happy? I don’t know. I don’t think so. I’m just weary of it all! O wretchedness of disbelief in everything! What of that new soul’s life of mine, produced before Starkie, and believed in then! O my God! what a miserable devil I am! What have I done? What shall I do? What do I believe in? What do I doubt about? *Everything: even doubt.*’—I let my thoughts rest for a moment.

Then :

‘ If I only *knew* something ! If I only loved something ! Oh, is there not a woman in the whole wide world who would take me as I am, and help me to be what I want to be ? A *woman* to save me ? Oh, God, God, God, God, I would I had never been born !—Nay, is it not strange that, in an hour of weakness like this, the only thing I cry out to for help is what I have always thought I despised as being itself incarnate weakness—*woman* ! I don’t know what’s the matter with me. I’m not myself. Virtue is gone out of me. This must be a passing humour. I shall be strong again, as I used to be. *Or was it that I did not know my weakness ? . . .* I don’t know.’ A complete sense of loneliness and purposelessness seemed suddenly to grow like a great grey-cut chasm in me. I could struggle no more to find out what was the matter with me. I turned and let the current take me where it would.

From that depth of weariness I raised myself a little to take up a book off the

table beside me and read it. It was no good staying stretched on the bottom of that dark submarinity in that way. Better kill myself at once, and that most certainly I would not do. . . . Why not? I was afraid of death? I didn't know. I had not thought about it. I would not think about it. A piano-organ was playing outside. I opened the book, *A Tale of Two Cities*, and began to read at one of the last chapters.

The reading of it to the end stirred me considerably, enough to send the humour of weariness and purposelessness out of me. I felt this as, my under-thoughts full of Sydney Carton and envy of his death, I looked out into the sunshiny day; for some little of the sunshine had entered in me even then. I would go out for a walk. Nay, I would go and see where Rayne lived. Why not?

Away I went, and out for my walk—out and away to beautiful summer Hampstead, fresh and green from the late showers,

in the soft early-day lights. I did not think much of Rayne. I do not remember what I thought of : probably of hundreds of unconnected things, passing in a fairy-procession in the yellow-gold light before my eyes. I wandered about happily till about one o'clock, when hunger made itself perceptible, and I went off in the pursuit of bread and fruit and milk. Followed another Pythagorean feast on the grass, with delightful half-dreams as in the old time ; till it occurred to me to return home and read. Accordingly, after a little trifling with resolution in the shape of dawdling about in hollows, looking at a small stream's meandering water, or the serried grasses and the earth, I fairly set off.

After a little, it occurred to me again to go and take a look at Rayne's house. So I asked the next bobby I saw where Balmoral Street was, and learnt that it was on this side of the Park, and, more particularly, close by Lancaster Gate, for which I had

better ask. That was all I wanted at present. I set off again, and was in Maida Vale before I was aware of it. I had no idea of going to see Rayne to-day : I only wished to look at the house.

I went on seriously enough, and began to think about Rayne ; where she was now and what she was doing ? somehow as if I had wondered about some other woman some time and somewhere ; till my old faint far-away tremulousness came into me and was perceived.

I came sharply round an area railed corner, and beheld . . . a low carriage and horses, two footmen, the pillars of an exit into the street, a lady just out of the open door—on to the top step—descending. Rayne ; I stood still.

Some one followed. Rayne was on the pavement, making for the low carriage door, now held open. Stopped a moment : half turned. And the some one following was in her view and mine. It was the *mondain en villégiature* : I knew him. But Rayne's

face was all to me ; and yet I could not see it properly. Then our eyes met.

Somehow or other I was moving to her with my hat in my hand, and she said : ' Bertram ! ' and I had stood still again.

Her face was, perhaps, as it were worn. I only knew that it was filled with the half light of steadfastness, and that her eyes were quiet and deep. I had seen, not her face, but her face's form, and, as it were the half light of it before, and this memory was on me now almost as in the dim low distance of a dream. I cannot say what either she said, or he or I for a little ; not that I was bewildered by their presence and its thoughts with me, but that this memory of the likeness to the half-light of her face, perhaps kept me in the dim low dream-distance.

At last I had shaken hands with the mondain, and she was sitting in the carriage and we two standing by the low back-opened carriage door, talking together.

' It was, indeed, a surprise to see you in London,' she was saying. ' I thought you

were . . . In fact I did not know what to think, for you did not answer either of the letters I sent to you——'

'Letters, Lady Gwatkin?' I said. 'I received no letter from you, excepting this morning, since November — two years ago.'

'I am a witness to the writing of at least two,' said he, looking at me with a little smile round the corners of his mouth.

'Then you did not know——' she said . . .
'And I had wondered why you had not written to me. . . '

'That Mr. Cholmeley was dead——' I said softly, perceiving that her dress was of black. 'I feared so this morning.' What sorrow was in me for her was given in the words here.

'And where have you been all this while?' she said, looking up: 'if I may ask?'

I bowed my head.

'I left Colchester last February. I was in London for a little, and then in Paris

for a little, and then in London again till now.'

'Perhaps,' he said, 'Mr. Leicester would go with you a little way? You must have a great deal to say to one another after so long and so silent a separation?' I saw or thought I saw, that she did not desire that I should go with her. Half-hesitation of hers was not enough to entice me. I said:

'I am afraid that, even if Lady Gwatkin should be so kind as to think of allowing me to inflict my company upon her, I should be unable to do so.' There was a surprise in this for him, perhaps for her: pleasure for me to find my nerves my own, and under the government of a Jupiter will in a serene heaven that might have seemed Olympus. She with some few gentle low sentences, bowed to or accepted my words' meaning, and then it was time for her to be going, and I drawing back with an apology to Sir James for being in the way.

Then preliminaries of movement followed by movement, and her (and his) expressions

of wish to see me again soon, and she (with him) was away, while I stood bareheaded, watching her as she sat, till the corner was rounded, and she was gone and I alone.

The next morning I found a note from Rayne, asking me to dine with them on Monday. I smiled, and, when I had had breakfast, wrote an answering note of acceptance. Then Strachan came in, and had a short talk with me. He had his doubts about the financial success of the Book, considering that I wished to have illustrations. I was in an absent humour, and simply echoed his remark: yes, I wished it to have illustrations, maps, and everything of that sort.

‘Of course,’ said he. ‘We have abundance of material; but I am rather inclined to doubt friend Brooke’s accuracy in these matters, and, in short . . .’

‘Has he taken it?’ asked I. ‘Parker, I mean.’

‘No:’ he said, ‘he hasn’t taken it—yet;

but . . . Well, well—we'll talk about that later on. What are you going to do with yourself this morning? A walk; what do you say? I'm just going to the Museum for half an hour or so, to look at some bones Davies has got hold of. Will you come?'

'I'm very sorry,' I said. 'But I do my work in the mornings. I find that if I go out then, it ends in my doing no work at all.'

We made talk of this sort while he was nearing the door and at last had it a little open, when :

'By-the-bye,' I said. 'Did you ever hear of a man called Gwatkin? Sir James Gwatkin, a knight or a baronet, I don't know which.'

'Hum,' he said. 'Gwatkin? Gwatkin? I know the name somehow.—Oh yes, *I* know him! I met him down at Oxford at dinner at a don's—now, two years ago! One of the Culture people. He has written a book about Michaelangelo. I remember

him quite well now. The next day I stumbled upon him with Sir Horace Gildea——'

'Horace Gildea?' said I. 'I was at school with him. Do you know him?'

The Professor grimaced :

'Yes, a little. He did me the honour of seducing one of my maids.'

I could not help laughing. The Professor proceeded :

'They're an odd lot, those Culture fellows. I don't believe in them myself. A——' (turning his eyes to mine) 'I hope they're not friends of yours, either of these two? If so, of course I——'

'Nay,' said I, 'they're no friends of mine! I only wanted to know if you could tell me anything about Sir James Gwatkin——what books he'd written, and that sort of thing. I mean—as I happened to be dining at his house on Monday: one likes to know something about one's host's particular line of thought, if he happens to have one.'

‘ Ah yes, just so, yes,’ said the Professor, turning his eyes to and then away from mine. And on that we parted.

I came back from the closed hall door into the library, and went to the window and stood looking out on the sunny day. A feeling of disgust at work rose in me. I sighed as I took down *Antigone*, the Greek play I was then reading, and lexicon and translation: and then bundled myself into the easy chair. Folly! and I knew it. None the less I intended proving it once more.

I had last time stopped just before a Chorus. I began on the Chorus now. Such a delightfully corrupt Chorus! and here (in two nice close-printed note columns) was what Hermann thought about the first lines, and then what somebody else thought, and then what the present Editor thought, damn him! Finally I gave it up in disgust: got myself out of the easy chair and the books into it: and stood looking disconsolately into the atmosphere

of the fine morning. Then the idea of taking a steamer down the fresh breezy river came to me—to Greenwich, and go into the Park, or, first, to see the Painted Chamber, and then for a walk over the heath to look at all the old places. Why not?

I went. It was a fair sweet morning on the river, somehow as I suppose my Italy to be, with the air so pure, like wine that had no fieriness in it. I got out at Greenwich: I saw the old Painted Chamber again, my heart making its flutter felt as I passed along that coloured gallery where I had moved and dreamed in the dimmer air of my boyhood.—Ah, here was Nelson, and here! And here the sacred relics of him. How long, how long ago it was since I stood looking at that pallid body going with its heroic message of, ‘*England expects every man to do his duty,*’ up to Where? Somewhere where the pallid bodies of heroes, who have fought the fight and done that duty well, are taken by

soft hands and lain in the quiet of the Eternal Fields.—And how I used to think that, in some simple way, although it seemed so dreamy, that body was *my* body and that duty well done was *my* duty : and this small child here, with eyes half-brimmed with tears, so saw the final requiem of its own manhood, the seal of death with which it had sealed life, the fight well fought, the duty well done, and the pallid body taken by soft hands and laid in the quiet of the Eternal Fields.—
‘It is all changed now !’

I turned from it with the lump of tears in my throat and went out into the air, and away, and I thought in this wise : that the dreams of boyhood are for boyhood and are dear, while the sights of manhood are for manhood and are bitter : and, that it is given to many to desire the well-fought fight and the well-done duty and the tender progress to the quiet of the Eternal Fields, but that few, the dwindling sacred few, achieve to it : and that it is very hard to

learn this simple lesson, that I, this me, this only real *existence* that I know in space of Time and Life, is one of the many.

As I slowly climbed up the hill, I noted the old tree in the middle of the path, against which I, dizzy and faint from the pernicious tobacco smoke inhaled in the shade of a gnarly oak while the small gentle deer fed round me, leant full of the nausea of this wretchedness, and thought never to incur it again ! Then I came in sight of the haunted house, darksome abode of awe and wonder. Then there was the field on the brow of which I had reclined with Wallace, playing some game at 'chuck' with clasp-knives, looking at times out over the dark, silver-twining Thames, and duskily, far-stretching London ; till one unlucky throw of his spiked my hand (here is the scar on my right thumb still), and how I insisted that there was *not* the end of chuck for the day !

It is all changed now. The field in which we played that game or, lying

along the grass, talked as we ate sugared compounds or the satisfying parkin. Even the school is changed. The brass plate is gone from the gate. The house is freshly painted and enlarged, but empty. I see the top of the cherry-tree over the wall.

I turned from it and went down the little lane, passing many remembered spots and things, and down the hill and to the small boat pier. And as I stood I began to think of my future. There was something of Capua in my present case: not so much bodily, as spiritual, Capua, and yet I knew quite well that at the best it was not in either case a campaigning ground. It was time I took some steps towards the great object of supporting myself. *Time!* more than time! Why had I not thought of it before? This money of Brooke's—it was not mine. I had said that I would not take it: or I had said that I could not devote myself to the Cause. Oh Jupiter and the other immortals! I should think not. . . . And yet, why such a decided

not? Supposing I *did* devote myself. Well. . . . No, it would not do. 'I don't care about it. No: I won't do that. No! I couldn't take and keep the money. . . . God knows it's a poor earth enough, this earth: and I don't believe in fire and brimstone being my reward for doing this—or any thing. That's nothing. There is the tribunal of my soul—that ideal of myself, by which I measure the actual of myself, and do not care to find too great a difference between them. It is a poor earth, this earth; and it does seem piteous cruel that I must leave what I love and go out into the dull world of man to draw in foul breath and jostle with the crowd for bread's sake. Perhaps it will be better for me so.

'And yet,' I thought, standing up at the bow of the boat and looking across the river. 'I could wish that I was sleeping the sleep of death, under the earth: at rest.'

. . .

CHAPTER II.

WHEN I awoke on Monday morning it was into a state of dreaminess: the shadowy realm that is between the night's dreams and the day. Rayne moved in it, with Claire, and now myself; but all so dim and bodiless that they could not be called by names whose counterpart were realities. They were not of the night's dreams: they were not of the day; but emanations. Outside this shadowy realm there was some other emanation, some child's, that was more of the earth than ours that were of this middle place, and it would have entered therein, but could not. So I lay thinking of these things: if thinking is in the realm of thought and no thought, if will and no will. And all the

while this child's more-earthly-like emanation would have entered into the shadowy realm and could not. And if this was a distress to any one, I could not tell, not even if it was to myself.—The end was that a start shot up through me, and I awoke to fuller waking. The green blinds covered the two large windows opposite my bed. A little light came in through them and made a submarine atmosphere in the room. This I had known before. I sat up : then raised myself, till I could see myself in the large dressing-table mirror between the two green-blind-covered windows. That made me smile.

After lunch I went out for a walk.

The knowledge that whatever humour I went out in was sure to be different from the humour in which I returned, held to me a momentary trouble now. For I was happy enough with the life of the morning, the mild sunny air and soft heaven, to wish for no better state in which to face the ordeal of to-night. 'Ordeal? Ay: the

faint tremor that comes to me at the thought is surely enough to tell me that to-night *will* be an ordeal. *Ordeal?* No : what ordeal can there be ? Of what am I thinking ? I do not know. Ay : that is the truth : "I do not know." And yet the sense of the unknown does not. . . . What ?—Was ever such confusion ? No : not confusion. What then ? I don't know. It's folly trying to be subtle.' I gave it up.

That day was a day apart. A day apart is a day in which the past is pallid : the present pallid : the future a mist into which the earth-floor goes, not even unknown : a days of feelings about feelings, of dreams about dreams.

I came in from my walk of feelings about feelings, of dreams about dreams, by about five. I had seen many things, known nothing. I realized as I was coming up the hill that I was hungry. I went to the top of the kitchen-stairs and called to Mrs. Herbert, asking if I could have some soup

and rice ? She agreed. I went into the study again, and stood in the window, and looked out.

All at once I drew in a deep sniff, and said aloud :

‘ You’re a damnable fool ! I wonder if a blue pill would do you any good ? ’

I sat down in the arm-chair and began to think about things actually. The past came out of its pallidness and took vari-colouredness and shapes : the present likewise, with a permeating yellow light. I tried to realize what was meant by ‘ *I, going to dine at Sir James Gwatkin’s, and Rayne.* ’ Then the soup came in with Mrs. Herbert : and I drank it, and felt better internally. I set to again upon the work of realizing the fact, the meaning of the fact, that ‘ I was going to dine at Sir James Gwatkin’s. ’ In such hours as this, when one is still in the border-lit mist of the day apart, the difficulty of realizing anything is great. I had only half succeeded by the time the rice came in. I sugared and half-floated it in milk, and

began to eat it: the work of realization being consigned for a little to the place of a remand. (It must be remembered that all this was devoid of self-consciousness.) I finished the rice.

Dinner was at seven. I had not the intention of eating a dinner then. It was almost six now by the mantelpiece clock. I got up and rang. Then: 'But Mrs. Herbert,' I thought, 'tells me she has varicose veins.'—Off I went to the top of the kitchen-stairs, and requested a can of hot water.

In a little she brought it up. Then I began slowly to mount the staircase.

As my heavy foot struck the soft carpet, and one or two of the rods sounded, I suddenly recalled my going up the staircase that last night of ours in London. After a few steps, I stopped and looked over the broad banister down upon the dark shiny table where my bed-candle was, and where two had used to be then. Went on again: the thought had occurred to me before this.

But, what *are* such thoughts? Maybe it was that I noticed nothing here then with any endearment: nor do notice anything so now. And yet, I have always supposed that there would be something of . . . of something or other, in living in a house, and alone too, where you had lived with some one that is dead. The sharp sound that struck your hearing would startle you. The lonely depth of the darkness, or the shadowiness, or the gloom would contain its spectre? I cannot say. Death is so dim a thing, if it is anything at all, to me. What do you mean by death? *You* are not dead. *I* am not dead. *Who* is dead?—And with the thought that this was rather ridiculous in me, I came into my bedroom with the hot-water can. The gas was low.

I put down the can on the washing-stand, and went and turned up the gas. The room was all light. I took off my coat and threw it onto the bed.

I washed slowly, thinking, not in an

ordinary way, but also not pallidly, of general things. There was a little of the tremulousness in me somewhere, I felt for a moment vaguely. But I went on thinking as before, and forgot it. I put on, first one, and then the other dress-boot, with the small steel shoe-horn, and tied their laces tight. Then changed my trousers, and brushed my hair before the mirror. Then put on my white shirt, and found and fastened the studs, and my collar to the top stud. As I was looking for the glass-topped box that held the white ties, I thought the gas seemed burning low, and looked up at it. It was, confound it! I found the white tie-box in the shadow of the curtain, and took out a tie, and began to tie it. My fingers confused. At that instant everything in me contracted. I stared into the mirror. *Brooke was looking over my right shoulder.*

My body was a creeping thrill. I jerked round like one half-mad, with my fist tightly clenched, in some way saying :

‘ Devil !’

I would have beaten his pale, cold, corpse’s face with my bony fist. There was not anything — except the shadow of, I saw, the bed-top on the upper wall-paper.

I paced up and down the room, looking to right and left.

‘ Assuredly,’ I said aloud in an observer’s way, ‘ I will never believe in ghosts. It is far too easy to see one.’

In a little I came back and finished my hanging tie. I had been startled. There was no mistake about that. If I had really believed that I should have seen him, I pondered, then I *should* have seen him. And yet I desired to strike him. And yet I did not believe in him, someway.

So, having turned down the gas, I came to the staircase-head and began to descend. A certain something, not too far from fear, prompted the idea of a hand reaching onto me from behind. I desired to turn and look. My will overcame my desire. I

descended slowly, step after step, in an actor's way rather. My heel sounded on the tessellated floor of the hall. My eye observed of the big clock that it was a quarter to seven. I had beaten that something not too far from fear. I had not looked either round or behind.

I went to the coat-rack, took down my theatre-coat, felt my latch-key in my right pocket, and went to the door. Opened it : went out : and drew it to with a low clang. I left certain things behind in that house—with Mrs. Herbert and her varicose veins !

I laughed as I, walking on, put on the coat, shot open my gibus, and put it on my head. I had been startled. There was no mistake about that. But I was wide awake now, surely. And I was going to dine at Sir James Gwatkin's, and Rayne. I stood on the pavement-edge (in Piccadilly now) and called out :

‘Hansom !’

I should be there, with him, with

her in ten minutes—in all human probability.

The hansom came up, and I got in, and gave the address—22, Balmoral Street—up through the opened trap to the man. We set off quickly, the horse, a small beast, trotting. When we had gone a little way, I knocked up at the trap, two or three times before the man opened it, the horse's speed slackening.

‘Go through the Park,’ I said. ‘Through the Park.’

He shut the trap, and the horse's speed quickened again. The evening was light and cool, the sun hid behind thick horizon clouds. We turned through the gates into the Park. I bent forward a little, looking at the carriages and people that we passed.

Then we passed by the Marble Arch into Oxford Street and past the mouth of the Edgware Road, up which, some way up which, by a bye-way to the left lay in a small street, Maitland Street, a small house, No. 8. She would not be in yet. She

would be still at her work, sitting sewing probably. Should I ever see her again? No, best not. Our paths of life went on in all but opposite directions. Poor child! 'Alone in the world, as if nobody else belonged to her.' Ah me! In a hundred years, perhaps fifty, perhaps less, it would all be as if it had never been. And yet I was not leaving a thing that had to do with me in a low plain, whereas I was going away to mount up into a rich bright country of gentle sunshine? I was going I knew not where, except that it was into a dull slate atmosphere like the sky there; only that there was no sun, and my feet scarce held the ground. *'In a hundred years, it would all be as if it had never been.'*

We drew up sharply. I looked out. It was the house alright. I threw open the flaps, and jumped onto the pavement, and went back and paid the man. Then ascended the steps, and knocked and rang as the little brass plate bade: and waited. A flunky opened the door and ushered me

in. Sir James was coming along the passage parallel to, below the stairs, and saw me. He at once advanced to me, saying cordially :

‘ Ah, Mr. Leicester, how do you do ? ’

We went upstairs together slowly, I just a step behind him : and then through a tall doorway with a deep-red velvet hanging, and along a room that was like a passage : and then he had opened a door and we were together in the soft light of the drawing-room, he just a step behind me.

I at once saw Rayne and some other woman, a young woman, seated close together under the pink-shaded candles, but my look was for Rayne’s face, not for her companion’s. How beautiful it was ! How steadfast, and how sweet ! And I thought that where I had before seen, as it were, the half-light of her face’s form was in the sad wistful face of a child whose body had been sold to an evil task-master—*Claire* ! And, at the thought, something of tearful-

ness rose in my heart and gathered to my eyes ; for that sad wistful child's face had grown so bright for me and mine so bright for her, and then we had been parted by the task-master, who was jealous of the soul of the body that he had bought, and I had never seen her again.

‘Rayne,’ I thought, ‘would to God or Fate or Chance or what it may be, that I had not found that half-light on *your* face too. . . . Your hand is soft.’

We had been speaking to one another with low tones and movements, and now I was turned from Rayne, bowing to this young woman her companion, whose name, his voice had said, was Cholmeley. And as I looked at her seated there before and below me, I smiled.

‘It is strange,’ said I, sinking with the smile into a chair by her, between her and Rayne, but nearer to her, ‘It is strange how much men and women have in common. I mean,’ I said, leaning on the elbow next her, and looking at her,

‘how much we have in common with one another.’

‘Yes?’ she said, elevating her brows a little, being a little surprised, I supposed, and wondering what sort of strange masculinity she had come across.

‘I mean,’ I said, with narrowing eyes, ‘that—perhaps no one, can live a life of their own. Suppose a man or a woman give themselves up to (say) love of money, as common a ruling-passion as any other, then that man or that woman will notice, if they only know how to, that their love of money generates, as it were, a subtle odour in their souls, and they will recognise that subtle odour in the souls of others who have given themselves up to the same dominion.’

‘Nul de nous n’a l’honneur d’avoir une vie qui soit à lui. Ma vie est la votre,’ went on the voice, the voice of him now standing on the end of the hearthrug by Rayne, ‘votre vie est la mienne, vous vivez ce que je vis ; la destinée est une.’

‘ Who says that ?’ asked I, turning, with the comprehension of it, to him.

‘ Victor Hugo, in his preface to the “ Contemplations.” ’

‘ I do not see *how* destiny is one,’ said the young woman.

‘ Here,’ said he, ‘ is the answer for you in eternal words :

“ We are what sun and winds and waters make us.” ’

‘ I do not see yet,’ she said.

‘ We are all what we are made. Some of us are made by the sun : and some by the winds : and some by the waters : and some by them all. And that is how, is it not ? (as Mr. Leicester has just pointed out,) we have so much in common with one another.’

‘ And *you* think,’ said Rayne to me, with something of a smile, ‘ that the children of the sun recognise one another accordingly ?’

‘ I suppose I do,’ I said, now a little off

the direct scent. 'That is, I think that any given passion, as a rule, expresses itself in the same way in different people: and so one is constantly being struck by resemblances between people, and wondering wherein these resemblances lie. Am I clear to you, Miss Cholmeley?' I asked.

'You are too subtle for me,' said the young woman. 'I am content to do my duty in that state of life—and the rest: and leave metaphysics to the choice spirits like you, and Sir James, and it would seem you, Rayne.'

But it seemed to me that this young woman did not, for some reason, care to have matter of this sort talked now, and had quietly taken steps to stop it.

We went down to dinner soon after, Rayne and I, and Sir James and Miss Cholmeley: we two so far ahead, that I could say to her in an odd way that I did not know she had any relation . . . like Miss Cholmeley.

'Miss Cholmondeley is no relation of

mine,' she said quietly, as we passed through the dining-room door. 'Our names are spelt differently.'

And there the attendant flunkies stood by.

'C-h-o-l-m-o-n-d——,' said I half to myself, the actor's sense growing in me. 'Ah—I beg your pardon!'

The actor's sense went on growing in me as we took our places, and culminated in my high slightly-frowning downward survey of my menu-card: *Soup, Turbot and Lobster Sauce, Quenelles*.—'Damnation!' I said under my breath.

I shivered. And then tightened my jaws, and in an instant thought: 'What foolery is this? I . . .' I might have been sitting, as I sat in my place that prize-giving day at Whittaker's, waiting for my turn, with my lips rather dry, and every now and then shivering as if a draught came upon me from an opened door. But Blake was *dead*. And Brooke was *dead*. and Mr. Cholmeley was *dead*.—And I raised my eyes and beheld this vision of

fair youthfulness ; with dark-gold hair whose floating outskirts were sunny, and deep slow eyes, and red lips ripe, and half-transparent teeth-tips, and soft sweet whiteness of the rounded throat whose thought was of the soft sweet white cool body.— There was devilry in it ! Up it rose, the unfailing companion, surely for ever the unfailing companion, of my haunting time of inevitable gold-light and mockery that rises. Then it left me, this clearer, dawn-companion : left me to the inevitable gold-light risen mockery, and I could not well know what the voices said in the half-dancing goldy air.

‘ Is this like the radiations of yellow foaming wine-circles in the brain ? ’ I thought at last. And all the while they talked, and ate from their plates, and I talked and ate from my plate, and the swift quiet liveried dolls moved hither and thither and bent, ministering to us : One thing was sure, it was a gold-light, half-dancing mockery.

‘ You do not take wine ? ’ he was saying.

‘ Nay, ’ I was answering, ‘ I love wine : wine that is yellow and foaming. ’ I could not, or would not, or did not see any face but his, bending with a mask’s upward smile to me.

‘ But you refused to have any champagne just now ? ’

‘ My dear Lady Gwatkin ! ’ she was saying, the beautiful, voluptuous young woman was saying (Corisande is her name. It sounds like a cleft pomegranate), ‘ but you really cannot mean . . . ’

‘ I did not notice it, ’ I said. ‘ I will have some, if you please. ’

And then from a gold-papered bottle-mouth out came the clear stream into the large round low glass, all foaming, but yellow as I lifted it up and drank it. And all the while these rings of gold-hued silver light round my eyes revolved, revolved, revolved outwards : most certainly a gold-light, half-dancing (half-dancing in the mid

yellow air) mockery. If this was not devilry, what was ? 'It's nonsense,' said I to myself, 'to tell me that I don't see all this. I do. It's devilry. The room is full of the mockery of imps.' I could have put up my left hand and tried to tear off this large ring of gold-hued silver light, like sun's water-reflections on a wall, from round my eyes, and seen things fitly : I could have done it, once, twice, three or four times ; but I did not. I sat there, filled with the actor's sense, smiling, and bending and smiling, and smiling and bending and smiling and talking, and, in my deeper heart, in a sort of way, defied this devilry. I knew what they were saying, I knew what I was saying, although I have forgotten it now. Once, or twice, or three, or four times, I could have laughed outright at all this ; but restrained myself with the feeling that I did well to restrain myself. I drank more champagne, and then fell into a somewhat dreamy state, that made the seeming endless revolution-out-

ward of my eyes' rings fade into a dimmer distance.

They were talking of French literature ; a string of names and words scarcely comprehended by me, but there was light laughter in the yellowy air and restrained sadness. There was no one in the room now but us. I was slowly twirling my champagne-glass round, with my eyes on it and a smile ; for the light laughter was foaming in the yellowy air, and the sadness almost withdrawn.

Suddenly she, Rayne, rose. I started up. Corisande rose. Then they were moving round the table, and I was with my backward hand on the door-handle, and my face towards her. I had opened the door. She had passed out, lovely Rayne ! The young woman was by me, Corisande, the cleft pomegranate, the sweet soft harlot body. I crushed my right hand on the smooth hardness in it. I could have gripped that soft white throat just below the rounded half-shadow of the apple and throttled her ;

and, as I cast down the breathless limp body, softer but less sweet, the harlot body, been glad with a quiet half-fierce gladness. I closed to the door softly upon her, and came back quietly to my place. Sir James was looking at something just before and below his eyes, with the little smile round the corners of his mouth. I all but loved him, for, having a swift thought of that older '*Arise begone*,' I had another of one sitting in a summer parlour, with *the fat closing upon the blade*. I too had a little smile round the corners of the mouth.

We talked in a quiet orderly way for a little; and then we went upstairs together.

Rayne was seated in her old place on the sofa, looking half-absently before her; and Miss Cholmondeley lying back in the easy chair in which I had sat. She stopped speaking as we came in, looked up at us, or at Sir James, and smiled slightly.

We talked in low half-nonchalant tones. The night breeze bulged in the window-curtain behind Rayne and the sofa with a

slight rustle. There seemed something of hushed, but withal dreamy in the air : perhaps the quiet after the sunny wind tempest of dinner-time.

Then Sir James spoke, his words sounding somewhat as a return to one's past humanity.

'I have as good as promised Mr. Leicester; Corisande,' he said, 'that you would give us Retsky's setting of Vivian's Lullaby. I hope I did not take too much upon myself?'

She raised her eyebrows a little and the corners of her mouth, as she answered :

'But you forget that I only sang it to you the night before last. Rayne, I am sure, must be heartily tired of the very name of Vivian by this time.'

'No,' she said, 'his story is too sad for one to be so soon tired of hearing his name. I should like to hear the Lullaby again.'

'Vivian,' said Sir James, now addressing me, 'was an old school-fellow of mine, and I might add—friend.'

I asked about Vivian. Sir James gave particulars of him :

‘ He ran away from Eton and came up to London, with the idea of achieving fame and fortune with his poetry. It is needless to say that he achieved neither. His parents were poor and obstinate—like him, poor fellow ! He had the pride of Milton’s Satan. He died—starved, rather than ask help from anyone. A volume of his poems has just been published : this is *it*. You were reading it, Rayne ? ’

‘ Yes,’ she said : ‘ I was reading it this morning.’

‘ How old was he ? ’ I asked.

‘ A mere boy,’ he said. ‘ Eighteen or nineteen.—There is nothing very remarkable in any of his poems, as poems. Their chief interest lies in the fact of their having been written by one so young. It is idle to speculate about what he *might* have written if he had lived, but . . . well, one speculates ! ’

I still stood, thinking.—‘ Poor fellow ! Nay, but I account him rich ; for the strife of living and the terror of dying are for him

both past and over now, and he is at rest.'

Miss Cholmondeley had passed on to the other half of the drawing-room through the hanging lace-curtains, to where Sir James was standing fingering the music. Here was I with my head thrown down like a meditative cow. I made a few steps to by Rayne, and standing before her, with my head half-bent, said something or other purposeless about the Lullaby and Vivian. She answered with something of the same sort. I asked if she liked Retsky's music? She said she did not much; but she was afraid she didn't altogether appreciate Retsky. I said that Sir James had been talking about him to me, saying he was the subtlest of modern composers. Doubtless he had written many pieces that were very precious, if not entirely so? She took no heed of my smile, but said that doubtless that was the reason (his subtleness was the reason) that she did not appreciate him. She only cared for simple music, and

freely admitted that classical music wearied her. But this Lullaby was not like any other music of Retsky's that she had heard. It was simple, and soft and sweet.—I was about to say that two of these were rather necessary qualities in a lullaby, especially if the baby was teething, when a flow of soft low notes came and made me think better of it. Certainly Miss Cholmondeley knew how to play.

I listened attentively. The soft low notes flowed on, flowed on, flowed on, but into their softness was gradually growing a some other sound: more like an invasion of still dimy water by rolling slaty-coloured volumes than anything else I could then think of. I was the song's now: my whole soul filled with it. A softer, lower place was heard: softer, far away from that now gradually fading sound that was as the rolling slaty-coloured volumes: lower, closer to the front of the picture that was in me, the place in which I felt a presence, two presences were. They

were sleeping : or they were lying together in rest. Then one of them roused—himself, for it was a man, or a boy with something of a man's soul : roused himself, and his voice began, at first with unrecognisable words rolling over the low slaty glassiness of the water, and rolling about, till that first melody of soft low flowing notes, all but filled with the rolling volumes, was hidden away. And another voice, a woman's, or a girl's with something of a woman's soul, answered softly and sweetly. And the other voice answered softly and deeply, with the depth of passion. And the rolling, slaty-coloured volumes of his first unrecognisable words, which had filled the space between this softer lower place and that first mingled melody, had filled it into peacefulness, were growing disturbed : the volumed column of that first mingled melody was passing down over the slaty glassiness towards this lower place. The voices rose in an unspeakable harmony together, but some of it losing itself in the slaty-coloured

rolling volumes that came over the glassiness of the water of the now back-confused picture. And the last line, half-dying, half-fading away, left the whole picture lost in the coloured rolling volumes: from which now came short, sharp notes, like the cracklings of connected and disconnected electric lines: crackle: crackle: crackle. And then the whole thing was whelmed in a full slaty silent flood.

I awoke.

‘You remember,’ Sir James’s voice was saying, ‘with what thought Keats closed his sweet, short nightingale’s song? that wish to the bright star to be steadfast as *it* was—*not* in lone splendour hung aloft the night and watching the moving waters round earth’s human shore or the soft-fallen mask of snow on the mountains and the moors—

“No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
pillowed upon my fair Love’s ripening breast,
to feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
awake for ever in a sweet unrest:
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
and so live ever,—or else swoon to death.”

There is just the difference between that death-song of Vivian's and this of Keats' that there was between Hylas and Narcissus.'

'Perhaps,' said Miss Cholmondeley, by him with the music in her hand, and looking at it, 'the difference was between their deaths rather than their songs. Do you think *Vivian* would have said: "*Severn—I—lift me up—I am dying—I shall die easy, don't be frightened—be firm, and thank God it has come*"? *I don't.*'

'No,' said Sir James, 'he would not. He probably would have died in trying to lift *himself* up, as Emily Brontë did. But I was not prepared to have my words pressed home. I only meant to notice the two death-songs as being characteristic of the two singers: the likeness and the difference. Vivian's is a child's dream of a sensuous death, Keats' a man's. Of course, any further comparison than the superficial thoughts suggested by the two death-songs would be ludicrous.'

‘Would it?’ asked Miss Cholmondeley, looking up. ‘Personally, I prefer Vivian’s.’

I suddenly thought she was teasing him. I thought he was mocking Rayne and mocking me; so that that she-devil was as the laughter inside the laughter, the aerial merriment that came from Comus under the low horizon clouds. Her song had bewitched me. I had been arrayed against Rayne a moment ago.—Nay, I cried out to myself, could this be real? Could any human being have gone through what I had this day—in this house? It was a dream. It was a dream. It was a dream. I could not believe. . . . I was bewildered.

I watched Sir James and Miss Cholmondeley cross into the piano-room again, talking, I felt vaguely, about Retsky’s conception of the Lullaby. I looked at Rayne. I sat down in the chair I had sat in before going down to dinner. The sensations of being in the chair unsettled my bewildered-

ment. I spoke, scarcely expecting to hear my voice's sounds.

‘That was a very—marvellous song—the Lullaby.’

‘Yes,’ said Rayne, looking at me.

Her look shot through me. I scarcely realized what it meant; I only felt it, felt it, it seemed to me, in every part of my body and my soul. A mass of ideas rushed into my mind. My eyes flashed.

We spoke some words together. I do not know what I said. I do not think she knew what she said. Surely some feeling was in her, as it was in me? There was a sense of mystery in this half-sympathy of ours. I went on speaking to her, not knowing what I said (we were in a low soft melody that rose and fell, and rose and fell. *We were alone.*), and not knowing what she said, or what she thought; but she knew, not what I said, but what I thought. My thoughts grew more distinct:

‘Rayne, Rayne, I will not leave you! I will rend you from him. He shall not have

you. Let him have his soft-bodied harlot there. You are the queen of my soul. Oh, my queen, my soul, my love, thou art my hope and strength : in thee have I put my trust. Rayne !——’

I knew that they were together in the next room, and that she was playing what had been that soft melody that rose and fell and rose and fell. I knew also that they were absorbed with that now louder melody, or with it and one another. *We were alone.* There was something of the villain and his chance in my heart.—I looked at her. Ay, she was dazed, a little dazed ; not altogether. But (I looked into my back-thought again) how could I get her away ? *Get her away ?* I clenched my teeth. Take her by the hand, lead her out, away ! away ! away !

‘Rayne !’ I said, ‘Rayne ! Listen to me. It is the night of our lives, this. It is the night of all eternity for us. Come ! quickly !’ (She was looking at me with dilated, almost sightless eyes, opened

breathless mouth, beatless heart : I, too, in some way. I did not know where we were—in heaven, in hell, in the earth, with sea around us, in life, in death, in life-death, in death-life ; but we were moving, moving onward, nearing something. For one moment we, two yet a mingled one, were together in it, in the centre of Time-Space, God's—one moment : then gone.) ‘ *Come !*’ (She had fallen from me and faded into the air-space. I was alone.)

Then she and I grew, she more quickly, into ourselves here: and found ourselves looking at one another.

‘Are you ill, Bertram?’ she said. ‘What is the matter?’ I half threw myself back in the chair with something that partook of smile and laugh and was neither smile nor laugh. I had been dreaming again ! She knew nothing ! A phantasy ! A pure phantasy ! An inner part of my poor little soul which I had taken for the centre of Time - Space, God’s !

Then :

‘Nothing is the matter with me,’ I said ;
‘now. I suffer from my eyes occasion-
ally.’ I rose. ‘Really, Lady Gwatkin, I
am afraid I must be saying good-night,’ I
said. ‘I——’ I looked at her.
‘Whither away so fast?’ I thought. ‘Are
you so sure, oh wiseacre, that she knew,
knows nothing? She knew. She knows.’
Then I thought : ‘Shall I pass it over in
silence? Shall I say anything of sorrow
for it? No. I am not sorry for it.—*My
dream? My dream in Paris.*’ I rose and
crossed over the stone bridge : came to behind the
carriage and began climbing over it from the
back. The lady turned and, seeing me, put
out her brown-gloved hand to me : and then
when I would have caught and pressed it
into my bosom, touched my chest with her
finger-tips, the carriage moved. . . . For a
moment a superstitious feeling all but
possessed me. Then I cried to myself
that, at this rate, I might as well become
a clairvoyant, or an augurer, or a fool.—

I looked at her again. (It was not more than four seconds perhaps since I had looked at her before.)

I said :

‘I did you wrong. I ask your pardon.’

I left her. I passed across the room and through the door and down, and, as one in a day dream does the things that his body remembers but his soul forgets, took hat and coat and passed out into the night.

I went on.

Then the thought came :

What ? Was it done ? Was it really done ? Was I not in that room with them yet and this was not a dream ?

No, I answered to myself, it was no dream. I had left her. *What did it mean ?* I had left her. I had left her. I had left her. I had left her. I had left her.—
Ay ; I knew now ! That woman was the woman of my heart and soul. My life had been lived for her since the day I had first dreamt of the dear-girl-comrade. *I had left her.* The cross-road of my heart’s

life and soul's was reached.—*I had left her.*

I stopped, stopped still: looked inwards.

It was too late!—I had recognised nothing. I had been played with: having been fooled with the phantasy of a free will. *It was too late!* I had been played with.

I went on again.

'The malice of fate is infinite,' I said.

'It is too late.'

And everywhere was dim.

CHAPTER III.

EVERYWHERE was dim. It seemed as if all the rigging of my soul's bark had turned to calcined semblances, that fell, as calcined semblances fall, making no noise. And then it seemed as if some semblance of myself wandered to and fro, and round about, in this strange dim place of noiseless falling calcined semblances, and thought and thought, trying to regain its hue and presence of health, and could not. Snatches of the music of that lifeful past came to me and grew into deeper colour, bringing hope of permanency—only to be lost again in this strange dim place of noiseless falling calcined semblances.

At last the great dim mass was grown pale and receded: my own figure stood

darker in the foreground. I began to think. Thought led to criticism of what I had been thinking about. Then, as thinking of the past led to criticism of the past: so criticism of the past led to thinking of the present; and, in the same way, thinking of the present to criticism of it, and criticism of it to thinking of the future. I had vaguely felt in the earlier part of my walk that my body was a little weary: perhaps it was but the action of the mind on it; for, now that the mind was in almost healthy activity again, the body was in sympathy with it. I walked on with a springy step, and began whistling, turning my thought into the parallel though less distinct expression of music.

I had given up Rayne: I mean, my senses did not sympathize with my soul in making her precious to me. I did not altogether recognise this: perhaps I did not care to. I went on, with some enjoyment in the fine clear night, its air and its star-sown heaven, thinking, as I have said, in

the two forms of outward and visible whistling and inward and spiritual thought.

I had been in Trafalgar Square, where bells had been ringing and the air filled with an aerial swinging merriment: and the clear-soaring moon up above, and here and there stars. And one particular star twinkling through a slanting downward bank of gauzed clouds.—The memory of this scene that I had half-knowingly absorbed, now came to me as I stood for a moment and looked up at the heaven. I was in that road that I knew so well, that road by which I went to Hampstead. A little higher up on the left hand side was the concrete pillar: the memory of which and its accompaniments made me smile, as, now moving on, I looked to it.

Then I stood looking in the Hampstead pool at innumerable small up-leaping somewhat crescents of moonlight, as from a rain of moonlight only turning to colour as it struck. Sadness came to and grew of me,

sadness almost of tears, thoughts of that past that was no more.

I turned and set off homewards. The walking invigorated me, driving away the sadness ; but every now and then my new and brighter thoughts were dimmed by some Banquo-like appearance of memoried things that had taken place in Balmoral Street. At last I was foolish enough to bring my will to bear affirmatively upon these troublesome appearances : then unconsciously brought it to bear negatively, and they faded away in a new soft train of thought.

By the time I had got to Dunraven Place, I was almost happy. I let myself in, and entered the library with a light step. The lamp was turned low, casting a tender rose-tinted shadowy light into the air. My supper was laid out, fruits and bread. The scene, colour and scent pleased me. The tender rose-tinted shadowy light, the mel-
lowed silver of the knives and forks, the subdued colour of the rich-bound books and costly ornaments around me. There were two letters on my plate.

‘Two letters?’ I thought. ‘Who the devil should write to *me*?’

I sat down in the soft chair, reached to some grapes (I was a little hungry), and the plate with the letters on it: put them on the table-cloth just under the lamp, and, eating grapes, observed them.

‘One blue, stiff, and with two stamps. A double weight of nonsense probably. The other—oh . . . Rosy. Yes, that’s her handwriting. What does the child want? I have not seen her for . . .’ (I took up her letter and looked closer at the address.) ‘How long? Three weeks? Eh?—Up you go onto the table-cloth! . . . Good! Scientific, quite! Miss Rosebud can wait a little. And now for you, my mystery of blue paper double-stamped. Who the devil are you, and what the devil do you want? . . . You rip up tenaciously. . . . An enclosure. *Two*. What’s this? A cheque-book. Eh? What? And you, oh foreign-papered——’ A sudden suspense was in me before I knew of it. I opened the

foreign-papered letter of four sheets, and looked at the end of it. ‘*Colonel James!*’ I recognised the writing. I had the other letter open in a moment (from my mother, perhaps! from my father!), and had glanced at it. ‘*Dead!*’ I glanced on:

‘. . . Sunday night . . . sympathy
. . . last thing . . . spoke . . . name
. . . reparat . . . heir . . . in all some-
thing more than £1,000 . . . beg to
enc . . .’

I looked up.

‘Great God,’ I thought, ‘what’s this?’

I read the letter: then re-read it, more slowly. This is what struck me in it. Colonel James had died on Saturday night: had left me his fortune, and a letter—this letter enclosed, about the sending of which to me was almost the last thing he had spoken.

I took up the foreign-papered letter from my knee and began to skim it:

‘ . . . I have, after some thought, concluded that . . . proper and seemly. . . . Your mother . . . the regiment stationed . . . theatre in London . . . against the advice of all . . . married. [Pause for a moment.] . . . Quartered . . . Cork . . . unhappiness owing to religious . . . I . . . and the attentions of a . . . Captain Melire . . . exchanged . . . Guards . . . of whom I frequently warned . . . but in vain . . . shortly ordered to Dungarvan and subsequently . . . Guernsey. I regret to have . . . attentions continued, and I was compelled to speak to your father . . . neglected warning, and . . . next day . . . scene with your mother, in which . . . common talk. I . . . could do no more, and remained. . . . One night . . . dining at mess with . . . walked home together . . . and . . . silence in the house. She was gone. I could not have imagined that anything could have made your father, a man naturally of the most remarkable self-restraint, and rendered doubly so by his

steadfast relig . . . sat down and cried like a child. I felt that I could not leave him in this condition, and accordingly, after having done all I could to comfort him by religi . . . so completely prostrated by the blow that I began to fear lest . . . sofa; lay there with his face . . . groaning. . . . From that time strange personal dislike to you . . . till at last . . . almost madness . . . considering the state of his health . . . did not, then, think it advisable . . . and as soon as you were able to bear the . . . village in Derby. Most of the rest you know already; for it has been your own life, I mean your education at Mr. Whittaker's and subsequently at Colchester with Dr. Craven. . . . Your father . . . while you were with Mr. Whittaker . . . died . . . Scotland . . . leaving his affairs in a . . . owing to his fatal confidence in. . . . It remains for me only to . . . ['God! what's this?'] . . . Late one bleak, windy night last March, about a fortnight after I had . . . you, coming from my club in

Waterloo Place . . . Regent's Street . . . lamp-post . . . unhappy woman pestered me, and . . . [A low cry smothered itself in my throat, my eyes growing to the paper.] I turned, saying, "Here is some money for you. For heaven's sake, go home and . . . on such a night as this . . ." . . . then suddenly caught me by the arm, and cried out: "Captain James, Captain James, don't you know me?—I'm Isabel Leicester." I fell against the lamp-post, and almost . . . The news of her death, the . . . seemed like a horrible dream. At first I could not . . . then she told me that she had accidentally heard from a friend that he was dead, and had . . . and then asked about you. I answered nothing, for reasons which you will, I think, understand. But on her repeating her question, and adding that surely she had a right to know how you were, even if I refused to tell her *where* you were, I felt constrained to speak. I told her that you had been sent, first to a small school, and subsequently to

a public school, where you had, I believed, done satisfactorily : and then proceeded to inform her of the events that had led up to your interview with myself three weeks ago, blaming myself as much as I justly considered I could, and you also in the same manner.' [I had made an effort to control my rising feelings, and was forcing myself to read every word.] 'She listened to me very quietly, and, when I had concluded, asked me if I had any idea where you had gone to. I answered that I had none. Then, as she remained silently looking in front of her, and as I began to perceive that any further prolongation of the scene could only be very painful and quite useless to both of us, I . . . ' [I suddenly slipped a paragraph, catching only the word 'money.'] ' . . . reviled me and flung it into my face with . . . went away. After some moments' thought, I decided that my duty . . . followed her . . . with a policeman I had happened to . . . to an arch under a railway-bridge, where the unhappy crea-

ture . . . approached and found that she was sunk in a stupor-like dream . . . and ultimately . . . hospital . . . comforts . . . died.'

Died.

I stood up with the letter in my hanging hand.

Nay, what was the meaning of all this? —I turned to the table. How many apples were there on that plate? One, two, three, four, five, six. I rent the letter into pieces.

I strode across the room to the opened window: then looked back sharply, viciously, over my shoulder, almost expecting to see some one, some semi-human figure, with a cold smile on his cold face, behind me. Then the idea of Brooke, come from his grave to mock at me, seemed to cut my brain with a lash of anger's madness. Then it was a loin-swathed, emaciate Christ that stood sardonically there in the shadow. I leaped fiercely to the place,

and found that light and shade had tricked me.

Tricked me? Everything had tricked me! I was in a cave of trickery. I cried out :

‘ Will you tell me that such a combination of circumstances as this could come about without design ? O my poor mother, O my poor mother !’

Then the realization of what I had been reading suddenly came to me again, and with it the frantic suspicion of false play : then I began thinking of my mother, taking my sufferings as being the shadow of hers, for she, too, surely had gone through all that I had : then an idea came to me that almost made me shriek out. ‘ *At last, passing somewhat quickly into an alley, I met one face to face under a protruding shadowed lamp. For a moment I stood breathless, with my eyes in the wolfishness and glitter of hers, and then, like a lightning-flash that fills the whole air, terror of her filled me quite. I leaped aside, and then past her, plunged into a dark-covered*

way that was behind and beyond her, and hurried on, past. . . . I began to laugh.

Yes, yes, yes, *I* was the cub of the she-wolf that was driven by hunger into the public way to see what price her empty, filthy carcase would bring ! But she found no purchasers. Nor shall I !

Then suddenly :

‘Oh, you cursed city !’ I cried. ‘You furnace-fire, in which life writhes with the corruption of death, you . . . If I could sweep you off the earth with every—God !’ I cried, wheeling round convulsively with clenched fists. ‘I have a few words to say to you, and then I have done. You have given me sight. I have used it : and it has told me that the earth that you have made and the creatures that you have put into it are foul. You have given me thought : and it has told me, it tells me, that you have no right, be you God a thousand times, to make your creatures foul and then damn them for their foulness :

You have no right to make them foul at all! You have given me, too, love and hatred. With the love you have given me, I loathe you. With the hatred you have given me, I hate—nay, I despise and scorn you! I am not even a beggar at your gate. I am but a worm in the earth that is but an atom in your universe. But I stand here and scorn you! Behold, I am in your hand. You can do with me what you will—all except this: turn from my heart that scorn I have of you. Hear my last word to you, God. It is the last I will ever speak to you. Henceforth I endure your acts in silence. If I have joy, I will not thank you for it. If I have grief, I will not curse you for it. Henceforth, I am a stranger to you: If you are, you are to me as if you were not. If you are not——’ I smiled.

‘Enough of this,’ I said: ‘perhaps something too much. I am sorry I railed. And yet the poor cuckold that we call soul must pour forth the lava of its discovered decep-

tion, or it would burst. I have done now, I think.'

I sat down in the chair and straightway began thinking, or trying to think, of what must now be done. In simple words, I had enough money now to live pretty well what life I cared to live.

The effort of will required to break away from the past thought, and make a new present thinking, was greater than seemed at first. I found my thought flowing in two currents at the same time: the upper shallower one of this new present thinking, the lower deeper one of that past thought. I looked up and saw the other letter lying on the table-cloth, where I had thrown it past my plate. This letter was Rosy's. I might as well read it.

I stretched across to it: opened it: and glanced into it:

' . . . I waited for you on Friday night for an hour and a half. And I really did think you would come some time to me, or

you would write and tell me why you hadn't come these three Fridays. And I am very sorry if you are angry with me for writing to you to tell you of it ; but I think you must have forgotten that you told me that evening that you would come again the next Friday, and I thought perhaps I had made a mistake about it, and that is why I waited these three Fridays, and I think you might have written to tell me why you could not come.

' Minnie is dead. A man hit her across the back with a stick yesterday, Mrs. Smith says, when I was away, and it killed her. I cried about it ; which thing I have never had to do before quite like that. Please write to me and explain why you did not come these three Fridays, as you said you would. I hope you will please excuse this long letter and the writing, but I don't suppose you care enough to mind.

' I am,

' Yours truly,

' ROSY HOWLET.

‘P.S.—I hope you are sorry about Minnie. She was just going to have some kittens, and now I suppose they’re all dead too. Is it not dreadful?’

I was smiling. I re-read some parts of it, and then threw it up onto the plate, and rose and began to pace about the room, thinking.

After a time I stopped at the open window.

“‘There is a budding morrow in midnight,’” I said.

And then :

‘Yes : as well that as anything else.’

And then :

‘Perhaps better.’

I took up the lawyer’s letter, and having folded, put it on the plate, and Colonel James’s letter, and Rosy’s, and put the cheque-book on the top. Then, standing thinking, ate all the grapes, and drank a glassful of water, and gathered up what was on the plate, and went upstairs into my room.

The gas was low as I had left it. I turned it up. I set about doing what I intended. I changed my clothes and boots quickly : put the papers I had brought up, together with my usual cheque-book and a pocket-book containing bank-notes to the value of twenty-five pounds, into my breast-coat-pocket, all the gold I had into my right waistcoat-pocket, and all the silver I had into my right trousers'-pocket. I had a sudden thought of packing a portmanteau : or my old black hand-bag. No : I couldn't be troubled with it. I would get what we wanted on the way.

Then I turned out the gas, went downstairs again, and wrote a short note to Mrs. Herbert, saying what I wished to be done in this matter. And as I sealed up the letter (force of habit, I suppose) I thought that it was lucky Rosy's letter had come in this way. Perhaps I should not have been doing this if it hadn't.

Luck favoured me again : I lit upon a hansom at the end of the street. I told

the man to drive up the Edgware Road, and I would tell him where to stop.

The gas-lamps burned very faintly. There was a hush in the place, broken every now and then by distant sounds of stirring life. We were going quickly. I sat thinking.

We were almost at the turning that has to be taken for Maitland Street. I thrust my hand out and waved. We came up a little, as it were, sideways to the pavement. I got out. How much should I give the man? I stood with two fingers in my waistcoat-pocket, thinking of a sovereign and an order to wait here for me. Then I determined no: and took out some silver, and gave him four shillings.

I went on alone to the corner of the turn that was to be taken for Maitland Street, and crossed over into the deeper shadow of the other side. The horse was wheeling round: the cab drove away with sounding hoof-strokes. I went on, but rather slowly.

Then an idea came into my head to run as far as the corner of Maitland Street. I set off. I knew the place. I had a thought of Rosy, passing in front of that fish-shop and the three flaring gas-jets, with her bent-down head and hands holding one another in front. But there were too many thoughts of the place, and I thought them too many times, for them to be anything more than a flight through my tired brain now, in it and passed away. I came to the lamp-post. I crossed over, and knocked with strong knuckles at the door. I dismissed the thought of another knocking of mine at that door. I waited. No sound. I knocked again as before, but for longer. I listened. No sound. I knocked a third time. Nothing. This was foolery ! I paused for a moment to think—— About what ? Now, if she had only slept in my room . . . I drew back and looked up. God ! she did ! That girl, that friend of hers, don't-know-anything-about-her-history-sir. I went into the road, and bent down to

pick up something to throw. There was nothing of the sort there.

I gave up an idea of thrusting my finger down between the stone-blocks, to jerk out problematical pebbles, and went into Hill Street, and set about searching for something to throw. I could find nothing. I went on looking in the road, in the hope of seeing a mended place, whence I could take gravel. At last I found one, and found the gravel. Not such bad luck, on the whole. The eternal cussedness of things demanded that I should have wandered a mile or two before I got what I wanted.

I returned. There was no sign of life in the house: no sign of life anywhere here apparently. Her head would be by the left-hand window. I threw up a pebble. It struck a pane: cracked it, I thought, and, falling on the pavement, bounded and rolled into the gutter. I made a step, picked it up, and, standing, threw again. Same result. But I didn't look for the

falling pebble: I looked steadily at the window. Surely she was awake.

Now for a little soft earth. Up it went. I looked steadily at the window.

No: nothing.

I sent up some more soft earth, and stood steadily looking at the window.

No—yes. A movement: a movement of the blind. I stepped back, and, taking off my hat, and turning a little sideways, so that she might if possible see something of my face, looked up as before. Another movement of the blind. It was, I thought, drawn aside a little. I held up my outstretched arms.

All at once I knew the blind ran up, heard a hasp strike, and the top half of the window came down. There was something white in the dark space that had been the top half of the window. I cried out with something of a child's exultation:

'Rosy, it's me!—me! Come down and let me in.'

'Good gracious!' said her dear voice,

‘how you frightened me! What’s the matter?’

‘Let me in! let me in! let me in!’ I said.

“Do thou roll forth a fruit-cake
out of the rich house,
and a beaker of wine
and a basket of cheeses,
and wheat-bread the swallow
and the pulse porridge
does not reject. Say, shall I go away, or something receive?”

Heaven only knew what the poor child thought of it all! I began laughing at the idea. Then, suddenly serious:

‘Mrs. Smith is fast asleep,’ I said quietly, ‘down here. I want to tell you something—something of the last importance to us both. Will you come and let me in?’

A pause, then:

‘Yes,’ she said; ‘I will come down.’

Then the window was drawn up, and I stood waiting for some minutes. At last I heard her coming down the creaking stairs. A bolt was softly undone at the top of the

door, a lock shot back : the door opened in, and I was standing by her in the narrow passage.

‘Don’t make a noise,’ she said, ‘or else you’ll wake——’

‘“The baby?”’ I said. She had put on her dress.

She softly closed to the door.

‘What’s the matter?’ she asked. I was struck and pleased by her quiet tone.

‘Let’s go upstairs,’ I said, ‘and I’ll tell you.’

We went up carefully ; she first, stopping once to tell me to be quiet, or Miss Martin would hear. My fickle thoughts that had become rather pallid (the trouble of going up so carefully, that is so slowly, and the hitting of my head against some damned beam or something), brought me into the shadowy room in no cheerful state. Why had not she lit a light ? She was groping on the mantelpiece for the matches now.

She found them, struck a light ; and then there we were in the yellow full glare

of the gas for a moment, before she turned it lower. I had not anything to say ready.

At last :

‘I am too tired,’ I said, ‘in body and soul to do more than tell you what I want to, simply and shortly. Will you sit down ? there’—(pointing to the foot of the bed), ‘and I will sit here’—(at the head where the bed-clothes were drawn back). The child obeyed in silence. Although I did not look at her, I noticed her : to this extent, that her hair was all disordered, and rather matted, and her cheeks flushed with what I knew was a hot dry flush. I put my hat on the chair by me—the old cane-bottomed chair I knew (the same as of old, save that the hole in its bottom was grown larger). Then I said (she looking at me in a strange way all the time) :

‘My dear Rosy, I have come to make an offer to you. I have committed a crime here, in London, to-night, which necessitates my bolting out of England at once. I have scarcely any money left—in fact, just

enough to get out of the place with. I want to know will you come with me?' I heard her breath go suddenly sharply inwards, and stop for a moment.

Looking at my booted toes shoving together on the carpet, I proceeded :

'I don't know what I'm going to do—supposing I am not caught, that is. But I dare say I shall be able to turn my hand to something or other that will do to keep body and soul together, and I dare say you, supposing you would care to come with me, might do the same. It's not a very inviting prospect to offer anyone—and there's worse to come yet. I don't believe in marriage. You would have to come with me as my mistress. I might tire of you. You would have no guarantee but my word that I wouldn't bolt from you there, just as I am bolting from justice now. You know the sort of creature I am.' I looked up at her.

Then, in a moment, she was in my arms, kissing me, laughing, crying, kissing me over and over again, and I her, speaking

unintelligible sentences, uttering unknown words. A thrill went through me—the same thrill, it seemed, that had gone through me that winter's evening in the farm-house kitchen where Mary kissed me with her soft red lips, the same thrill that had gone through me when I saw Rayne standing there on the station platform, while I was carried away from her. Mary, lifeless mouldered corpse, lying in the oozy earth: Rayne lost to me for ever—worse than dead; they only had found their ways into this lonely, longing boy's heart of mine, and she Rosy.

I pressed her closely to me, my cheek against hers, the tears welling out of my eyes. The stubborn will seemed broken at last. But I was tired, tired in body and soul. Breathless as she was from my embrace, she yet strained me to her with strength, strained me to her when my embrace relaxed, held me when, all things turning and swimming, I would have fallen. In that place of confused and dreamy sensations, I felt her hold, and had some comfort in it. I think I moaned and

muttered things scarcely intelligible to myself. I say, it was the place of confused and dreamy sensations, but all the while I felt her hold and had some comfort in it. 'I,' I thought at last for one moment stationary in mind ; 'I, who had never in my life . . .' And I smiled ; for maybe I had felt her hold before, and had some comfort in it. 'The dear child ! the blessed Rosebud ! the little flower !' (Here were the tears again.) 'If she had said *No*. . . if I had gone away without her : what I should have missed ! But I should never have known it.' (I was becoming conscious through the skin of my closed lids of the low gas-light) 'I should have . . .' She was holding me in her arms : my cheek and the weight of my head on her breast, and the weight of my body on hers. I opened my eyes. She was smiling at me as a new-made mother might at her wakened child. For a moment I felt the pleasure of that hold and look. Then I loosed myself from her and said :

'Damn it, I must have been fainting.'

She nodded her head at me in her old half-merry way.

‘That’s just what you did, then.’

‘My dear child,’ I said, getting up to my feet, and making some steps, ‘I’m a confounded fool. Let me see. What did I say to you just now?—ah, yes!’ wheeling at the door but, feeling a little dizzy somehow, and not desiring that she should be aware of it, came back and sat down on the bed before I said any more.

Then, looking at my booted toes shoving together on the carpet as before, I began :

‘We’ve been making fools of ourselves, especially me—I mean, I. Now listen to me. Did you intend this to mean that you wanted to go with me abroad? Answer me : Yes or no?’

‘Yes,’ she said, ‘yes!’

‘Did you understand what I told you about the crime I’d committed, and the rest of it? Did you understand it, I say—what it *meant*?’

‘I don’t mind about it,’ she said, ‘one

bit, so long as they don't catch you. And I'm sure they *won't*.'

'How do you know that?'

'It would be so cruel.'

'What would be so cruel?'

'Now that I've got you, for them to take you straight away from me again.' (I knew she shook her head.) 'I'm sure they won't! I'm sure they won't!'

Her tone of voice, almost fierce, made me smile.

'My dear Rosy,' I said, 'I'm too tired to spend an hour in asking you to consider what a serious question all this is. You must take my words at their full, true meaning. Do you understand that our life will be a hard one—perhaps a very hard one?'

'Yes,' she said; 'I don't mind one bit.'

'Do you understand that I won't marry you—now or ever?'

No answer.

'Just so,' I said quietly. 'You *didn't* understand that. You thought I was

joking. I was not. I am not. I am in earnest. I will never marry you, if you come with me : never !'

I rose and stood before her, and looked at her looking fiercely at me.

'Now, my dear child,' I said, 'answer me simply ; but do not hurry. Reflect before you answer. Don't be afraid of saying "No." Believe I shall not break my heart if you say "No." Are you ready to go with a forger, a beggar, an atheist, as his mistress—not as his wife, mind—to a life that must certainly be a hard, perhaps a miserable one ?'

She looked down now, and seemed to be thinking. What of ? *Did* she believe that I wouldn't break my heart if she said 'No' ? If that was her thought, I must answer it.

'This very night,' I said, 'I asked another woman to come with me, and she wouldn't. You see the sort of man you have to deal with.'

I waited.

At last :

‘Yes,’ she said in a low voice, ‘I’ll go with you.’

‘You’ll have a hard life of it with me—even supposing the life itself wasn’t hard. I mean : you see the sort of man I am. I am a little mad. I care for nobody but myself. Then I’m a terrible liar : you can believe nothing I say. I have told you bushels of lies to-night.’

She rose, and looked me in the face.

‘I don’t believe you !’ she said. ‘You’re *not* selfish ! you’re *not* a liar !’

‘But I’m quite mad.’

‘How can you talk like that ?’ she cried out pitifully. ‘You know I’d go with you wherever you liked in the whole world ! You know I would !’

‘Very well,’ I said, beginning to feel head-confusing effects of this new effort. ‘Very well ;’ and I sat down on the bed almost exhausted.

As I sat with my head bowed, looking at the carpet and not caring to struggle any more, she knelt down in front of me,

looking into my face, and then put her arms up and round me. I opened my knees: she put herself between them. I closed my eyes. My head nodded, and nodded, and nodded.

‘Ha!’ said I, waking with a start, ‘what’s the time? I mustn’t forget to wind up my watch.’ I took it out. A quarter-past three. Time had gone quickly.

‘Let me see,’ I said. ‘What time’s the morning mail to Paris? . . . Can we get a cab here easily?’

‘Yes,’ she said, ‘there’s a mews at the end of the street.’

‘It’ll be all right if we start by six, I’m sure.’ I was thinking what time it was when Brooke and I left Dunraven Place for that train.

The end of it was that I lay down on the bed to rest myself for a few minutes, while she did something or other (I did not notice what she said), and then I fell asleep. Then I was half-awakened by feeling some one bending over me, to kiss me on the

lips : to which I objected, and moved my head, but the other lips came after mine, and almost caught them, despite a sharp move back again. I awoke after that : and saw Rosy standing by the door, and the room filled with light not the gaslight.

‘Is it time to go?’ I asked.

‘Yes,’ she said.

I got up.

‘Now, what about the cab? Where is this mews place you told me about, Rosy?’

‘The cab’s downstairs at the door waiting.’

‘You didn’t go and get it, did you?’

‘Yes, I got it.’

A pause. Then :

‘What’s that?’ I asked, looking at a bundle on the table.

‘My things.’

‘You needn’t take them, you know,’ I said.

‘But——’

‘No; we’ll get everything we want in Paris.’

‘But——’

‘There, now! there, now!’ said I, offering her my arm, and getting her along, expostulating, to the door and opening it. ‘Don’t talk any more about it! It’s no good talking about it! Get along with you!’

‘But——’ she said, turning at the top of the stairs. I put my hand on her mouth, whispering:

‘You’ll have Miss Martin up in a moment. By-the-bye,’ I said, ‘do you owe Mrs. Smith anything?’

‘No,’ she said. ‘*Hush!*’

She went down the dark stairs, I following her. Mrs. Smith was standing by her door. She made a sort of a curtsey to me.

‘Good-morning, sir,’ she said.

‘Good-morning,’ I said.

She had the door open for us in a moment. Rosy went out quickly, and was into the cab (a hansom), and I followed, without a further word or sign to the old

devil. As I was getting in, I told the man, 'Charing Cross,' over the roof, and then sank down beside her. I bent forward and pulled to the flaps, and sank back again with a sigh.

'I have had rather a hard day of it on the whole,' I said.

'But why did you make me leave——'

I put my hand over her mouth.

'My dear child,' I said, 'I preferred to let the dead past bury its dead as much as possible.'

'But——'

I pressed my hand closer.

'And if it's your economical soul that's alarmed, know, my pippin, that there's no need for it. I'm not a forger. I'm not a beggar. I *am* an atheist. I *am* a liar. I told you that I had told you bushels of lies to-night, or rather, this morning.' I took down my hand, adding:

'Now please don't ask more than twenty questions at a time, and I will do my best to explain matters.'

I looked at her, seeing her pretty puzzled face, laughed, and gave her a kiss sideways.

‘You *are* mad!’ she said.

‘I am!’ I answered. ‘Everybody’s mad. It’s only a question of degree. And the maddest people of all are those that are most sane!’

CHAPTER IV.

FORTUNE favoured our flight. We arrived at Charing Cross in good time for the morning mail. I took two first-class tickets and tipped the guard heavily, and, despite several attempts to break in, successfully, for the privilege of having the compartment to ourselves. I lay back deep in my seat, with my feet up opposite me, full of thought, and almost unobservant of the child, for the first half-hour or so : when I felt her hand steal into mine, and, looking up at her sweet anxious face, smiled, and said :

‘ Well, Rosy. Here we are, you see !’

‘ Yes,’ she said. ‘ Here we are.’

My brows came down a little, thoughtfully. Then :

‘Are you sorry you came, child?’ I asked.

‘No, no. Not sorry.’

‘Glad then?’

‘I would be—if you’d only speak to me.’

I drew down her face and kissed the cheek, and laughed a little.

Then she said:

‘What were you thinking about all this long time, that you didn’t say anything to me?’

‘Well,’ I said—‘among other things, about where we were to go to.’

‘You . . .’ she paused.

I proceeded:

‘I think the best thing for us to do will be to get out at Calais; not go on to Paris: Suppose we went to some little seaside village in Brittany for a month or so? It must be very hot in Paris now.’

‘I will do what you like,’ she said.

‘Nay; but it ought to be the other way on. Should you like to go to a little sea-

side village in Brittany for a month or so ?'

'Yes,' she answered ; 'with you ; I have never seen the sea.'

'Very well,' I said ; 'we'll get out at Calais.'

We had a beautiful crossing, the sea like a mill-pond. Rosy wasn't sick. Fortune still favoured us, I thought.

At Calais we got out, and I set about making inquiries as to the whereabouts of the desired little seaside village in Brittany. After many difficulties, that ended in—for me at any rate—complete weariness, I found out a place that seemed eligible, Pier-laix.

In Pierlaix we arrived that evening, and found our way to an inn, where we entered, and I demanded two rooms for the night, and something to eat at once. After some trouble, that would have been amusing if it had not been so dreary to us completely wearied out, we were shown two rooms, a bedroom (as we thought) and a sitting-room,

which I accepted on the spot, and proceeded to iterate my demands for something to eat and drink at once. (We were in the sitting-room.) They left us.

I opened the folding-windows wide, and stepped out onto the little balcony, into the noise of the sea and the coolness of the evening breeze from over it. As I leant on the rail I felt Rosy at my side, and turned to her. Poor child, how pale and tired she looked!

‘Never mind, Rosebud,’ said I, putting my arm round her shoulders and smiling at her. ‘Keep your heart up! You’ll be all right in the morning! I’m afraid the sea disturbed the equanimity of your stomach: What? you don’t feel ill?’

‘No,’ she said; ‘I’m all right, thank you.’

‘Then let’s go up and wash ourselves,’ I said. ‘I feel very filthy, I don’t know what you do.’

We went up into the bedroom together, and made some discoveries regarding the

quantity of water here considered sufficient for the ablutions of two. However, this difficulty also was at last overcome; but we gave up the soap in despair. It was just after this that the fat hostess reappeared with considerable complacency, producing a species of scrubbing-brush, as being à coup sûr what monsieur required. (All the English gentlemen had the habit of using it, she explained to the puzzled host beside her.)

When they had gone away :

‘ I thought you *knew* French,’ said Rosy, a little piteously. ‘ What did she bring that scrubbing-brush up for ?’

Weary and dreary as I was, I exploded into loud laughter at this, and kept on at it till I fell exhausted backward into the bed, and lay. From there, having rested a little while Rosy was trying to wash her face in the bowl that did duty for a basin :

‘ I was only trying,’ I said, ‘ to make them understand that I should like to have a tub in the morning.’

‘ I believe the whole hotel was on the

stairs listening,' said Rosy, rather disgustedly. I went off into laughter again.

'I don't see what there's to laugh at,' she said: which made me continue louder than before.

She dried her face and hands at the window, with something of dignity in her air—I suddenly stopped.

'It will be rather fun,' I said, 'seeing us buying new clothes to-morrow. You can't expect me to do that for *you*, you know!'

'*I shan't*,' said she.

'Very well,' I answered philosophically. 'Then . . .' she was crying. I jumped up and came to her.

'Good gracious child, what's the matter?' I said, taking her in my arms; I'm sorry I . . . what is the matter? I hope I . . .'

'It's very unkind of you,' she sobbed, 'to go on like that at me, and you know it is.'

'Indeed,' I exclaimed, 'I'm very sorry.

I didn't think you minded my fun, Rosy. I was only joking, you know . . . There, there now! It's all right. Give us a kiss, and let's be friends again.'

'I'm tired,' she said, wiping her eyes: 'and hungry.'

I continued chattering to her, till I at last succeeded in making her quite cheerful, and in that happy humour we went down together into the sitting-room. But, her hunger somewhat appeased by shrimps and fried sand-eels, the tiredness began to acquire the ascendant. Before we were half through dinner, the big brown eyes were blinking fast and frequent, and the little head nodding downwards, and suddenly starting up when it was approaching the table-cloth, at ever shortening intervals. I persuaded her to sit in the arm-chair in front of the window, so that she might look at the sea, since she didn't care to eat any more, while I finished the stewed fruit and three shrivelled apples.

When I had peeled apple number two

and cut it into four pieces, I went round to have a look at her. She was fast asleep.

I went back and ate the four pieces, and then apple number three, thinking all the while about things, till I became quite dreamy, and, after that, sleepy and very incoherent in my ideas about things. The end of this was that I awoke with a start, and having realized where I was and with whom, decided that bed was the best place for both of us. But when I came and looked at her breathing asleep, so pale and tired, I did not care to awaken her. And going, first opened and left open the sitting-room door, and then the bedroom door, and returned, intending to carry her up to bed. The poor child let herself be lifted with no more trouble than a few uneasy sounds and movements of her arms; and then up with her I went, and laid her softly on the bed. She sighed, and sank into unruffled sleep again. I made her as comfortable as I could, and shut the door.

Over the door there was a small window.

The walls of the room were simply boards, polished. I went to the other end, opened the window, and leant out. Below was a garden. I could hear, but not see, the sea. The evening breeze still blew softly and coolly. I gave a large long yawn, and be-thought me of sleep. I took off my coat, putting it on the back of a chair, and came and lay down quietly beside the child. I must have fallen asleep almost immediately.

When I awoke, the room was half-full of sunlight, a bird was singing outside, and I saw Rosy, half a yard away, seriously looking at me.

‘Good-morning,’ I said.

‘Good-morning,’ she answered.

‘. . . I wonder what time it is?’

I got out my watch and looked at it.—
Half-past five.

‘Stopped,’ I said. ‘. . . How long have you been awake?’

‘Oh, a long time.’

‘. . . I feel hungry.’

‘What time is breakfast going to be?’

‘God only knows——or the fat woman. I don’t know what even the French for it is. Suppose I get up and see.’

I got up; and, feeling very dried and not a little dirty, pulled off my waistcoat and shirt, and entered upon the best course of ablutions possible with the basin and neither sponge nor soap.

‘This is certain,’ I said, drying myself on the small towel: ‘we must have . . . In fact, we must have everything: I never knew what it was to be without a sponge and soap before!’

We talked a little about such things, till I was dressed. Then, on my way to go out, I stopped by the bedside, and stooped down over her.

‘May I have a kiss?’ I asked.

She put her arms up round my neck, and drew me down to her. Our lips would have met, but that I, avoiding hers, kissed her on the cheek. Then I, supporting myself by my two arms on either side of her

(for she still held me), and, looking at her thoughtfully, said :

‘ If you think you wouldn’t be happy with me, my dear Rosy, it is not too late for you to go back again. You know that——’

‘ Naughty boy !’ she said, smiling at me. ‘ Fancy talking like that !’

‘ Nay,’ I said, ‘ I was quite serious. You see what a weathercock sort of fool I am: one moment laughing, the next crying, the next cursing. It is not too late to go back again to your old life. Nay, it will never be *too* late. Whenever you are tired of me, you must leave me. Half of what was mine is yours. That goes without the saying. You are your own mistress—now, as always, as far as I am concerned.’

‘ Very well,’ she said. ‘ Then I’ll take you, if you please.’

After a moment :

‘ That being so,’ I said, smiling, ‘ I am yours—till you are tired of me, that is, and reject me. Till when, I will do my best—what in me lies, that is—to make you

happy. So help me my own poor will and love for you !' I bent down and kissed her on the lips.

She seemed to me to understand what I meant.

For the first week or so, there was no one in the inn—or, as they called it, the *Hôtel du Midi*—but us ; but a good many people came over from the two adjacent towns of St. Denys and Marny to spend the day, going back by the diligence in the evening. Then two Englishmen, evident 'Varsity men or aspirers thereto, en tour, arrived and stayed for a short time ; but, beyond talking with them a little at dinner (what I had taken, by-the-by, for our private sitting-room, turned out to be a public one), we, or rather I, saw nothing of them.

The following, written later on in my last year's autobiography, refers to now :

' I had some things to trouble my peace : to write, and more than once, to Mr. Sandford, the solicitor who had informed

me of Colonel James's death and of my inheritance of his fortune, and to Strachan touching the book.

'I scarcely knew what to say to Mr. Sandford. Certainly I was not going to explain to him the cause of my sudden flight, and as certainly I was not going to lie about the matter. In the letter in which he informed me of the burial of Colonel James in Kensal Green, and of the probable cost of a suitable tombstone, etc. : he said that he now regretted, after his long, he might say, personal affection for the deceased, an affection which, etc., and in which, etc., etc., but he must request that I would transfer the conduct of my affairs to, etc., etc., etc.

'I sat frowning over the regular winged writing for a little, with a vague wonder as to the nature of the friendship here alluded to, and sorrow that I had apparently profaned it : then tore the paper across, and threw it on to the table beside me. And Rosy came in with her hat on, ready for a

ramble over the reefs now the tide was out: and that was the end of the matter—as regarded the friendship, I mean.

‘ One afternoon, in a fit of despondency, I sat down and began a letter to Rayne. I am not quite sure whether in my inmost mind I intended absolutely sending it. I think that the chief reason for my writing, or rather attempting to write it, was the relief thereby given to my pent-up feelings. Sheet after sheet was ripped up, and at last I sat still in a disgust that was almost petulant.

‘ As I sat thinking, a hot flush stole up to my cheek, and I looked fixedly at the pile of torn-up paper in front of me, which contained shameful words: hints, vague enough, of what I had done. “I could never see her again,” I had said once. “I could never forget what had passed between us. How could she expect me to return and look at her being consumed alive at the stake of Duty? No; I was made of flesh and blood, and I would I believed in God

that I might thank Him for it ! Such a sacrifice as she was making was a sacrifice to Moloch : sin, not heroism."—In any case, how purposeless, all this ! in every case, how unmanly ! She had to dree her own weird, and I too now, with what light conscience could impart. That was all. All that day I felt I had done a wrong to Rosy. If there was a victim anywhere, it was she.

‘Then came Strachan.—I told him simply that it was impossible for me to return to London, at any rate, at present : I hoped never. I was going on to Paris in September, and might perhaps take up my permanent abode there. Could not the proof sheets be sent to me there, and from me on to him ? I would write to him again from the Hôtel de Manchester, Rue Faubourg St. Honoré, when I got there. I hoped Parker, Innes, and Co. had accepted the book all right. I should stay at the Hôtel de Manchester till I found a house to please me, I thought. But, more later.

I asked him to excuse haste and confusion. As a matter of fact, I hated pens, ink, and paper now. To write at all required an effort. I was thinking of buying a vineyard, and eating fruit till I brought on—whatever the disease was that was induced by a surfeit of grapes. I hoped Mrs. Strachan and the Miss Strachans were well. It was rather dull weather here. We had not had a fine summer for long. I doubted we ever should have one again. And so on.’

A few days after this, a small troop of students and young ladies who, the fat hostess assured me, were their brides, arrived, and we had rather noisy times of it at dinner. Rosy did not like any of them. They amused me. I used to talk with the men, or rather boys, as I best could. (Among other articles purchased by me at St. Denys, was a French dictionary and a stock of French novels at which I studied some hours a day.) But my belief in the brides (I mean in their brideship) was soon first considerably shaken, and then alto-

gether demolished. I remember how one evening I was sitting out on the veranda (in the evenings the sitting-room was nearly always deserted for the garden or the country round about), having been reading the *Mémoires de Jeunes Mariées* with some pleasure, when I became aware of one of our young couples at the bottom of the garden, sporting together somewhat as I supposed Isaac to have sported with Rebekah on a certain historic occasion not unconnected with Abimelech and a window. The idea made me laugh, and laugh again, shook my book down off my knees: when a hand was put over my eyes and firmly pressed there. I threw it off, and beheld Rosy standing absolutely glaring at me.

‘Hallo,’ I said, ‘what’s the matter?’

‘You were laughing at one of those girls,’ she said.

‘What do you mean?’ I asked. ‘I was laughing at a couple there in the bushes, playing together.’

‘You were *not*! You were laughing at

that girl with the red hair. I saw her go out there a moment ago on purpose to make eyes at you.'

'Are you joking?' I said surprisedly, getting up. I could see she was not. I shrugged my shoulders.. She turned, so as to keep her eyes on mine. Our eyes met and stayed together while I spoke :

'My dear Rosy, I do not tell lies, at least of this sort. Once and for all be it understood, that when I tell you I have done a thing, I do not expect you to question—to dream of questioning the truth of my words. Let this be enough. I'm tired of it already.'

'But you *did*!' she burst out. 'You did You know you did !'

'Did what ?'

'Nod to her, and laugh at her. I saw you !'

I lost patience and gained what may be called wrath. I gave one step to her, with all that wrath concentrated in my piercing look.

'I warn you never to say such a thing again,' I said. 'If you do, we part. There

must be trust between us, or nothing. I did not tell you this before. I thought you understood it. Now choose. Believe me, or we part this moment—for always. I will never see you again.'

If I had not caught her she would have fallen. She writhed about in my grasp, muttering quickly, her face and hands working, her eyelids quivering. I held her and looked at her steadily. I did not know what was the matter with her; but was decided that she must say she believed me, or we would part at once. Life with a woman who did not trust you would be nothing short of the popular conception of hell.

At last she became coherent enough for me to gather that I had terrified her. Then she appeared to recognise me, and covered me with a hundred endearments, beseeching me over and over again not to leave her, or she would kill herself. I did not know how she loved me. Indeed, indeed, she couldn't help it. She always *was* jealous—from a

child. If I would only kiss and be friends again as we were before, she would never be jealous again. But that girl with the red hair *was* so forward-like, she didn't care *what* she did!

Weary of this, I sat her down on the sofa, and stood, half-turned away, before her. She went on in the same strain for a little, and then came a pause. Perhaps she was exhausted. I said :

'Well, Rosy, have you considered? I was not joking just now. I asked you to choose. Do you believe what I said to you about those two down there, or do you not? You know what your choice implies?'

'What?' she asked; 'what do you mean?'

I patted my foot on the ground to keep me in patience. I answered :

'I cannot live with anyone who thinks that I have told a deliberate lie. If you think I have told *you* a lie, then I will leave you.'

‘I don’t think you told a lie. I never said I thought you told a lie.’

‘Didn’t you say just now you thought I had been “making eyes,” as you put it, at that red-haired girl?’

‘Yes, I said I thought you did.’

‘And didn’t I say I had not?’

‘Yes.’

‘And didn’t you say then that I had?’

‘Yes.’

‘And didn’t I assure you that I had not?’

‘Yes.’

‘And didn’t you refuse to believe me?’

‘Yes.’

‘And what is that but telling me straightly and directly that I had lied to you?’

‘I don’t understand it,’ she said piteously, bewildered. I walked round the table, with my hands in my pockets.

Then, standing in the middle of the open window, I stared out into the dull evening and my thoughts. I do not know how long I stood so: maybe scarcely two minutes, but it seemed more than two hours. I roused

myself with a sigh, turned round, and going to her, knelt down by her knees, and put my arms round her, and said :

‘ My little Rosebud, I’m sorry. I forgot for a moment that you were so . . so like a rosebud, and thought (how foolish of me !) that you were something like a great big palm tree ! I’m sorry. I won’t forget again.’

How the child smiled, and cried, and laughed, and caressed me !

We came on to Paris in the first week or so of September, to the Hôtel de Manchester. A letter had arrived there for me the night before, from Strachan. He expressed surprise at my flight in the night-time, and hoped that there was nothing serious the matter with me. But Mrs. Strachan had been pestering him to take her and the girls to Paris for a fortnight, and as his term at the Queen’s College did not begin till the end of October (by-the-by he had not informed me that he had just got the chair of Natural History there, had

he ?), he thought he might manage it (say) half-way through September. We could talk over matters about the book then. Parker had agreed to publish it all right ; but there was some lumber about plates, etc. He would write again shortly, or, perhaps better, when he arrived in Paris.

I answered this letter at once.

First, as regarded the book. No expense was to be spared to make it attractive. That was my affair, or rather it was Mr. Brooke's own. I only held his money and property as a guardian till Mr. Starkie returned from Africa, when I should hand it over to him with the account of what had been expended of the one or made use of of the other, during his absence. But, I was quite sure, no possible objection could be raised to any expense undertaken in behalf of the book. I would be responsible for that. For the rest I need not say how glad I should be to see him (Strachan) here in Paris, but it would be, I thought, impossible for me to see Mrs. Strachan or his

daughters. For this reason : there was with me now one who had given up all she had for my sake, for which I loved and revered her, and considering that the only reason that she was not my wife was because I did not believe in what was known as 'marriage,' I would go nowhere where she could not come with me, and be assured of the same respect as if she *were* my wife. This I knew was more than I could ask (my first form of the sentence was : than either I could ask or desire) of Mrs. Strachan, with the beliefs that I knew she held. I repeated that I should be indeed glad to see him here, I hoped in my own house, and have some opportunity of returning him some little of the hospitality which he and his had given to me while I was in London.

There was, I thought, no more to be said than this. If he were a true man it would be enough : if he were not, then let each go on his separate way. It was as nothing to me. Only one acquaintance the less. . . Should I never have a friend ?

In the morning we set out together in pursuit of a house, or rather a flat, to suit us. After some trouble, I remembered that, when I had been at the pension in the Avenue de Fontenoi, I had noticed a flat that was to let, some way up the street, and which had impressed me favourably for some reason or other. I suggested that we should go there now, and we did. The place suited us, and we took it.

We, or rather I, began with a delightful scheme of doing each room (there were seven, not counting the kitchen, all opening into one another) in some particular style: as, for instance, there was to be a terra-cotta room, and a brass room, and a silvered room, and so on. I got through the first two pretty well, I think, but with great trouble, in the next three or four days. Then one morning came a letter from Strachan.—He would manage to see me soon somehow, and we could arrange about the book. He was bound to cross the Channel in any case, he found, before the

term began. There were some bones in the Museum of Natural History that he must manage to see somehow before he went on any further with a monograph on the *Elephas Primogenius* he was now working at. Mrs. Strachan and the girls were not coming to Paris this year. I must excuse haste, and, hoping to see me well, he remained, etc.

What a time that was, furnishing the house and putting my money matters in order! As for the idea of doing each room of the house in a particular style—*Homme propose, les commis disposent!* I really don't know how we ever got the place done at all. However, at the end of a fortnight, we, or rather I, had made five of the seven rooms habitable, and the two servants I had got had done the same for the kitchen. (The servants of the whole house slept up above in the *grenier*, as they call it, not in the several flats.) I worked like a slave, and rather liked it: hanging all the pictures, deciding where, and generally helping, to

put all the things in their places, and so on; for I had my doubts about the Parisian sense of the beautiful in the matter of furniture arrangement.

Rosy's chief anxiety in the matter was as concerned the fate of the things which she had herself ordered, all the linen and the household utensils. She did not care to come up to the place itself, for reasons of her own: not unconnected, I thought, with a small coffin which had happened to be exposed by the door the morning of her first visit, covered with flowers, a child's coffin. Her fear of death was a fear, as far as I could make out, not of death in the abstract but in the concrete: perhaps I should say, she had a fear not of death but of the dead. And yet there must have been some other causes at work; for when I had asked her, as we went up the staircase, why she hurried by so quickly, she had said in a half-whisper:

'It was a child. Don't let's talk about it.'

It must have been a fine thing in the way of amusement to have seen her ordering her things at the Louvre, her favourite shop, lists in hand. The composition of those lists in the evenings with pen, ink, paper, and dictionary were amusing enough; but she would not hear of my going with her to see their fulfilment.

At last all was ready for her, and the next morning we installed ourselves.

I remember that as we sat together that evening, I looked across to her sitting with far-off eyes with her book, and thought how impossible it was to *know* anything about anyone else. I felt that in her mind a train of ideas existed of which I was absolutely ignorant.

At last:

‘Rosy,’ I said, getting up, ‘I have not welcomed you to your home.’

She rose, and I took her hands, and, looking into her eyes, went on:

‘Welcome to it, and may you be happy in it! And here at the beginning of our

new life together, let us say that, whatever may happen, one thing shall always be between us—Trust. Believe me,’ I said, taking her in my arms and looking closer into her eyes. ‘Believe me, child, that without Trust, happiness can never live, let love be as broad and as deep as is the sea. My life is yours, almost to make or mar, and maybe yours is mine. Love, as I take love to be, the caring for another more than for yourself,—alas, I have it not to give you. It is best that I should tell you this. I do not love you as I should, I know, to have taken you as I did. That was the wrong I did you. But I *may* love you some day; and in the meantime, believe me that all I have to give you, child, my dearest liking,—I would say love, knowing that what I mean is of love, but that I have but just hallowed the word by its highest flight, and would not now stay it half-way up.—But do not think that word of “liking” cold. It is not. Cannot you know this now, as I hold you so,

and look into your eyes? Oh Rosy, give yourself to me, heart and soul! It seems to me as we are now that Love is not so far away from us.'

Her arms pressed me with strange strength. Her face grew to mine. I breathed rather than heard the coming words she said:

'I love you!' thrilling through and through me.

And with the words came something of her soul; for our lips met in a kiss that was her full surrender unto mine: a kiss so sweet, so long, so mingling, that I knew not whether this was death or life, or earth or heaven. And then I thought that it was love.

CHAPTER V.

THE Professor came in upon us after twelve o'clock lunch, one mild, late October day, when we were standing together leaning over the library balcony-rails and watching the aerial manœuvres of two swifts.

‘I am very glad to see you,’ I said, holding his hand and looking into his face. Then turning to Rosy, who had drawn back on the sudden appearance of this stranger by my side, I explained :

‘This, my dear, is the friend for whose sake I wished our house to be in all readiness—Professor Strachan.’

Rosy put out a timid hand, and said blushing and softly :

‘I am very glad to see you.’

The Professor smiled. Who could help

it? And then gave an odd glance at me which I rejected, and that, I think, dismissed some invisible commonplace trouble of ours into the outer air, and he and I were in some way more really friends than we ever had been.

He stayed in Paris for eight or nine days, during which I had the pleasure of taking him and the Rosebud to see the three plays I thought were the best worth seeing. Those three evenings were quietly happy ones. He and the child took to one another, I thought, remarkably: and therein lay the quiet happiness of those three evenings to me, to sit still and listen to their talk, with a certain half-dreaminess in my thoughts of them, and with a certain half-wonder in the half-dreaminess—half-wonder to know this much of the gentleness and tender expansiveness of the man to the child-girl. I remember how particularly this feeling came into and over me the last night he was with us, at the Gymnase it was, and how I thought about it all the

way home, and looking into his eyes as after supper he said good-night to me a second time at the street-door, how the sudden thought came that he knew my thought, and to where did the thought tend? As I came up the dark staircase with my candle-light sending uncouth shadows about me above and below, I wondered, in a half-vague way, about the meaning of the thing? And the meaning about this half-vague wondering about the meaning of the thing? And to where did it all tend?

When I came into the dining-room, I found Rosy leaning against the mantelpiece warming one foot.

‘Are you cold?’ I said, putting down the candle on the table and throwing myself into an easy-chair, with my knuckles up to my mouth and my eyes to her.

‘Yes,’ she said; ‘I am cold — a little.’

‘Why, it’s quite warm,’ I said.

She made a little motion with her back

expressive of a shiver. I took up a book. She turned her head :

‘Don’t read any more to night,’ she said.
‘You’re always reading.’

‘Am I?’ I asked, looking at the tops of the leaves. ‘Perhaps I want to get wise . . . If I were you, I should learn French, Rosy. I’d be only too glad to get you a master. And why not music too?’

‘I don’t seem to care about it,’ she said.

‘You are lazy.’

A pause.

Then I :

‘I wish you *would* learn French and music. I am very fond of music.’

She came to me.

‘Don’t sit on the arm of the chair,’ I said, ‘or you’ll break it.’

She stopped. I continued looking at the tops of the leaves. Then she drew a stool from by the table to by my feet, and sat down upon it and looked at me. In a little I met her gaze.

‘Well?’ I said.

‘I’ll learn the French and the music if you like!’ she said.

I laughed.

‘Nay, the liking must be yours. I don’t want you to do what you don’t like.’

‘You’re always reading,’ she said. ‘I don’t believe you ever think about *me*. You don’t care *what* I do—*really*.’

‘I don’t,’ I said quietly. ‘You are right.’ She seemed struck speechless.

I opened the book and began reading.

At last :

‘You don’t—care—what—I *do*?’ she repeated in amazement.

‘No,’ I said. ‘You may go the devil as soon as you please. You are a trouble to me.’

Silence. I reading.

At last I said :

‘The Professor, you see, came over later than I thought he would.’

A pause.

I felt her hand on my knee.

‘Are you joking?’ she said.

‘Joking?’ said I, lowering the book and looking at her with surprise. ‘Not the least in the world. I said I didn’t care what you did. I don’t. I’ve examined myself thoroughly in the matter this last week. I was only waiting till Strachan’s visit was over. (By-the-bye, I am going to see him off to-morrow evening.) You remember my agreement with you? You were to take half my fortune and leave me the moment you tired of me. I have come to the conclusion that it’s only fair for me to be able to do the same with you: I’m tired of you. You may go to the devil as soon as you please. We’ll arrange business matters later.’ I lifted up the book and continued my reading.

In a little she rose and went to the fire-place. I read on. She made no sign of life. A sudden idea came to me that she had fainted—was dead! I lowered my book: saw her gazing over the table into

the air. Got up, throwing the book onto the table by the candle, and said slowly :

‘ Well, my dear, let’s part good friends at the least. It was a blunder on my part, our acquaintance : also . . . a blunder on yours. No ill-feeling on either side ; eh ? In token whereof we will spend one more night together, and then—part ? . . . What ?’

Silence : she still gazing over the table into the air. I advanced, and recognised that I desired her, which made me laugh. It was the first time I had so recognised the fact. She answered nothing : made no motion. A sudden feeling of the cruelty of my experiment seemed to bite me. I had not thought of it in that way : cruelty. I at once began to undo my sewing :

‘ Well, Rosebud,’ said I, taking her two little still hands in mine. ‘ You little goose, what are you thinking about ?’

At last she looked at me ; looked in my eyes long, till I laughed.

‘ You are a bad man,’ she said.

‘You do not mean it?’ I said saucily. ‘You are a wise woman and—’ She had in a moment, smitten me smartly on the cheek with the palm of her hand! I burst out into bright laughter, catching her, as she sat bolt upright with an expression half-startled half-defiant, in my arms, and smothering her cheeks and lips with kisses . . .

In the end, she was echoing my laughter, and we were like two half-wild romping children.

But the experiment was spoilt. Perhaps it was premature.

I wondered that night, or rather morning, as I lay awake thinking in the grey light, while she slept sweetly beside me, why I had attempted that experiment, and what I had quite meant by it. And wondering, I fell asleep.

The next evening, I met the Professor at the Gare du Nord, as we had arranged, and (he, at the end of our walk up and down in the hall, commending Rosy to my care as

a last sudden thought which I felt he hadn't liked to broach as of any other sort) I saw the last of him that was to be seen, and turned away a little sadly.

As I walked home to Rosy, who was waiting for me (to go out a walk she had said, and I had half agreed), I had a half-vague feeling that we two, she and I, were entering upon a somewhat difficult stage of development, and thought of it, as usual, half vaguely. When I opened our door, I found her seated on the ottoman in the hall, dressed in furs, waiting.

'My dear child,' I said, drawing out the latchkey, 'it's quite warm out. How can you expect to walk quickly when you're muffled up like a mummy? and stays on underneath, I'll be bound.' I was smiling. She came towards me with a saucy strut, so to show her small pointed boots. I looked at them and said:

'Oh, frightful!'

She caught me by the arm and half-swung there.

‘You’re in such a good temper to-day!’ she said. ‘We’ll go to a nice café on the boulevard, and drink café noir, in nice china cups, and play at dominoes. I *do* like dominoes. We will—*Eh?*’

‘God help you!’ said I. ‘You are incorrigible. If you die before me, I will have you buried in stays and patent-leather boots, and have a corset cut on your gravestone. You won’t find corsets in heaven when you get there. You will have to migrate further south. There are plenty of them in hell. Satan invented them.’

‘How shockingly you do talk!’

‘How so? tell me that?’ I said seriously.

‘You shouldn’t talk in that way.’

I sat down laughing on the ottoman.

‘Shall we go to the café by the Français?’ I said. ‘You see, my dear, this earth is, after all, rather an odd place to live in; and we humans—or rather, we beasts—are really, after all, rather odd things to be living in it; and this is all the more so on account

of murder and sausages. You might also include prophets and poachers. But, seriously,—shall we go to the café by the Français ?’

‘How ridiculous you are !’ she said. ‘Very well.’

‘My dear,’ I said, ‘shall we take a cab ?’

We took a cab, and I talked like a rational (or irrational) being for the rest of the evening.

It was late when we got home again, and the concierge apparently deep in his slumbers ; for we stood, I pulling at the bell, Rosy seemingly tired into the quietness of speechless acceptance of things, for over five minutes. At last we got in, and went slowly up the dark staircase together, I thinking of last night’s experiment till I began to laugh. Then I found we were standing in front of our own door ; perhaps had been standing for some time. Rosy seemed resigned to my apparent eccentricities now. There she stood with her hands muff-wise in her sleeves, and her eyes half closed, and

her little head sleepily quavering downwards. I chucked her sharply under the chin.

‘It’s time to get up and eat sally luns,’ I said.

‘Good gracious, how you *did* startle me!’ she said. ‘What’s the matter?’

I drew the latch key out of my pocket, and, at the first shot, drove it into the key-hole, and opened in the door. The ornamented, luxurious passage looked as it were warm and almost cosy in the red light of the hanging oil lamp’s little floating redder core-flame. She went in, and I after her, closing and locking the door behind me, while she was on and into the morning-room. There was a small window halfway up the left-hand wall of the passage, and it looked into the library. I could see that the curtain, that was usually drawn right across the window, was now only half drawn. I went and observed what she was doing. She was on her way across the room—to the fire, of course. Down she sat on the hearthrug, and doubtless was staring into

the red-ember realm of castles and strange forms. Then she looked round: '*Why wasn't he coming?*' Then back again at the red-ember realm. What a strange thing for me, here, in Space and Time and Life, so to be observing her; here, too, in Space and Time and Life. What were we to one another? Not only Rosy to me, and I to Rosy, but each one of us—each one of us humans to each other one. The dreamy thought grew broader in me, my eyes still looking at the firelight picture there, but not comprehending it. She looked round again. The movement recalled me to my ordinary self. '*Why wasn't he coming?*' I felt a sweet tenderness for the poor child waiting for me there. Oh, Rosy, Rosy!

Then I was away: through the morning-room, where, on the sofa, lay her furred coat and hat, and, parting the curtains of the doorway, stepped into the library. She was looking back for me. I threw my hat into a chair, had off my coat, sent it after the hat, and came to her. I threw myself down

behind her on the soft hearthrug, and, resting my head, that was beside her, on my hand, looking into the eyes that were looking at me :

‘Rosy,’ I said, ‘do you believe in God?’

‘Yes,’ she said. And with her eyes in the red-ember realm, ‘of course.’

‘Then don’t you think you’re doing wrong being with me?’

‘Yes,’ she said, with her eyes still in the red-ember realm.

‘And don’t you think you’ll be punished for it?’

‘I am sure I shall,’ she said. .

A pause. I somewhat surprised.

‘Then why do you do it?’

‘Because I can’t help it.’ Her eyes always in the red-ember realm.

‘What do you mean?’

‘I can’t help it. Can’t you see,’ she said, turning full unfathomed eyes on me, ‘I can’t help it. I love every muscle in your body.’

The simplicity of thought, word, voice

made me say, with a suspicion of a small smile round the corners of my mouth: 'That's awkward,' and bring my eyes down to the hearthrug, while I thought for a moment of that last expression of hers and its meaning.

Then, looking up:

'Would you like me to marry you?' I said.

Her eyes went as unfathomed as before into the red-ember realm again, and became distant. Her lips said slowly:

'I *should* like to have you without the sin; but'

'Well——'

'I shouldn't like you to marry me.'

'Why?'

No answer.

I repeated:

'Why?'

'Can't you see,' she said, turning her eyes to me, but with a more ordinary light in them, '*why* I shouldn't like you to marry me?'

‘No,’ I said.

She looked to the red-ember realm again, but not into it, and her eyes became dreamy. She would, perhaps, answer me before we were both asleep!

She said: ‘I don’t think you’d care for me even as much as you do now if you married me. No’ (she shook her head), ‘I wouldn’t like you to marry me. Besides’

‘Well——?’ I said, in a clear tone, that was meant to show that I really did expect her to satisfy what curiosity I had.

‘You will *want* to marry some one,’ she said, suddenly looking at me with the more ordinary light in her eyes, ‘some day.’

‘No,’ I said, ‘I shall never want to *marry*—*any* one.’

‘Ah,’ she said, ‘wait till you love some one—and then!’ She nodded her head.

‘Why did you think I didn’t marry you?’ I asked.

‘Because you didn’t want to,’ she said.

‘No—at least, no to your thought.’

‘What do you mean?’

‘I don’t believe in marriage. You knew that. If I did, or had, I would have married you.’

‘That’s sinful, not to believe in marriage. Don’t you believe in God?’

‘To the best of my belief, no. One thing I am sure about: I don’t believe in Jesus. I suppose Jesus and God are one and the same thing to you, are they not?’

‘Yes, Jesus is God.’

‘And God is Jesus?’

‘Yes.’

‘How is that?’

‘That’s the mystery. We don’t know. You ought to have faith, and believe in it.’ I looked down. There was absolutely no good in attempting to say anything serious on these matters to her. I felt the tenderness I had felt for her a little while ago return to me. I looked up.

‘Rosy,’ I said, ‘I don’t like you to think what I can see you do think about my not having married you. Will you believe me, when I tell you that my *disbelief* in Jesus

is quite as strong as your *belief*, and that that, and that only, was the reason why I didn't marry you? I would not marry any woman in the world, however much I loved her. I could not repeat the words of the marriage service with my lips, and laugh at them in my heart. That would not be true.'

'You would, though,' she said, looking as if with a look of experience at me, who has none, 'if you loved a person.'

What was the good of contradicting her? I kept silence, with downcast eyes, for a moment: and then asked, I did not care to know why:

'Why, if you believe that you will be punished for all this, don't you ask me to marry you and chance my not caring for you then even as much as I do now—as you say? What sort of punishment do you think you'll get?'

'I shall be burned in fire. I knew that long ago. . . . I knew quite well it would be like this some day. I used to pray to

God not to think about you, but I could not help it : I *did* think about you ! When you went away to Paris, I was ill, and I thought I was going to die : and I promised God I would never think about you any more ; but I got well again, and I went on thinking about you more than ever ! I couldn't help it. And at last I felt I couldn't do without you. You've no idea what a way I used to get in sometimes. I used to feel as if I must get up that very moment, and go and find you, and hold you in my arms and love you. I couldn't help it. I know I shall be punished for it ; but . . . I can't help it. I suppose I must be.—Then, you see, you came back, and we had those walks together. I knew you didn't care for me ; but you were so much to me. I *couldn't* do without you !'

To watch the child as she sat, looking with her half-dreamy, unfathomed eyes into the fire, and to hear her telling her story in this way ! It was pitiful.

I drew myself up beside her, and put my arm round her shoulders, and leaned her body against mine. She did not seem to notice my movement: to feel my arm round her shoulders. She was silently looking into the to me unknown place before her.

‘Rosy,’ I said, ‘Rosebud,’ rubbing my cheek softly against hers, ‘I would do anything, if it were only true, to make you happy. I would marry you to-morrow if it were not for those . . . those words that would be so false in my mouth, that I could not utter them. I could not do that. But there are, now I think of it, other ways of marrying people. I will find out about them. Then, you see, you would be my wife: I mean, as far as having my name; so that no one could think or say anything against you.’ She was shaking her head. ‘Nay,’ I said, smiling, ‘*can’t you see* that in this way you would have a greater, a more lawful claim, you might say, upon me, in case I ever *did* want to marry any-

one—with the marriage-service and the rest of it.' I was smiling.

'No,' she said; 'I wouldn't care about that. Not one bit.'

'But suppose,' I said—'suppose I ever *did* fall in love with anyone, and *did* want to marry them? . . . What then?'

'Then you'd have to, that's all,' she said.

'But what would you do?'

'I'd go away, and never see you again.'

'I do hope you wouldn't, Rosy! I hope you never will, whatever comes or goes. You must always be dear to me. You must always let me be your friend.'

'While some other woman *had* you? That's likely! Oh, *you* don't know what love is!'

'I don't,' I said. 'I was only putting a hypothetical case.—But you know quite well that I never would leave you, however much I loved anyone else.'

‘ But *I* would leave *you*, if I thought you loved anyone else.’

‘ But I wouldn’t let you know.’

‘ But you couldn’t help it.’

‘ But I never *shall* love anyone, so——’

‘ How do you know that ? *I* thought *I* never should love anyone ; but, you see, I do. I hope you’ll love some one some day who doesn’t love *you*, and then you’ll know what *I* have to suffer.’

A pause.

‘ Supposing,’ said I, ‘ that I loved you, and you didn’t love me.’

‘ Yes.’

‘ Well, supposing you loved somebody else, and left me, I shouldn’t mind always being your friend.’

She gave a short laugh.

‘ Wouldn’t you ! Oh no ! I tell you : if I ever found out that you loved any woman besides me ! I would go away from you. I would never see you again. You never should have me again ! The idea of being your —*friend*, as you call it ! Do you

think I could look at any woman, and know that she had you for her own, and . . . and not *kill* her ?'

She stopped : then began shaking her head and laughing to herself. I eyed her from under gathered brows : I suspected the actor's sense in her as well as in myself. An old, somewhat vague idea, that had been gathered into a cluster of heads, it seemed, a half-century ago, but was really only what might be called last night, now suddenly took a one unmistakable head with two one-seeing eyes that saw one purpose. I turned her head round to me and kissed her full and long on the lips. The effect was strange.—It was a new child this, here with me in a new place of early day's air and light. I could scarce think of the old self of hers that was now gone, gone I knew not where.

'Kiss me again,' she said in a low, half-breathless voice, bringing her mouth towards mine. 'Kiss me.'

A certain devil's light of mirth came into

my eyes. I laughed at her, and drew sharply back with back-spread arms.

‘No, no, no,’ I said; ‘you little green-eyed monster you! You shall chase me for another kiss, if you want it. I . . .’ I had stopped.

She bent to me with her hands half-up, frightened a little at the look in my face :

‘What is it?’ she said. ‘What’s the matter?’

I leaped up onto my feet. There was devilry in it! Up it rose, the unfailing companion, surely for ever the unfailing companion of my haunting tune of inevitable gold-light and mockery that rises.

‘No,’ I said, between my teeth. ‘That is foolery! What is the matter with my eyes?’

There was a larger ring of gold-hued silver light, like sun’s water-reflections on a wall, round my eyes. I took out my watch. It was ten minutes past one.

She rose and came to me anxiously.

‘What is it, dear?’ she said. ‘Oh, *do* tell me! What’s the matter with you, dear? Are you ill?’

‘Nothing’s the matter with me,’ I said, putting my watch into my pocket, ‘beyond that I have something wrong with my eyes. I will go and see an oculist about it to-morrow. Now, it’s time we were going to bed. There, there! It’s all right, I assure you. Now, off you go to bed! You’re tired out.’

I took her hand and patted it between my two: and then led her, with an almost playful gallantry, to the door-way and held up one curtain for her to pass. Just through it, she turned her head and shoulders back and asked prettily:

‘But you will come, too, soon?’

‘Yes,’ I said, smiling and laughing at her. ‘I have something that I must do, that will take me a few minutes, and then I will come.’

I let fall the curtain. In a moment I heard her step go on.

I took the match-box from the corner of the mantelpiece and lit two candles, this seeming endless revolution-outward of my eyes' ring accompanying my every move. Then I sat down in the easy-chair and began to think.—'It was amazing how I could have been so fooled by such a natural phenomenon into such a state of (say) superstitious hysteria as I had been by this affection of my eyes. How could I have done it?'

I sat thinking of this for a little, and then of the events of that night of supreme folly, or best say madness at once : every now and then recalled to this physical revolution outward of my eyes' rings. All at once it stopped. I took out my watch. It was half-past one. It had lasted, then, twenty minutes.

That something which I had said I must do was now done—done well, as it seemed to me. That something was the final and complete clearing away, I thought, of all the clouding illusion that had blackened the sight of that strange time of devilry, had

dimmed the sight of the time of acts that had followed upon the other as a summer upon a spring. I was at last free. I saw things as they were, not as they seemed to be. It might well be that illusion would play its part in my future's wilder hours; but it never could be what it had been to the daily hours of my past. *I was free.* And that, I thought, meant something.

I blew out the candles and drew back the hearthrug (for fear of some hot coals falling out of Rosy's especially procured English grate, and burning her and me and the house, and my at last freedom in the night), and then went in to her.

She was already in bed, lying on her side, looking to the door-way curtains; with a deep-shaded candle on the reading-table by the bedside, throwing a light over the lower part of her face, and on one outstretched arm in its long white worked frill, and the hand with upheld fingers on the white rounded edge of the bed. All the rest was shadowed.

‘Well?’ I said, smiling, and standing for a moment with the curtains in my backward hands.

She smiled. I crossed over to her, and sat down beside the outstretched arm of the long white worked frill and the hand of the upheld fingers on the white rounded edge of the bed: and took the hand of the upheld fingers, while her two eyes looked quietly in mine: and bent, and softly kissed her two soft red lips: and she softly said:

‘You see, I hadn’t to chase you for it, after all.’

‘No,’ I answered. ‘I cheerfully do what the dilly-ducks would *not* do: I come to be killed. Death from you is too sweet to be fearful.’

‘. . . What do you mean?’

I kissed her, laughing:

‘That I love you.’

‘. . . Then I hope you will always mean that; for I love *you*—oh, I *do* love you, ever so much!’

‘More than you love yourself?’

‘I haven’t any self to love. It’s *all* yours!’

‘Then, in loving myself, I shall but be loving you!’

‘Yes!’

‘And in loving you, I shall but be loving myself?’

‘Yes!’

‘Love *must* be unselfish, then, whether it like it or no. For, in loving itself, it only succeeds in loving somebody else. . . . Do you understand it all?’

And seeing she did not, all of it, I once more bent again, and once more softly kissed her two soft red lips: and she once more softly said:

‘I understand *that* part. . . . But I seem to think you might do it over again.’

V.

CHAPTER I.

I HAD accepted something or other that was now the melody of my life : if such a noteless flow of under-music, as of a low silver-shot river in a mist, could be called a melody. I might have called that something or other Fate, or Circumstances, or simply Rosy. I called it nothing at all. It seemed as if I were it, and it me ; or everything it and it everything. The child was, I think, very happy.

I had divided the day off in this way : My books from ten to one ; then lunch ; then generally somewhere with Rosy till four or five ; then two cups of tea and slices of thin bread and butter in the library, with the

accompaniment of quiet talk, till talk almost died away in the inspection and desultory reading of desultory books and newspapers; then, at half-past six, dinner; then either somewhere with Rosy again, or a less desultory reading of less desultory books and newspapers till, at ten o'clock, bed. The only real work I did was my morning reading. I devoted three hours each day of the week severally to Homer, Sophocles, Plato, Vergil, Horace, Juvenal, and Dante. I do not think I had any definite aim in view then for this study. I was content to do it, as I did all things, and be still.

Walks with Rosy were not successes at first, for she walked both slowly and badly; but I soon grew accustomed to the slowness, and the badness was remedied by occasional lifts on the way. I liked to listen to her; and she, if she was in good spirits, indulged me to the top of my bent. The childlike and seemingly endless interest that she took in life amused me.

One evening, when we were in her

favourite position—she between my knees talking to me as I sat in the armchair.

‘Rosy,’ I said, ‘I will tell you what you are.’

‘Well,’ she said, ‘what?’

‘You are a loving girl. I have not before found the word “love” used in the particular way you use it. So your own word describes you: you are a “loving girl:” one who squeezes softly, and kisses, and tries to steal away breath—in all things soft. I will tell you who was your prototype: a certain Shunamite. “*And let her cherish him and lie in thy bosom.*” And moreover: “*A bundle of myrrh is my well-beloved unto me; he shall lie all night betwixt my breasts.*” And: “*I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes and by the hinds of the field, that she stir not up nor awake my love till he pleases.*” ’

‘Yes,’ she said, ‘that’s me.’

And so it was.

The weather grew colder: bracing and

invigorating to me, enervating to her. At last we had keen frost. She spent most of her time by the fire, generally sitting with her knees gathered up on the hearthrug, reading a book or thinking—heaven knows what about!

My walks were nearly always alone now. Consequently they ceased to be semi-rides and became pure walks. With the pure walks came thought again, to oust its poor substitute of dreamy-way-of-thinking. The frost continued. We had a little snow. At first I tried to get Rosy to take more exercise; but being out of doors in such weather was only misery to her, and so I stopped trying.

‘We will go to Italy next winter,’ said I one evening, having been for a tramp in the now-falling snow, changed my clothes, and stopped by and above her (she on the hearthrug, that is), with hands alternately patting each other’s palms. ‘To Italy! to Italy! Italy was the dream of my boyhood. I am a true northman. I have the

migratory instinct in me. Oh Italy, Italy——'

I stopped, and sat down in the easy-chair, with hands still alternately patting each other's palms, and thought about Italy and my past dream of Italy.

At last :

'You must be very cold,' she said.

'Not I!' I answered, with a sudden look to her. 'I'm as warm as a toast. By Jove!' I said, 'I must do something to-night.' (The something being a something in my head that seemed to wish for written expression.) My remark was a sort of outwork designed to stop any advancing objections on Rosy's part.

None came. She sat silent on the hearthrug, with her chin by her up-gathered knees, and her eyes in the fire. I wished her away in bed—the best place for her. I disliked writing with anyone in the room. As I was settling my desk and writing materials on the table, I suggested that she would be better in bed, especially as . . .

‘What?’ she said, looking round at me.

‘You seem so tired,’ I said, bringing a chair to my place. ‘I wonder you have any marrow left at all, and that your blood’s not all curdled or clotted by this time.’

‘. . . Is it very cold outside?’

‘Very. The snow is all freezing.’

‘How long do you think it will last?’

‘The snow?’

‘No : the cold.—I do hate it so !’

‘How can I tell ? I . . .’ (I had begun writing something) ‘don’t know.’

‘Why do you talk in that way?’

‘What way?’

Ultimately Rosy went off to bed, in an injured frame of mind, and I was left alone with my writing. An opening scene of a story had occurred to me, and I was interested in expressing it: a not unfrequent occurrence at that time, so far unfailingly accompanied by gradual loss of interest as the story proceeded till, quite disgusted, I either burnt or cast it into a

MS. drawer of mine, and thought no more of it.

I finished my opening scene in the first heat of emotion, and then, after a pause, re-read what I had written. What seemed to me my grip on, my mastery over the characters I had created, pleased me ; not because it was mine, but because it was there, and in harmony with my mood. Then I sat for long thinking. I began to frame, I framed a resolution in me. There was no need to think, say, or act anything dramatic to be, as it were, a symbol or *memoria technica* of that resolution. It was early : I was beginning to feel both tiredness and hunger. It was impossible for me, I thought, to sink into mere sensuousness. I had a work to do in the world : I intended to do it. The work would require patient preparation : I was determined that I would give it. I had been unhappy in London : 'Society' was not enough for me. I had been unhappy with Rosy : Love was not enough with me.

I had been unhappy with my dreams : myself was not enough for me. I had lived for 'Society,' for love, for myself, and had found that they did not satisfy me. It was time that I lived for something else—for something higher, and broader, and deeper.

I had realized, or thought that I had realized, that I had a certain work to do in the world, and that if I was, as I had determined I was, to do it, I should have to apply myself to a patient course of preparation. I had spent the three or four days that followed on this determination in the same way outwardly as any other days : that is to say, had done my classical work in the mornings ; taken my 'constitutional' in the afternoons ; and read in the evenings ; but inwardly I had spent these days in a different way from any others of my life. I reviewed my past in order that I might see what causes lay there, that were likely to have an influence on my future. I faced all these causes, good or evil, fearlessly, quietly resolved to encourage those that

were good, and do all that lay in me to eradicate those that were evil. The one idea that I kept constantly before me was the idea of Strength : I must be *Strong*.

Rosy looked upon this, my new intercourse with her, with a somewhat suspicious eye. I believe she would far sooner have had the old intercourse with her back again. For, if my caprice leaped in evil-humoured moments far away from her ; so in good-humoured moments it leaped close to her ; whereas, now her line of life and mine seemed, nay, were parallel : now parallel lines are those which are always the same distance from one another, that is to say, that never meet. Rosy, like the true woman she was, was quite ready to offer herself up on the altar of my happiness. It troubled her that now, instead of being, as I ought to have been, capricious, that is to say, selfish, I preserved a uniform cheerfulness of demeanour towards her, was always ready to do her little services, was always ready to prevent her doing me little

services. It is true that I had in that happy period of lotus-eating devoted myself to her en bloc ; but, as she had said, or as I had said, in so devoting myself to her en bloc (‘loving’ was our term) I was but devoting myself to myself en bloc, and vice versa. *Then* all the little services had been hers : I had been capricious ; I had been selfish ; she had delighted in my capriciousness, in my selfishness—whereas, now ! . . . Now I was the highest sinner that is arraigned by Love, the sinless one. What right had *I* to the preserving a uniform cheerfulness of demeanour towards *her* ? What right had *I* to the perpetual readiness to do her little services, the perpetual readiness to prevent her doing me little services ? Ah ! thought poor little Rosy, that old time was the better time ; for if it knew the depth of hell, it knew also the height of heaven : whereas, this new time knows only the dead level of purgatory.

I remember how I sat one evening, in

the past dinner-hour when we were together in the library, observing her and translating her thoughts into my words, somewhat as above : and how at last, smiling at her for a dear child, I got up, and went and chucked her under the chin, and in a serious way that made her eyes looking at me brighten up at the anticipation of one of the old capricious hours, the old capricious hours so often full of the golden atmosphere of heaven. And indeed there was a temptation in the air for me to enjoy one of those hours again. Why not? I commenced.

But it soon made itself apparent to me that I had set myself, not to be, but to act Capriciousness. And yet, I thought in medias res, it is surely a mistake to suppose that I have passed quite out of my former self, as a snake out of its skin, and can no longer be, but am compelled to act, that former self? No. It is with the humour I must quarrel: not the characteristic. Perhaps the fact of self-consciousness is of

itself quite enough to turn being into acting?

Ultimately Rosy showed that she too perceived, perhaps more clearly than I gave her credit for, that this was not the doer but rather the actor that was wooing her. She was up and away in a pet: I, tickled by the idea of energetic desire in such a child as the Rosebud, laughing consumedly, and next door to careless about how she took my laughter.—All at once I realized that I had once more been cruel to her: nay, but the word merited to be stronger, brutal. I was serious at once, and away to her to try and soothe her. At last I succeeded.

Rosy's discontent with the new intercourse, as I now called it to myself, seemed to increase. At last I found out that the more cheerful and obliging I was, the more uncheerful and disobliging was she, and this discovery having come to a head during the course of a whole evening, erupted in the bedroom in the shape of

what is usually called a row, reproaches and tears versus sarcasm and silence. After a few minutes of Tears, Silence betook itself out of the bedroom and the house for a long ramble about the streets, at last joining itself to Thought in preference to Irritation, with which it had set out.—I began to draw a sort of picture of what life would have been with a woman—like Rayne, a strong woman. Rayne had, I felt, been for some time an elevation to me, and now it seemed that she was growing into an ideal. After all, was she not the outward and visible sign of that inward and spiritual Strength which I worshipped? It was right that she should become an ideal to me; she was a strong woman.

The struggle went on. At times I had relapses into the old disgust, but, while there, learnt something about the meaning of the misery of humanity, and so from evil drew a certain amount of good. Rosy was meanwhile apparently in persistent readiness to be suspicious. It occurred to me

once or twice that she thought that there was a woman in the case, and so kept on the look out for proofs. The idea amused me greatly, and once led me to demonstrations of my feeling somewhat in the manner of that chucking under the chin that had been the prelude to my second instance of cruelty, or perhaps brutality to her. She seemed to recognise something ungenuine ; for she would have nothing to say to me at that rate, and so I determined to do without the demonstrations in future, and did. I do not know if she was happy at this time. She took a greater interest in her household affairs than before, going out shopping with Amélie in the mornings, drawing up lists of things, and so on. I was pleased to see this ; for it gave her something to do.

In this way it came about in a remarkably short time that we two grew more like acquaintances or friends than lovers. Then I realized this, and was rather troubled by it ; for I felt that the reason for it was

mine, and that she could not like the present condition of affairs. But what was to be done? An inch with a child like Rosy meant, not an ell, but the whole article. If I suddenly softened, she would take it as a sign of repentance, and then—trouble of all sorts! At present I was working away at my classics and what composition suggested itself: with occasional fits of disgust, it is true, but avoiding the depths and getting out of the shallows as soon as possible. And I bore these occasional fits with a good deal of philosophy now, ascribing them to some internal derangement, such as of liver, of kidneys, or stomach, and as such to be endured in patience and silence. Weather, I found, affected me considerably.

It was now March, but more like the traditional May. I took long walks each day, ten miles as a rule: once out to Père la Chaise, to look at Brooke's grave with its '*Thy will be done,*' and saw Balzac's bust, and De Morny's tomb (De Morny

being a gilded rascal that interested me) and others, and stood and looked thoughtfully over the city that seemed like a great parasite that had driven its claws into the earth. Then there was the Louvre, and the Luxembourg and, sometimes, theatres in the evenings with Rosy. A quietly happy time for me, made happier as the days stole on and found me still unshaken in my scheme of life.

One evening, Rosy having a headache and not caring to go out anywhere, I went for a ramble about the streets, observing the stirring multitude in a most delightfully philosophic way. The conviction of the general poorness of life was the deepest, but quietly deepest, conviction in me. My view of the matter was that; since I was alive and in certain circumstances, the only thing that was to be done was to make the best of it.

The dawn was breaking as I pulled at the concierge's bell. I was a little tired, mentally and bodily. I came upstairs, let

—

myself in, and went into the study. Not only the general poorness, but also the general, and also the particular purposelessness of all life and my life was in me. I did not care to go to bed, I did not care to do anything. My eyes fell on my easy-chair: I went to, and lay back, in it, in a state that kept, every now and then, rising to a level, over the edge of which lay disgust, or may be despair. At last, I rose, with an impatient curse. Was there *never* to be an end of this foolery? Was I *never* to have rest, peace, comfort, self-sufficiency, call it what you please, that spiritual sailing with spread canvas before a full and unvarying wind? *Why* was it? *Why*? Was it really because the strange shadow of Purposelessness played the perpetual-rising Banquo at Life's feast for me? Or was it that I was one who could not lack the Personal Deity with impunity? I didn't know, I didn't know! I wished that I were dead. I wished that I had never been born. What Personal Deity

had I *ever* had ? What . . . My thoughts stood still. I saw a small child go to the bed and slip down on his knees and tell *Him* about it ; but then, remembering that *He* was up in the sky, clasp his two hands together, and look up to *Him* ; and say :

‘ Dear God, You are a long, long way away from me : right up in the deep, blue sky, farther away than even the sun, perhaps, and the moon and the stars.—But I love You ! Oh, I love You ! because You know everything I think about and everything that I want to do. And I pray that You won’t let me die till I am very old and have done all the things I want to do. But please help me to be a great man. Through Jesus Christ our blessed Lord, Amen.’

I threw up my face with my hands behind my head, and the sob coming to my lips, and the tears to my eyes. ‘ Oh God, God, why shouldn’t I pray now ? Is there no one to hear me ? Is there no one to—— What ? *Rayne!*—*Rayne ! you here !* What ?’

Everything in me stood still. She was looking at me through the curtains.

I made a sharp stride and opened them. It was Rosy.

I smiled and then laughed, and—

‘You startled me,’ I said. ‘I took you for a ghost.’

‘Took me for a ghost,’ she said slowly, advancing slowly, till her eyes were close to mine. I scowled.

‘You *called* me Rayne,’ she said.

‘No :’ I said ; ‘not you—the ghost.’

Fury seemed suddenly to possess her.

‘I hate her !’ she cried discordantly.

I took her in my arms, in a half-unconscious way that meant quiet.

‘Don’t be a fool,’ I said. ‘Why did you get up ?’ She was struggling a little to get free.

I let her go : and turning, walked away to the hearthrug, and stood collecting my thoughts. I felt her hand touch my arm. I looked aside and down, at her face.

‘Don’t be unkind to me,’ she said.
‘You’re not kind to me!’

‘Then,’ I said unaffectedly; ‘I’m sorry.’
I turned again and, putting my hands on her shoulders, looked at her. ‘As for that
“Don’t be a fool,” of mine, you mustn’t look upon it, or the things I say like it, as unkindness. The words that I say to you are, in reality, said to myself—if not at the time, most certainly afterwards. It is the cursed actor’s instinct that makes me say them: that’s all. I say them——’ The expression of her full, half-dreamy unfathomed eyes was pleading, pleading all but pitiful. I did not know what to do, what to say.

At last:

‘My dear child,’ I said seriously; ‘I believe you’re in love with me.’

She answered nothing.

‘I wish you weren’t,’ I proceeded. ‘If you only knew what nonsense it is—love, everything! In ten years, you may be a worm-eaten piece of carrion: in less,

perhaps. I too. Where do you think you'll be then? Where shall *I* be? What'll be the good of your having loved me? or of my having loved you?

'You don't love me,' she murmured, with eyes now far away.

'By love,' I said, 'I don't know if I love you or not! Do *you* love *me*?'

She smiled a little.

'Ah!' said I; 'I wish to goodness you didn't then!'

'Why shouldn't I if I like?' she murmured, with her eyes far away and something of the little smile round her lips. I slipped my arm round her shoulders, her cloak-clad shoulders, and led her gently towards the door.

'Come,' I said; 'we have talked enough. Let us go to bed, and sleep. If so be that——'

Now at the door curtains, I turned a little, saying:

'I have forgotten to blow out the candles.'

I went back and blew them out. She waited for me. We went on together, I with my arm round her shoulders as before, through the dark dining-room, and salon just lit with the light from the open door-frame, and into the lighter morning-room, where I said :

‘Are you afraid of death, Rosy?’

‘No,’ she said; ‘I’m not afraid of it.’

(We were, through the drawn curtains, in the bedroom lit with two unshaded candles.)

She said no more, nor did I. And we went onto the bed : where I sat her down, and myself close beside her. Her hands she put together in her lap, and her eyes were looking dreamily before her.

‘Would you be afraid to die to-night?’ I said softly in her ear—‘Rosy.’

‘No,’ she said.

I showed my teeth, with an upward glance at her.

‘Will you die to-night?’ I asked, a little evilly.

‘What do you mean?’ she said, looking

at me. The same expression was still on my face, nor did I change it.

Will you die with *me* to-night ?' I said ;
' I am ready to die with *you* : although, my dear, as the saying goes, I don't love you.'

' You are very wicked !' she said, her eyes rounding. ' That would be wrong.'

' No :' (shaking my head down a little) ;
' only tired of it.'

Then I looked at her :

' And so,' I said, ' that would be wrong ?'

I took down my hand from her shoulder and stretched out my arms backward and yawned.

' Be it so,' I said ; ' that would be wrong.'

I lay awake by her in the dark for a little, thinking about my work, and whether I would go on with it, and whether I would go on with anything. By degrees, my thoughts grew to present occurrences, to to-night's : and then, without thinking whether she was asleep or not, asked—her, I suppose :

' Why did you get up ?'

‘Because I wanted to see you.’

I fell into my thoughts again; till at last, ‘Ah!’ I said to myself, ‘if I were but some poor, striving, struggling devil in some country town, and she my brave little wife — some poor, striving, struggling devil of a man of letters, with hopes of some day teaching a callous English society to know him as its “teacher,” and she the brave little wife that believed in me! Ah! why have I not had to strive and struggle? Perhaps I should have become a great man some day, then. Life would have been self-sufficing for me. I have almost a mind—a mind to throw away all those disgust-bearing, despair-bearing golden grains, and go out and struggle and strive again. Surely, I was happier as a boy in London than . . .’ But there was little good in thinking in this way now, to-night.—I did not ask myself why. I left the thinking and its question alone: and dozed: and fell asleep.

My brain rewarded my mind for its later

thoughts on suicide, by a morning dream. I was stricken with some disease, the precise nature of which neither I nor anyone knew. It was at present existing in me somewhere, dormant. All at once it took shape in my head and breast. From my head came a puant reek of bluey corruption, infinitely foul : in my breast appeared a fathomless sore, from the crater of which oozed a sickly, yellowy fluid, infinitely loathsome. All my body was full of pain, and the only thing that gave me any relief was to moan ceaselessly. People stood pityingly around me. I seized pieces of wood and drove them away. I hated that anyone should hear me moan. But one person wearilessly returned, till at last I noticed her body, for it was a naked woman. The skin of her stomach and ribs was all shrivelled up and dry ; but her breasts were full and soft and sweet. This I knew ; for I touched and kissed them without looking at her face, having laid aside my anger against those who had stood pityingly

around me. At last it struck me that the reason why the skin of her stomach and ribs was all shrivelled up dry was because she had once tight-laced them; and, wondering why her breasts, which I had kissed again, were so full and soft and sweet, I looked up at her face and saw that it was what had once been Rosy's. Then I turned away and stepped over a cliff, and sailed down obliquely towards the rock-foam-line of the quiet sea; but, alighting closer, as a flying duck in the water, in the shingly sand in which I had left a little onward trail, I lay grabbling the shingly sand with my hands to under me; till what had once been Rosy came to me again when, straight-way remembering and realizing the infinitely foul reek of my head's recesses and the infinitely loathsome sickly yellow fluid and my fathomless sore, I arose and waded and plunged into the sea which closed over me. But what had once been Rosy was now pursuing me like a sniffing sleuth-hound bitch. The chase was terrific, and the

stench from me spread behind me as I flew on like the wave-line made by the nose of a fleet boat in pooly waters. At last I came upon the ruddy bubbling crater of a submarine volcano and dived in, she after me. I felt no heat : only a vague idea that this now slower chase, this pursuit, had been enacted before somewhere by some one. We went on for a long time in the liquid fire at an equal distance, till, at last, I felt that I was getting ahead of her. Then I slackened my speed a little, and the stench from me grew round me like a cloud. I moved on again, and began to think that I had desired to die and could not. I thought this over and over again, till the desire to die became almost maddening. In a few moments I had passed through five things that suffice to give death, unscathed. I turned and went through them again, unscathed. Then it was said to me : '*Jesus Christ says that, unless you can die, He will inflict the punishment of perpetual life-with-death upon you !*' I lifted up my face frowning and answered : '*If He*

thinks that I would seek death from fear of anything He can do to me, He is mistaken. Here I am, let Him take me.' Then I was taken away to a dim under-world place, and found my arms were round a body, great, naked, flabby, which would come down upon me, and the skin depended a little on the only part I could see of it, the thighs and belly and upper portion of one broad leg. The sweat flowed forth from all my flesh, till the great, naked, flabby body felt steamily wet. Then I perceived that this was my father, as I had held him up before. But I would make no sign of any emotion lest Jesus Christ, who was standing by, should see it. The stench from the recesses of my head and the hollow deep of my breast rose till I was almost suffocated. I knew that Jesus Christ was standing by, there, looking at me, and would make no sign of any emotion. Sulphur rose in my throat : my eyes were suffused with blood : the burthen of the body, the flesh of which was growing round

my arms, pressed heavily upon me. I knew that if I would I could escape straight-way from all these things ; but Jesus Christ was standing by, there, looking at me and thinking that I would at last come to Him and ask Him for *His* death : I made no sign of any emotion. Then the great, naked, flabby body began to press down upon me with a dull, mechanical force, so that my head was thrust backward, and I saw that it had a face. At the same time the dim under-world atmosphere began to be lit with a certain mild gold radiance, as of dusky gold shafts through a still, dim blue water : and I grew to see the features of the face. The eyes were turned up, so that only half the pupil was visible : the round over the cheek-bones was swelled, and with a little down of hair on the one I looked at : the mouth, with thick, out-turned, discoloured lips, gaped. I knew no more of the face, except that it had some resemblance to three people that I had known and one that I had never known till

now. The upward head came slowly down, as it were, settling upon mine. (I could not move : I was supporting the body.) It was not two feet from mine. I felt a slight breath on some part of my face, not of the mouth of the thing, but *from* the mouth : I felt it again and again. The upward head sank lower : the mouth with the outward-playing breath was by the top of my hair, by my eyes that looked into its black inner cave : the turned-up eyes, the half-visible pupils, were opposite mine that looked into their vari-radiated centres (I steadfastly looking, and, as it were, noticing, so as to master all expression of any emotion) : sank below mine. Then there was a steadying of itself in the ever-upward head before it came on. It came on : the thick out-turned discoloured lips had pressed mine that did not move. I felt that something would burst in my brain : every muscle in me was rigid, the blood in me was rigid, the thought in me was rigid. The breath from out of the mouth entered mine and rolled there in a cloud before de-

scending into me. The face, flabby, clammy, cool, grew to mine. I framed a tremendous curse in my heart, and made a one universal effort to bring it forth—and woke. I was full of many sensations. Rosy's eyes were looking into mine. Not realizing these things, and not unrealizing those things, I said :

'Thou hast not conquered, Galilean !'

——I was exhausted, wet with trickling sweat, my mind filled with the images of my dream. I shut my eyes, and, after a little, succeeded in thinking. At last, 'What accursed shadows I saw ! Shadows of sin ; shadows of a tormented universe. Oh, my God ! My time is short. . . . I know it. I shall not get further than Paris. I know it. . . . Blake, old fellow, Allan's dead.—“Dead ?” he’—Poor Brooke ! if he had a dream like that ‘last night,’ no wonder he was ‘troubled’ with it.

I opened my eyes and looked at Rosy. The idea of her complete unconsciousness of my dream, of the part she had played in

it, and of the sort of kiss she had been the means of giving me, struck me as being ludicrous, so that I laughed rather brightly at her. She was a little sleepy, a little languorous, lying with her pretty face deep in the soft pillow, and her escaped hair flowing—brown-gold tresses—round about her head. The sun was on our feet. A little canary she had bought yesterday was singing snatches of song in the morning-room. The idea of her solemn bestowal of that half-awakened kiss made me laugh brightly at her again. The little canary there was singing snatches of song. The sun was on our feet.

CHAPTER II.

THAT evening I received a book and a letter from Mrs. Herbert, enclosing another—from Starkie, at last! I read Mrs. Herbert's first, in order to be able to better give myself up to Starkie's and the book, which I guessed was Brooke's. There was nothing of any interest in hers; a mere report of the satisfactory condition of things at Dunraven Place. Then I opened Starkie's; began reading it slowly. He had caught up Clarkson at Zanzibar. Things were not going as well as they might. Two months frittered away in taking great pains about doing nothing. But they had at last started, and here they were on the Continent. Clarkson wanted to turn down to Lake Intangweolo, instead of making for Lake Eugénie, to explore that

block, which was comparatively unknown ; whereas the other place was both known and interestless, save for the fact that old Osbaldistone died there. He, Starkie, should like to know what the devil was Clarkson going to do in *that* galère. Catch fever or dysentery and manure the sand ? He could not possibly say when they might be back ; perhaps not at all. He had a faint hope that it might possibly be before next year was out. But he couldn't write any more of this stuff. He was out of sorts—in the *blues*. Clarkson seemed determined to give his name to a new species of beast, or die in the attempt. They'd do no good this time. Only another instance of wasted time, and wasted treasure, and wasted—life. But here was the end, or he would be tearing up this stuff in disgust.—Mine disgustedly, but truly, OLIVER S. STARKIE.

I began to think about this letter till it struck me that it was odd I had not received it sooner. Then I examined the post-marks,

and found that it had arrived in England in early February.

‘Damn the old woman!’ I said, and pulled the paper covering off what as I had rightly guessed was Brooke’s book, the book. Rosy asked what was the matter? I explained, and, after a little small talk, took to examining the book. When I had satisfied myself, feeling in a sociable humour, I began talking to Rosy, and she, soon brightening, came to me gladly. We had a quiet talk about past things, one of the, if not the, most quietly pleasurable talks I had ever had with her. We talked about how she had made me eat the grapes and had made me call her Rosy (*Miss Rosebud*, I insisted. She had not had *all* her own way from the first!), and how Minnie (poor Minnie!) had chased the piece of paper under the table: and how we had gone out for our first walk together when I was so weak—and stupid (where was the respectful clerk a good deal better dressed and, doubtless, fed, than myself, now?): and how we had tea together

that other evening in my room, with the fruit and the cakes and all the other things, including a solemn little owl who wouldn't laugh properly once the whole time, and the walk together afterwards. And so on.

And we had in the bedroom a look at a certain little round silver locket (chosen in a jeweller's in Edgware Road), of which there had been some talk in the study, and I had repeated dramatically :

'But I shall always be able to keep the locket, you know : and when I look at it I shall think of you and give a sigh ;' (and I gave one) 'for—you've been——'

'Don't tease me !' cried Rosy, with puckered brow and a slap on my arm. And I didn't.

The next day after breakfast I set upon my work again, but could make nothing of it. I felt I had better go out. I went out : down to the Seine and frittered away half an hour or so looking at books in the book-boxes on one of the river walls. It was a dull grey day, with a certain amount of wind,

east wind I thought: altogether quite like a half-bred London day in early March, before Boreas had grown boisterous.

I lit upon an ill-used copy of a book by an English writer whose name I had heard spoken, evilly spoken, of in my later London days. I was in the humour for buying the book of such a writer, so I bought it and came home with it and straightway began to read it. The subject was an author whom I had been of late accustomed to read both rather frequently and rather carefully. I was struck by the number of my own thoughts that I found. Then there began to creep over me the sense that I had done nothing yet, written nothing yet, that is: a displeasing enough sense when coupled with another that I never should do anything, write anything; anything, at any rate, worth the reading. I envied this man who wrote with such assurance of work done.—About which point Rosy came in from her afternoon walk and we had tea.

It often happened that I was silent at

meals and Rosy content to let me so, I thought to myself, but this evening, apparently because she saw that I particularly did not care to talk, she kept on asking me questions and chattering ceaselessly. For some time my sense of duty kept successful guard over my temper and I answered her quietly; but at last I sent my sense of duty packing and began to answer her a little irritably: then, gradually worked into an aggrieved state by her persistent chatter, answered her irritably, and at last kept a frowning silence. She was defiant: went on chattering and laughing with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, and at last proceeded to tease me. I was not in a humour to be teased. I said so. She was excited now and not to be stopped, despite that Marie was in the room clearing away the things for dessert. I kept my frowning silence till Marie was gone, and then said, as playfully as I could, that I was rather tired of hearing a certain little tongue wagging and wished it would stop still for a little.

Then came an indignant flare up, to which I made no answer, not even by looking at anything but the grapes I was eating and my plate : then a second indignant flare up spiced with hot reproaches. I expected wet reproaches to follow : and expected rightly. She was getting tired of them when, having finished my grapes, I got up and went into the study.

I made an attempt to work, but failed : made another attempt, and failed again. I determined I would go out. Then, under the influence of a collapsing sense of tiredness and sleepiness, thought of bed ; but bed meant Rosy, and I could not stand her just at present. I went into the dining-room. She was sitting knitting, or whatever it was, in a chair. I told her that I was going out, and might not be in till late : to which she deigned no answer. I went into the hall and, taking my hat and stick, down and out. Which way to go ? Where to go to ? I stood, beating my trouser-leg with my stick, considering. It

was a beautiful night, clear and cool—no moon, with the heavens star-sown.

There was evil in me. I felt it in a little: and did not care to combat it. I walked to the right, a little jerkily. It was not now, Which way to go? but, Where to?

I began to think of piquant pictures of Grévin's—dumpy, strutting little cocottes of undeniable chic, and laughed at the thought. There was evil in me, and I did not care to combat it. Names I knew of the supposed haunts of said dumpy, strutting little cocottes—Rue Blanche 'le Skating Théâtre' (the pronunciation of which, 'le Skatting Théâtre,' made me laugh again), and the Folies Bergere.

I took a cab to the Rue Blanche.

When I entered the hall there was a certain tremulousness in me, chiefly the result of an imperfect sense of wrong-doing, and a little, maybe, of the music and the bright scene. I stalked round the rink, not quite daring to openly regard anyone: in fact,

very self-conscious. I sat down at a table, and, having ordered a bock, began to argue with myself for a perfect fool. Here was I, who had pondered on Life and Death and Time and Space and God, absolutely nervous in a hall filled with harlots and harlot-mongers! What more ludicrous? I paid the waiter, drank a little of my bock, and looked about me.

In five or six minutes I was master of myself. In ten I was stalking round the rink, observing the people with interest. I thought I would speak to one of ces dames, and see what she had to say for herself. Variety is pleasing. But ces dames had such uninteresting faces, and such puffed-out breasts and contracted waists, that I found I had no inclination to speak to them. I wandered about for half an hour or so without seeing any face that attracted me: and then went out and (not analysing my motives) took a cab to the Folies Bergere.

At first sight, I liked the place better

than the Rue Blanche: the fountains pleased me, and the seats. Then I was attracted by a vendeuse of somethings or other, who had a finely developed pair of whiskers, quite bushy. I stood and began imagining her point of view of life, till, catching my eye, she smilingly proffered one of her somethings or other, addressing me. This made me laugh, and laughingly declining, pass on. I wandered about. The faces of the women seemed to me a little more interesting than those at the Rue Blanche, but not interesting enough to be spoken to.

Once, coming down a staircase, I found myself faced by myself in a mirror. I paused in my descent for a moment, in which I saw my solemn face set above my shoulders, squared by my hands being clasped together behind my back. The idea of this figure and face stalking about among these people, made me laugh.

At last I grew wearied of it, and went away for a long walk about the streets.

When I came home I found Rosy sitting in the library, in the easy-chair, looking as if she had kept herself awake by means of some sort of emotion : I soon perceived jealousy. In a little she began questioning. Where had I been ? why was I so late ? I answered her simply. First, I had been to the Skating Theatre, in the Rue Blanche, and then to the Folies Bergeres : and then for a walk.

Those were bad places : bad women were there ; I needn't have kept her up all this time, and then come and told her that.

How did she mean that I had kept her up ? since when had she taken to sitting up for me when I went out at night ?

She believed that I had been talking with a lot of those women. And why hadn't I gone home with one and never come back here again ? She (Rosy) had always thought it would come to this ! she knew quite well when I went away this evening that I was going after some . . . some one else (tears) ; I was a cruel . . .

I thought the child was ill, and tried to comfort her. She would take no comfort. I came to her, intending to try more personal comfort. She was up and, with an intense :

‘I *hate* you ! . . . Go away !’ herself went away.

After a little pondering, I decided that it would be best to let her alone, and composed myself to sleep in the arm-chair and another chair for my feet.

Marie, entering to dust the room, was apparently the instrument of wakening me from bad dreams. For a little I did not know whether to laugh, or pull a face at myself, or take Rosy’s quarrel with me seriously : then, observing the sunshine in the room, determined to go out and get rid of all these spiritual cobwebs. Dried and somewhat dirty as I felt, I would not go into the bedroom and wash myself with the chance of awakening her. I went into the hall and, taking up my stick, onto the landing. I was going down the first flight of

steps, with my mind full of thought, when, all at once, there was a stumble, a fall, a clutching at and a missing the bannister, and I was lying, half-stunned and dazed, on the broad step at the foot of the flight.

Then a wrath rose in and burst forth as I rose in a keen :

‘ B——t !’

This foolery was past all endurance !—I dropped down again : my foot had failed me : the anguish in it, in my ankle particularly, was almost intolerable. I rolled onto my stomach and face, stiffening my muscles so as to bear it without the threatening childish collapse, or, at least, moan. After a little I determined I would get up—up the flight, into the house.

With great pain, aided by my stick, I reached the door, opened it, went in, into the study, and into the easy-chair.

There I began to think. At last I found that I had to wrestle with the old man of the wiry muscles and the hateful breath, the

Natural Supernatural, once more. If I had not wrestled with him, I was quite capable of believing that there was a conspiracy here. I threw him at last, and, having thrown him, felt how much better it would be when my carcass was rotting under the sod and my soul melted in the air, and all these troubles over.

At last Rosy came in, dressed, still in the sulks. I did not speak to her. Wishing I were dead was not the sign of reconciliation or comforting. I was thinking now whether I would send for a doctor for my foot, or no : deciding no. Rosy pretended she had come to look for something, and, not being able to find it, went out again without a word. I could have laughed, but scowled instead.

I got up and made my way to the dining-room doorway, then through the dining-room to the salon doorway. She was in the salon. I had only a moment's hesitation. I crossed half the salon as ordinarily as I could ; but I knew I limped a little.

and this angered. Then I suddenly thought: *Why* should I care to disguise from her the fact that I am hurt? and limped altogether. She said nothing. (I noticed by the morning-room clock that it was half-past eight: she was, as I had supposed, up early.) In the bedroom, I rang the bell and went and sat on the bed.

I got my boot off myself, and Amélie, following my directions, bandaged my ankle up in a wet napkin. Her final adjusting touch of the bandage extorted a noise of some sort from me, and I looked up. Rosy was standing by the doorway, watching: I scowled and looked down again. She went away.

I ordered my breakfast in the study, where I went, passing by Rosy in the dining-room. My foot was ceaselessly painful.

I ordered a bed to be put up in what we called the bath-room for me. Rosy came into the study at about five, found a book of hers on the mantelpiece just above my head, and went out without a

word. I sat thinking, or rather, trying to think.

At half-past Marie brought in the tea, Rosy following her. Then Rosy poured out a cup, put sugar and milk into it, and, taking a piece of cake, retired to the chair in the far-window, where she began to drink the one and eat the other in silence. As I wished for my cup of tea, I got up and poured it out, and, taking a piece of cake, retired to my seat again. I determined that I would have dinner in here, in the shape of some fruit and bread and milk.

When Rosy had done her cup of tea and piece of cake, she renewed them : I, after some thought as to whether the pain of getting them was worth the candle of partaking of them, and the (foolish but natural) display of my feeling toward her in this matter, did not. When she had finished, she put her cup and saucer on the table and went out of the room. I rang and told Marie what I wished about my dinner. I was not angry or even piqued by Rosy's

conduct : I was too indifferent to it to be either. The reason why I did not make advances towards reconciliation with her was, that I did not care to trouble myself so far.

During the course of the day Rosy contrived what little annoyances she could for me ; but with no other effect than making me laugh at her simpleness. ' If you quarrel with a woman,' I thought, ' you must expect this sort of thing.'

When I was in bed, I considered what was the real condition of my feelings towards Rosy. Without doubt, they were those of complete indifference, and, perhaps, something more. What had I written even in the lotus-eating time ? ' If to-morrow I were to be transplanted to Egypt or wherever you like, I do not believe that I should be sad, being told that I should not see you again.' And now ?—I ventured to doubt that I was anything but a fool not to myself transplant myself somewhere where I could myself tell myself that

I should not see her again. There was no 'imperfect sense of wrong-doing' in the thought. It seemed to me to be something little short of folly to stay here and be troubled with her. I ought to go out into the world and see its ways, so as to prepare myself for my work ; that work which was nothing else than, having by self-culture and observation got an impression of things generally, to put down that impression on paper. Truth was the object of my work, and, by the very fact that I was a quite unprejudiced viewer of the phenomena of what is called Life, I did not see why I should not produce such an impression of things generally 'as posterity should not willingly let die.' The idea of telling the truth about things was a pleasing one. I could almost believe that some day that idea might be of itself a sufficient incentive to a love of existence.

CHAPTER III.

FOUR days passed. Then it seemed to me to be best to put an end to this.

The reconciliation with Rosy was therefore effected, and then there came a flow of gentle tears, soft embracements, and the rest of it: all of which I endured in an actively passive sort of way, as being to the female mind the necessary sequence of a quarrel.

The days sped on again. I was content. Once or twice, I thought to myself that I should, perhaps, have been more content if I had *not* been content; for indifference was to be avoided by me. But there was always the answering thought of this inevitably undecided position of Rosy's and my relation towards one another. One inter-

esting particular I had, as it were, parenthetically learnt from Rosy : that her departure from No. 3 on that memorable evening, with head bent down and hands evidently holding one another in front, was not, as I had supposed, to the streets, but to the house of a Mrs. House, who owed her money for some work she had done. It had been some sign of my philosophy (or indifference) that, on realizing that the whole of this luckless connection of ours rested on a mistake, I had not done more than remark to myself that it was a pity, and, after thinking about it for a few moments, gone on with other thoughts.

One afternoon we were having tea together in the study, both of us reading or skimming illustrated newspapers, when I, hearing a ring at the bell, looked up, and said :

‘What’s that, I wonder?’

She suggested that it might be some things which she had got at the Bon Marché in the morning, and proceeded to

explain that she had transferred her custom from the Louvre to the Bon Marché for some reason or other which I do not remember. There came a knock at the door. She said, 'Entrez !' and Amélie came in with a letter on the letter-tray and towards me, saying that it was a letter for monsieur. I was reflecting that that knock at the door had struck me as not being in harmony with the eternal fitness of things (Marie had, at my request, been broken of the habit), when Rosy inquired who had brought it up ? As I had my upward hand on it, Amélie was answering that it was monsieur the concierge who had brought it up that very moment, and had said that he was sorry to have overlooked it in the morning. A glance at the redirected address had shown me that it was Rayne's handwriting. My heart went up to the bottom of my throat.

'Is it from Professor Strachan ?' asked Rosy as Amélie was going on.

‘No,’ I said, striving to be full master of myself.

Rosy refrained for further question, and I slowly opened the letter :

‘DEAR BERTRAM,

‘I should not have written to you, but that many things have come upon me. My little son is dead. God, in His great Love, saw fit to give him to me, as I thought, for my consoling : and He has seen fit, in His great wisdom, to take him away from me again. God’s ways are not as our ways.

‘I do not say that my affliction is not hard, very, very hard to bear. At times I have doubted that I should ever see the good of it. I do not deny this. But I pray always for Faith in His Goodness, and Faith full and perfect, I am sure, will be given to me before the end. Yes, I am dying ! Perhaps it is better so : and yet, I do not quite mean that. My head, you see, is not quite clear now. There is something I should

like to say to you. Will you come to me ? But yet do as you think you ought to, and remember, that any liking of mine is as nothing in comparison with your duty. I have written too much already. But you will understand. For my head is not clear now.

‘ My husband sends this. He has been very good to me. Remember about your duty. If I do not see you again, I ask God to bless and keep you and make you His at last, as I know He will.’

‘ Brave heart,’ said I to myself — ‘ brave heart !’

My eyes stayed fixed on her name for a little: then I thought; till my thought from thick shoaledness turned to confusion.

I half crumpled up the letter in my hands. Some one touched me on the arm. I had risen: was standing up, here, in the room. It was Rosy. I did not know she was here too.

I looked aside at her: her cheeks rosy

red, a star-gleam in her eyes, her brows knit.
A vixen.—What did she want ?

‘It is from her. I know . . . it is from her.—She wants you to go to her ?’ (She was half-panting out her words.)

‘Yes,’ I said.

‘You will go ?’

‘Yes.’

‘You shall *not* go ! Oh, you shall *not* go !—I will not let you go.’

I passed slowly by her upraised hand :
then, turning, found her close beside me.

‘ . . . My dear child . . . she is dying.
I must go to her.’

‘I will not let you—go !’

‘Will not—let me—go ?’

I stood, thinking of Rayne.

‘ . . . Won’t you say anything to me ?’
she cried. ‘What does she want with you ?
What right has she with you ? You are not
hers !—She wants to take you away from
me. I know her.—But she shall not !’

Suddenly she stepped to me and caught
me by the arm, crying :

‘I *won't* let you go to her! I *will* not! you *shall* not go! I will not *let* you go!’

‘Hey?’ I said; ‘what are you talking about?’ And looked at her.

Realizing her to be there, her, the tool Circumstance had chosen to undo me with, the plague of a mistake, her, the red rag flaunted in my face by Circumstance that thought I could not gore horse or man again, I concentrated unutterable hate in my looking at and into her. She shrank back.

‘Ah,’ she whispered, shivering, ‘don’t. Don’t. Don’t. I will let you go. Yes: really, truly, indeed, now, this very moment. Only don’t look like that, or I shall shriek.’

I turned away my face again, indifferent: and thought again.

‘. . . But you *will* come back?’ pleaded her tearful voice.

‘I have told you,’ I said. ‘Yes.’

‘You have told me nothing. Promise me that you will come back. Swear to me that——’

I went to the paper-cupboard, opened it, and stood looking for the time-table. She touched me on the arm. She had come after me. I turned to her and said :

‘I tell you that I will come back all right. Now, do not trouble me, Rosy. You see that I am—that I don’t want to be troubled.’

‘But how long will you be?’

‘I can’t tell. But not more than a few days : if so much.’

‘Oh, what shall I do, what shall I do ? You will leave me ! And I shall never see you again ! You will never be the same to me again.—I *hate* her !’

‘My dear child,’ I said, ‘she is dying. You won’t have to hate her long.’

‘You love her !’

‘I do not.’

‘You do, you know you do !’ She caught my hand in hers up to her lips. ‘I *can’t* let you go !’ she sobbed.

I comforted her in a quiet way, *stroking* her hair back :

‘Come,’ I said, ‘don’t be silly. Come, come.’ And went on, till all at once it occurred to me that I ought to have looked out the time the night mail went, and paused. The clock struck six.

‘By Jove,’ I said, half to myself, ‘what a fool I am!’ And turned and began rummaging in the cupboard till I had found the time-table. I quickly opened and began to study it.

A pause.

‘I am . . . very sorry,’ said her soft voice by me. ‘I didn’t mean to vex you. Will you forgive me?’

‘Oh yes, I have nothing to forgive you for.’

‘And may I pack your things?’

‘You are kind.’

‘Don’t say that,’ she pleaded. ‘Will you give me a kiss, and be friends again?’

I turned round and, with my arm about her back, gave her a kiss on the cheek. I was smiling at her child’s wobegone face. Then I plunged into my thoughts again and, leaving her, went to the window and

at last found out the time of the night-mail. Then I took to walking up and down the room in front of the chimney-piece and fire.

‘ . . . Will you tell them, please,’ I said, ‘ to be quick with the dinner? I have not much . . . Ah, she is gone.’

I rang the bell and, having turned, saw the envelope of the letter with the papers on the floor at the foot of the easy-chair. I picked it up and considered it. A horrible thought came to me: *Rayne might be dead!*

I looked at the postmarks. The letter had taken four days to get to me. I cursed Mrs. Herbert. Where was the letter?

I found it in my waistcoat pocket, put there I did not know when.

Marie opened the door. I told her to tell Amélie to be as quick with dinner as possible, as I wanted to catch a train. Marie agreed and went back, closing the door.

‘ I have found your small portman-

teau,' said Rosy, coming into the dining-room doorway with a noise of the curtain-rings. 'Will you come and choose the things you want, because I'm not sure?'

We went together.

When we, or more particularly I, had finished packing the portmanteau, we went in to dinner. The portmanteau was to be taken down the back staircase. Neither Rosy nor I could eat much. I was thinking of Rayne.

After what must have been a rather long silence :

'I forgot the flask,' she said. 'Do you know where it is? You'd like to take the flask with some brandy in it? It's such a pretty flask, and you've never used it.' (She had given it me.)

'Yes,' I said; 'oh, to be sure.' And told Marie to go and bring it.

Marie brought it, and then came the question of the brandy. There was none in the house: which had not struck any of us before. I was for not minding about it,

till I saw that Rosy would be hurt if her flask was not used : so Marie was sent out to get some brandy, while Rosy and I went into the study again, not caring for more dinner. There I sat down in the easy-chair, with full thought, and Rosy quietly brought a chair to by mine and sat down and took my hand from my knee to within hers on her lap. So we sat in silence.

Then Marie returned with the flask filled, which Rosy took from me, and reaching, put on the table. It was not yet time to start. We sat in silence, as before ; till my thought was less full and I turned my head to look at her with large upward eyes whose gaze was far away somewhere.

‘ Are you all right now ? ’ I asked.

‘ Yes, ’ she said, ‘ I am all right. ’

I was sorry for her : somehow as I had been sorry for her sitting on the hearth-rug in the fire-lit room waiting for me who stood at that small window there. I could not help thinking of the exceeding pity of it, that that mistake had been made, to give

me to her—and her to me. I began to consider that, it could not always be an inevitably undecided position, Rosy's and my relations towards one another. Here we were : what were we to do ?

I put my arm round her neck and drew her cheek to meet my lips :

‘Poor little Rosebud,’ I said. ‘Poor little Rosebud !’

Then I felt the tears coming soft from her eyes : and the memory of a scene rose before me, when I said :

‘Why, little Rosebud. You mustn't mind like that, you know. I'll come back again some day—quite soon.’

Ah, I *had* come back again, and had brought her, not a bonnet with blue ribbons and a flower that should look so real that the butterflies should settle on it, but what she wanted—myself : and what I had promised with myself, some grapes and bon-bons : and, what I had not promised with myself, some thorns and nettles. Alas, alas, alas ! And it *was* alas, for she was

indeed alone in the world, quite alone, as if nobody else belonged to her. . . .

' Good-night, Rosebud. Good-night !'

Well, there was no good in this.

I said :

“ The cocks they crew, and the horns blew,
And the lions took the hill ;
And Willie he gaed hame again,
To his hard task and till.”

—I must be off, my pippin, or I shall miss the train.’ And got up and went across the room and turned, looking at her.

She rose and, saying : ‘ I will fetch your coat,’ went out through the doorway, leaving me with my mental stretching and rubbing of limbs that had been asleep and wakened up to the feeling that their blood was sluggish.

Presently she returned with my great-coat, which I took with thanks from her, and then I felt that she felt that the final embrace was coming. In a moment it was come. She was in my arms, pressing up

with a poor little tearful face for the soft lips' kiss. None other kiss than that now, somehow : none other kiss than that now. Oh Rosebud, Rosebud, all thy poor pitiful little love is poured forth in it : oh Rosebud, Rosebud, wherefore not content to be still and let him pass from thee, rather than to drain the cup to the lees ? But so it was, and so I gave it. Then our beings, scarce met, parted again : and I had left her.

I picked up my hat from the stand, and was pacing to the door, when the thought of the little window came to me. I stopped : bent : looked. She was standing as I had left her by the table, but her face was turned as towards the window. Large upward tearful eyes whose gaze was where ? with me in that place if somewhere far away ? . . . *Should I go back to her ? . . .*

I lifted up my head and went on slowly to the door, with a foreboding in me. Of what ? I opened the door : was out : had half drawn it to, when the thought of Wasn't it all a dream ? hastened my draw-

ing to, and the noise of the met jambs took a deeper noise in the staircase. I was at the first step : my left foot on the second : my right on the third. I felt a pain there. My ankle had been hurt : true.

I went down.

As I got into the cab opposite the door, I looked up at our balcony half hoping to see her there. No. Nor at the window.

Once more, as we drove away, I looked up at balcony and window. No. I was a fool.

I thought much on our way to the Gare du Nord.

When we arrived there I found that I had abundance of time. I began to walk up and down the hall, thinking profoundly. At last this thought came : 'The next evening I met the Professor at the Gare du Nord as we had arranged, and (he, at the end of our walk up and down in the hall — There we turned, there he began to speak — commending Rosy to my care as a last sudden thought that . . .'

Sudden thoughts came quickly. I

paced up and down more quickly. A porter with my portmanteau came to me to remind me that it was time to be getting my luggage weighed and myself on to the platform. We went up the hall together. I looked at the clock. He was right. I gave one big step on, and suddenly stopped. He passed me, and stopped too, but not as I had done.

‘Thanks:’ I said. ‘I shall not go to-right.’

‘Good, sir,’ he said.

‘If you will put that into a cab,’ I said, ‘I will be back in a moment.’

‘Very well, sir,’ he said.

I went off to the telegraph office, where I wrote on a form: *Lady Gwatkin, 22, Balmoral Street, London, and B. Leicester, Paris, and I cannot come.* Then, when the clerk had shown me that he understood it aright, I returned to my porter and the portmanteau in the cab. I thought much on our way to the Avenue de Fontenoi. When we arrived there I, who had not, did

not look up at either balcony or window, got out with my portmanteau and, having paid the man, went slowly in. As the impulse to look up had been denied, so was that to ask at the concierge's if she had gone out. But the concierge came forth to proffer carrying up the portmanteau : and I surrendered it to him. Up, then, I went slowly, deliberately, with mechanical limping foot. At the second story some one came out, a man, and descended upon me : when, through the mutual choosing of first one side and then the other, there was a moment's delaying till I went straight on, but not before I had, in the gas-light, caught a mechanical glimpse of a face that mechanically reminded me of some one. I cared not. Up I went again slowly, deliberately, with mechanical limping foot ; till I reached our third story, and the door, and had unlocked it, and gone in, and drawn it to quietly. The passage in the red light of the hanging oil lamp's little floating redder core flame. No : not to

look in at the small window.—In here, into the study. Almost dark : no one here.

Now into the salon. Almost dark too : no one here. Don't call for her, or your voice will unnerve you as a concession to the ghostly.

In the morning-room. Almost dark : no one.

In the bedroom : no one.

Will you go into the bath-room ? Yes. No one.—Stand and think a little.

Now go back through all those almost dark and empty rooms, restraining that cry that is in the top of your beating heart. And, going back, *what an emptiness there is in the place !*

It is foolish to feel the presence of the ghostly or something seeably unseen here. The matches are on the mantelpiece behind the jar. Don't knock it over, you proper.—Light. No : darkness. These thin contraband matches are better than the stinking sulphurs, but still . . . Out again. *Damn !*

Now be careful this time. Light the candle.

It is lit.

What is the time ? A quarter to nine.
Now——. A letter on the table.

She is gone !

My mouth is dry : I swallow. Read the letter. Here :—

‘ MR. LEICESTER.

‘ I warned you of it. I see it all now. I told you I would go away when it came. The last thing I ask from you is for me never to see you again. You will find everything in the house. I have only taken the clothes I have on and £2 7s., which I had when I went with you. You are not to try to find me. If you do, you are a coward and no gentleman. I pray God will forgive me for my wickedness ; He knows I did not do it for gain, but for pure love for you ; that is the only comfort I have within myself. I loved you, but what is love and how strong when through

suffering hate takes the place of that love.
I hate you and I always shall.

‘R. H.’

I sat down and, with my elbows on my knees and my head between my hands, tried to think it out.

CHAPTER IV.

DESPITE every effort that was made to discover her, Rosy remained undiscovered. At the end of a week I made my arrangements in the matter and crossed over to London, where I felt sure I should ultimately have news of her. I had been informed by a chief of the Parisian police that either she had got off by the very train which I had intended to take, or else she was dead. I felt a strong conviction that neither had she got off by that train (how was it possible?), nor yet was she dead; but at times a horrible idea came over me that she might be being detained in some infamous den. This chief of police had confidently assured me that it was not so: I had, myself, wandered

about in filthy back streets enough in the forlorn hope of finding her : had at last, thinking of Marina, visited infamous dens enough, places of hot air and bright light and tawdrily rich ornament, filled with fat and ghastly painted naked women who had at first almost terrified me, thinking of that awful breathless picture of Juvenal's Agrippina, and then made me sorrowful nigh to tears. And here in this London, where my own poor mother had offered her body for sale in the public way ; what a thought was it to think, that perhaps I had not persevered enough in that search ; perhaps if I had stayed another week, another *day*, I might have found her ! Thought of it and recollection of it mingled perpetually. I could do no steady work. As day followed day, and still no news either from Parisian or London police, I became so feverish at nights that I could not sleep.

At last, one evening about a fortnight after she had left me, sitting in my easy-

chair in the study window, trying to read a book, I began to think about the little canary (up there asleep in his cage), singing snatches of song, while the sun was on our feet, and, realizing once more that all this was not done in a dream, but that she was indeed gone from me, might at this moment be in misery, might die without my ever seeing her again—the tears came, and then, bowing my head down between my hands, I sobbed and wept. These were the first tears I had shed. They were a relief to me. I began to think of it as I had not yet thought of it, quietly and fully.

That night, for the first time since she had left me, I had a dreamless refreshing sleep. In the morning I went down the river to Greenwich again, and up onto the heath, thinking of Rayne, as I had so many times this last fortnight. The place seemed somewhat strange to me now: stranger than it had seemed before. I did not go to the school and the field where

Wallace and I had lain and played at 'chuck,' looking out at times over the dark, silver-twining Thames and duskily, far-reaching London.—I determined that I would find out about Rayne when I got back.

I went to Balmoral Street, and, seeing no assuring sign in No. 22 of life or death, rang, and inquired of a maid who opened the door, if Lady Gwatkin was any better? There was no surprise in her face. *Rayne was not dead.* My breath flowed out almost in a sigh.—Lady Gwatkin was a good deal better. She had gone with Sir James into the country.

It was enough. Further words I did not hear. I went away almost joyfully.

A few days later, I saw Strachan, and spoke about the Expedition, Starkie, Clarkson and Brooke, again. Worked with a will at my classics, and at my spiritual classics as well: struggled against despondent and not-to-be-dismissed thoughts

about Rosy. Once was almost setting out for Paris, with a notion (illogical enough) that she was there, but a little thought showed me that my arrangement of things was best. She was in London I was sure. She would probably write to me in Paris (perhaps not knowing my London address). My man would telegraph at once: I would be with her at once. But a sudden idea that my man might, after all, be negligent, unsettled me.

It was the afternoon after this consideration of the matter in which the sudden idea of my man perhaps being negligent had occurred to me, that I spent in a long walk and debate.

When I returned home, looking as usual on the hall table for the longed-for telegram, I saw one. (My heart started.) I picked it up, and came quietly into the study and, at the window, opened it.

She was found.

I threw up my face and laughed. *Found! found! found!* Found at last.

A letter from her. (Address unnoticed yet.) This :

'I cannot give you up. I am ill. Do come to me. I am sorry for it. It was wrong of me. Will you forgive me and come ?
'R. H.'

.. 'Forgive you ? Come ?' I said, laughing. 'Oh, little Rosebud, I will forgive you for forgiving me ! I will come to you, and keep you, and——' Ending in tearful laughter.

To have found her again ! To know that I had not . . . Nay, I knew nothing yet ! And she was ill.

How long it took for that gold-incited hansom to get to the place ! How long the Anglicized Italian woman took to tell me where she was ! Upstairs I went at last : up, up, to the very top of the house, the dusty, dingy attic. She was there.

I knocked softly at the door and, on *her* voice saying that I was to come in, went

in, and stood for a moment looking. I had but seen her pale worn face on the pillow before she had started up with a glad cry. And then I was holding her in my arms, and she me, silently.

In a little I felt that my eyes were full of tears; but she squeezed me in her old dear child's way, so quietly, pulling me in to her: and the smiles came to my lips, and I bent back my head so as to look at her face. But she would not let me: turning round her head and pressing it to my neck, in her old dear child's way. It seemed a dream that we had ever been away from one another. And then all at once she kissed me on the lips, such a long kiss: and hid her face again, and sighed contentedly. And so we remained in one another's arms some time—silently.

At last I began to think; but had no more than begun, when her breast heaved, all her body heaved, before the sound of the cough came as a relief to it. I feared that my holding her might increase the

effort, and made a little move to loosen from her, but she would not. *Fear*ed indeed : there was fear in me.

‘Rosebud,’ I said, when I was sitting by her on the bed, stroking her hand, she lying back on the pillow looking at me, ‘you’ve got a very bad cold.’

‘Yes,’ she said ; ‘I——’ And went off into another fit of coughing, the third she had had since I came in. It was fear-inspiring to listen to her.

‘How did you get it ?’ I asked.

‘Got it !’ she said with a smile. ‘Caught it !’

‘Well——’ I began : and stopped. I was determining that she should be out of London before that night.

And so she was.—We went down together to Micklehurst, a place I had heard of as being sunny and with a deep blue sky. The child seemed very contented, quietly contented, dreamily contented, somewhat contented as I did not quite like her to be. The patience with which she bore

her convulsive fits of coughing seemed to me strange. Once I caught myself thinking of a dying monkey I had seen in Paris streets.

Arrived in the hotel, albeit I hesitated a little, I determined that I would go and bring a doctor to see her. And, having made her comfortable in the window at a room that looked over the blue winding seay river, with its girdling darkened mountains, over which the sun was setting in mellow golden warmth, I went down and inquired the name and address of some doctor. I seemed to be drinking in the clear, pure air as I walked along.

I found the doctor's house, and the doctor: and brought him to see her. He reported a bad cold, cautiously adding that he would come again and see her on Saturday. (This was Wednesday.) I accompanied him down to the hotel door. I rather liked his face: he had a little gold light in his eyes somewhere, perhaps something to do with the sun there. I asked

him one or two questions about her which he answered simply. She had caught a bad cold : that was clear. Perhaps it was nothing more : perhaps again it was, perhaps even it might develop into congestion. She seemed in rather a low state of health ; but he would see her again in a few days, on Saturday, and then he should be able to tell me if there was anything. I said :

‘ Thank you ; very well, be it so. My name is Leicester. We shall probably be staying here for some little time.’

And so we parted.

Rosy spent a bad night with the coughing. She did not care to go out, although the day was delightfully sunnily warm, but stayed in an easy-chair by the open window looking over the blue winding seay river and the girdling mountains, all set in the deep blue enamelled firmament. I left her with a book for an hour in the morning and went down onto the shore : and again, late in the afternoon. Her cough grew worse towards evening, and at last it struck

me to go out and get her some sweets to suck to try and stop it. I brought in a large packet of divers sorts, which pleased her : and we sat by the fire, which she had wished should be lit, and talked quietly and happily about ourselves of the past. It seemed a dream that we had ever been away from one another ; but a sweet soft dream that had sweetened and softened all the time that we had been with one another.

This night was worse than the last, and the next day than that which preceded it : and so with the next night. Two or three times this night, after a long fit of convulsive coughing, she brought up some sticky, rusty-coloured stuff, with thin streaks of blood in it, that I examined in the candle-light, and having examined, felt a renewal of that indefinable fear that had entered me when all her body heaved before the sound of the cough came as a relief to it. As I lay back, thinking about this, she all at once said :

‘I think I’m going to die.’

I was startled.

After a pause :

‘What makes you think that?’ I said.

After another pause :

‘I wanted to die. I knew I was catching it all the while, and I didn’t care: I didn’t stop it. That was because I wanted to die. But when I found how . . . I think God is going to punish me for it.’

I turned over, and smiling, gave her a kiss on the cheek.

‘Serious,’ she said, moving her head a little and looking at me. ‘Serious.’

‘Quite serious,’ said I, beginning to laugh. ‘Quite serious, you——’ and chucked her under the chin. An unfortunate act; for immediately succeeded a violent fit of coughing, and an unsuccessful attempt to get up some more of the sputa.

That inspection of the handkerchief ultimately decided me at breakfast to go and

find the doctor again : which I did, but he could not come till later.

Rosy was informed that she would have to go to bed again, and perhaps have to stop there a little. I at once suspected congestion, whatever that precisely meant.

As the doctor and I went down together I catechized him. He said that she had pneumonia. I inquired the precise meaning of pneumonia.

‘Inflammation of the substance of the lungs.’

‘Was it dangerous?’

‘Sometimes.’

‘Fatal?’

‘Sometimes.’

‘How long did it last?’

‘Three or four days, in good cases; more generally a fortnight or so.’

I asked him a few more questions, and then he took up the word, and told me what would, what might be required to, be done. Then we parted.

I came upstairs to Rosy again, with a

feeling as if there was going to be a species of campaign undertaken. The first thing to do was to find out if she minded leaving the hotel. She did not. Then I went out to observe the house that the doctor had recommended to me.

It was rather a cottage than a house. I liked it. It had a small garden, bright with flowers, in front of the dining-room, a long thin room with two door-windows opening on to a little lawn. I came back with a description of it, which, having pleased her, sent me off to take the place at once: and back to bring her to it.

By lunch-time we, I and the landlady and the servant, had the dining-room turned into a bed-room—light, airy, and comfortable.

The doctor came in the afternoon again. Further directions were given, and he left us, saying that he would leave the prescriptions at the chemist's as he went home. By tea-time everything was ready. Rosy had throughout remained quiescent, except that,

as she was coming into the house, she had noticed some red daisies in the bed under the window, and plucked one, saying : ' A pretty thing ! ' and for a moment stood looking at it, while I stood looking at her.

I had every thing to hand—inhaler, medicines, milk, beef-tea : and the kettle, with a long brown-paper spout to it, so as to keep the atmosphere moist with the steam, on the fire, from whose immediate heat and light she was sheltered by the bed-curtain drawn out and tucked under the mattress. The idea of nursing her was, of course, pleasing to me. I felt no fear now. The sense of her lying there as she was, seemed to admit of no feeling but calm tenderness.

The cough was very troublesome : more violent, more as it were ineffectual. She was very thirsty, and complained of the warm milk and beef-tea. Orders had been left that it was to be warm, and so of course she would have to drink it warm. I had to coax her to it like a child. The same with the inhalation. At first she,

half sleepy, would not draw, but kept moaning, and turning her mouth away from the pipe, till I bantered her into taking twenty pulls to show she was not afraid of it, and then turned the twenty into thirty, and the thirty into fifty, and so on up to a hundred, and far over (I deceiving her by dropping back ten several times): and so the requisite ten minutes inhaling were achieved. She could get no sleep. She kept up this low moaning all the while, occasionally sitting up with her chin on her knees, and the lower part of her hands in her eyes. Once she suddenly looked up at me and said :

‘ Don’t you believe I got this as a punishment for wanting to die ?’

‘ No ; I don’t. I think you got it as the very natural result of catching a severe cold.’

‘ But I did it—I did it on purpose.’

‘ The cold wouldn’t know anything about that. There now ! Now you’ve asked what you wanted to ask, and you mustn’t talk any more.’

She had a violent fit of coughing. When it was done she said :

‘I do wish you’d talk to me. I cannot get to sleep. I like to hear you talking.’

‘Very well,’ I said. ‘I’ll tell you a story. Will that do?’

‘Yes,’ she said. ‘But lie down there. I don’t like you sitting up.’

I lay down on the extreme edge of the bed, with my head on the bolster, and began my story. It was the story of Undine. Often I had to stop on account of her coughing. Once the story was so broken into by a fit of coughing, that I hoped she would forget or not care to hear any more; would try to go to sleep. Not so. She began to talk about what had happened to her in London, and would not brook interruption. At last, I let her say what she had to say. She told me of her life at Wiltshire Crescent.

‘I was glad when you came,’ she said slowly, with pauses. ‘I had a most horrid

dream of you. I dreamed you were dead, and that I saw your coffin carried by men to the cemetery. I thought I was in such grief about parting with you in anger, that I would have given half my life to have parted with you friendly . . . I know I have been very wicked in doing what I have, but I do believe God will forgive me. I did love you. I was also in trouble as to whether you were safe in heaven, and I thought I wept so bitterly, and my grief was so great that, while I was following to see where you were buried, I was obliged to kneel down to pray God to take you to heaven, and to forgive all, at the same time promising I would be good all the rest of my life, in hope to see you there: when I awoke and found it all a dream. I was very pleased, but it upset me for days, and at last I made up my mind to write to you, as I could not rest. Well, *there!* it's all over now: and very likely it' *I* am going to die instead of you.'

Here she had another fit of coughing, and I got up to give her some milk. After that I felt she had forgotten the story, but she requested its continuance, and so I continued it, with the necessary breaks, till four in the morning, when she fell asleep. Not even the orders of the doctor, that is to say my duty, prevailed over my disinclination to awakening her at five for her medicine. She herself awoke a little later : the medicine was given : and at her request the story continued ; but only for a little, for we could not get on with it ' one little bit,' as she said, owing to the growing frequency of her fits of coughing. She was quite exhausted by the time the sun came into the room over the top of the hedge : about seven o'clock. I was tired, but not sleepy : and less tired when I had washed myself. Then she got a little sleep.

The doctor came about eleven. He sanctioned her drinking her milk and beef tea cold if she really did not like to drink it warm : and Rosy's silence said that she

really did not like. I went with him to the door and into the garden, where I asked him if he could not give her some opiate. He shook his head. I said that she was being torn to pieces by the cough, and that I could not help thinking that it was dangerous to let her get as exhausted as she had been a few hours ago, and was yet. He said :

‘I dare not give her anything.’

The words and their tone settled the matter. I asked again if it was possible to give her any stimulants now ? He said :

‘No ; best not. Go on just the same as yesterday with the inhaler and the poultices, and the milk and beef-tea. That is all.’

I said that as fast as I gave it her, she brought it all up again : purposelessly. Then, after a proposal about a nurse, which I refused, he left me. I thought no more of him.

At about five she would have me lie down on the edge of the bed and try to get some sleep : and, with the promise from

her that she would awaken me in an hour, when it would be time for her to inhale again, I closed my eyes. She deceived me. It was seven when I awoke: was awakened by what was, maybe, an unusually violent fit of coughing. I scolded her, dear little Rosebud, so thin-faced now, as I got the inhaler ready: she, between her coughings, smiling at me.

After tea—I sitting by the bedside, holding her hand and thinking—she all at once, quite opened her eyes and looked at me:

‘Where do people go to when they die?’ she said.

I looked at her dear child’s eyes, but did not answer her.

‘Do tell me,’ she said, in a child’s aggrieved tone, rumpling her brow. ‘Don’t tease me! Tell me true.’

After a pause, in which memory dwelt lovingly on look and tone, and that sweet correlating gesture of the hidden face, I answered her:

‘I believe that they go into the earth from which they came.’

‘Yes,’ she said, ‘but that’s not their spirits. What do their spirits do?’

‘Their spirits, too, go into the earth.’

She shook her head :

‘No,’ she said ; ‘their spirits go up’—(looking up)—‘up into heaven.’

I lifted her hand, and bent my head, and kissed her hand softly.

‘But don’t *you* think so too?’ she said.

‘No,’ I said, still bent over her hand. ‘But’ (looking up at her and smiling), ‘what does it matter *what* I think, dear?’

She began to cough, and went on for a little. Then :

‘Don’t you think,’ she said, ‘that good people go to heaven when they die?’

‘Now don’t you talk any more in this way!’ I said, getting up and sitting on the bed by her, ‘or I shall—well, I shall have to stop you *someway*.’ And I put my arm round her shoulders.

‘Ah,’ she said, drawing her head back so as to look at me, ‘but don’t you?’

‘Don’t I what?’

Her brow rumped.

‘Don’t tease me!’ she said. ‘You *must* tell me.’

‘Very well,’ I said, ‘I will tell you, then. I don’t think anyone goes to heaven, however good they are, for I don’t believe there’s any heaven to go to.’

‘But what becomes of them, then?’

‘They go into the earth from whence they came.’

‘That’s horrid!’ she said. ‘I don’t——’ and began to cough again.

I put my arm round her shoulders, and leant my cheek to hers that was wet, while the lump gathered in my throat, and the tears in my eyes also.

‘What is it, dear?’ I said. ‘Why are you crying?’

In a little:

‘I was thinking,’ she said, ‘that God wouldn’t let us see one another then,

perhaps, because we had been so sinful, and because you—because you talked in that way. If you didn't talk in that way, perhaps He would, you know; because I *did* love you so!' (She had turned and thrown her arms round my neck.) 'Oh, I couldn't do without you! I did try, I did try. But you were so . . .' Her trembling lips did not finish it.

At last:

'Oh, Rosy,' I said, with a low, choking voice, 'what have I done to you? . . . Oh, my little Rosebud!'

'Hush!' she said, 'hush, dear; don't say that. I don't think God'll be so hard upon us; I don't think He will. And it wasn't *your* fault, this. It was all my fault; I did it. I knew I did. But I don't mind now. Kiss me, dear; kiss me. It wasn't your fault.'

I kissed her, and straightway the cough caught and shook her poor body through and through; but she would not have me take my arms from round her. And as I

felt all this, the thought in me turned to utter fierceness.

We talked no more of these things, except that Rosy told me that last night she had dreamt of being smothered by wreaths of smoke, and could not wake me. We talked of the dear hours in the past, and of the dearer that were to be in the future—by snatches; for her cough was almost ceaseless, and, it seemed to me, more violent than last night. She had, apparently, forgotten about the story, which was to have been continued to-night; and I did not care to remind her of it while we were talking as we were of the dear hours in the past, and of the dearer that were to be in the future.

But, as the night wore on, she became worse. I had great trouble to get her to take the inhalation. She kept up the low moaning all the time, as she had done on the first night; occasionally, too, sitting up with her chin on her knees, and the lower part of her hands in her eyes. I did not

leave the bed-side for a moment. Now and then she fell asleep, but the low moaning did not cease, except when she muttered incoherently.

The slow hours passed. I must have dozed. I awoke with a start. She was struggling violently. I saw that, and her swollen, livid face, and eyes strangely prominent with strange, clear brightness. Then I knew that she wanted me, and, in a moment, was across the bed, with one arm round her body and the other loosening her nightdress at the throat ; but she had caught it, as it were, by chance, and rent it down wide open, just as the button was coming undone. I held her steadily up, despite her violent, downward struggles. She knew I was holding her. She could not get breath ; she was suffocating. Her chest seemed rigid. I looked at her livid face again, with eyes of prominent, strange, clear brightness, her stretched nostrils.

Then, before I scarcely knew what had happened, except a tightened effort of her

body in my arms, she had ceased struggling. I looked at her face: looked long; at last, wildly. I shook her gently; lowered my arm to shake her again, when her head fell back with the upward, staring eyes. I put up a hand over, and closed and held them down; and thought, *She is dead, dead.* What did that mean? No. . . . No. . . .

I gathered her close in my arms, kissing her warm, pure throat and talking to myself; and, at last, let both of us lie back in the soft pillows, I with my cheek on her warm, pure breast. Ah! better to sleep now without more words; better to sleep. Think no more of that phantasy. I was given to such. Even as a boy, I could not quite tell sometimes whether I was in a dream or awake; so now, I could not quite tell sometimes whether I had seen things in dreams or in the vital air: so now. But that was enough of speaking. Better to sleep now without more words; better to sleep.

'A bundle of myrrh is my well-beloved unto me ; he shall lie all night betwixt my breasts. I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes and by the hinds of the field that ye stir not up nor awake my love till he please.'

THE END.

•

Now ready at all the Libraries.

THE VALLEY OF SOREK.

A NOVEL. 2 vols., 21s.

By GERTRUDE M. GEORGE.

'There is in the book a high and pure moral and a distinct conception of character. . . . The *dramatis personæ* . . . are in reality strongly individual, and surprise one with their inconsistencies just as real human beings do. . . . There is something powerful in the way in which the reader is made to feel both the reality and the untrustworthiness of his [the hero's] religious fervour, and the character of the atheist, Graham, is not less strongly and definitely conceived. . . . It is a work that shows imagination and moral insight, and we shall look with much anticipation for another from the same hand.'—*Contemporary Review*.

'The characters are clearly defined, the situations are strong, and the interest evoked by them is considerable. The women, in particular, are admirably drawn.'—*Athenæum*.

'Henry Westgate, the hero, is a study of no slight psychological interest. . . . It is the development of this character for good and for evil, through the diverse influence of friends and circumstances . . . that Miss George has portrayed with singular vigour and skilful analysis. . . . It is impossible to read this story without wonderment at the maturity and self-restraint of its style, and at the rare beauty and pathos, mingled with strength, which mark every page.'—*Literary World*.

'Literary merit beyond the average. . . . A young man arrested in a career of carelessness and extravagance by a reverse of fortune, reforms his life and becomes the subject of strong religious convictions. How these convictions are assailed, and how they are shaken, almost to overthrowing, is told in the story. . . . There is ability in the book, and promise for the future.'—*Spectator*.

'Henry Westgate, the hero . . . is drawn with skill and power. His lapses from the right path, his weakness when he allows himself to be drawn down by the wife whom he loves, instead of raising her to his own spiritual level, are portrayed in a forcible and natural manner. Graham is also a clever, if unpleasant, character study. . . . The author . . . possesses no inconsiderable talent.'—*Morning Post*.

'The present novel stands out with bold and striking originality. For a first composition it is remarkable alike for its subtle analysis of character and philosophic depths in probing the passions and mysteries of the human heart. . . . It is a story that captivates the imagination. . . . "The Valley of Sorek," as this sentence shows, is a tale with a high purpose, and it is told in an eloquent and most impressive manner.'—*Daily Chronicle*.

'Evident signs of artistic ability in these volumes. Thus, she possesses in no slight degree the power of investing her characters with life; that she has considerable insight into human nature is shown in the subtle analysis of the phases through which the hero's mind passes during his courtship of Hebe. . . . The strong situations which arise out of the conviction of the innocent Westgate serve to show that the author possesses some dramatic power. . . . The story is well and powerfully written.'—*Globe*.

'Her power in depicting the fluctuations of character between good and evil influences ("betwixt Ormusd and Ahriman," to follow her Orientalism) is by no means small, nor does her choice of Sampson and Delilah, as implied types of her hero and heroine, seriously impair the natural character-drawing of these personages. . . . The work is praiseworthy and promising, and, if the author should advance as happily as she has begun, her name may yet be famous.'—*Daily Telegraph*.

'An original—indeed, perhaps it is not too much to say a unique—story. . . . Powerful, eloquent, and only too true. . . . Marked by strong individuality.'—*Society*.

'The story of Westgate's infatuation for the impetuous, beautiful, and pleasure-loving Hebe Mansfield is well told.'—*Morning Advertiser*.

LONDON.

GEORGE REDWAY, 15, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

Price Seven Shillings and Sixpence.

In crown 8vo., 384 pages, handsomely bound in cloth, gilt.

THEOSOPHY, RELIGION AND OCCULT SCIENCE.

BY

HENRY S. OLCOTT,
PRESIDENT OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

•• *Among the matters treated in this important work are :—*

Adepts—Aryan Philosophy—Astral Self—Atma—The Aura—Madame Blavatsky—Boehmen—Brahminical Customs—Lord Buddha—Cosmic Matter—Charms and Spells—Chela—Christianity—Clairvoyance—Con-
fucius—Crystal-Reading—Demoniac Agency—Dervishes—Divining Rods
—The Dualists—Ecstasies—Hierophants of Egypt—Electricity—Esoteric
Buddhism—Euhemerization—Exorcism—Fire Worship—Folk Lore—Free-
masons—Gautama—God—Hebrew Cosmogony—Hermetic Doctrine—
Hinduism—Illumination—Immortality—Incantation—India—Initiates—
Islam—Jesuits—Jesus—Jews—Jiv-atma, or Life-principle—Kabala—
Kabeirac—Mysteries—Koran—Krishna—Levitation—Loadstone—Lully—
Magic Magnetism—The Mahatmas—Mahomet—Materialism—Mediumism
—Mesmerism—Miracles—Moksha—Moses—Moslem Paradise—Muktatma
or Soul Universalized—Mysticism—Neo-Platonists of Alexandria—Nirvana
—Occult Sciences—Od, or Odyle—Odic Aura—Oriental Philosophy—
Palingenesis—Parabrahma—Paracelsus—The Parsi—Plato—The Phono-
graph—Plotinus—Porphyry—Prayer—Prognostication—Psychic Phen-
omena—Psychology—Psychometry—The Pundits—The Puranas—The
Reformation—Reincarnationists—Religion—The Rishis—Story of a Sadhu
—Salem Witchcraft Horrors—Sanskrit Literature—The Sastras—Science
—Séances—Self—Sensuality—Somnambules—Sorcery—'Soul'—Herbert
Spencer—Spirit Rapping—Ancient and Modern Spiritualists—Super-
naturalism—Swedenborg—Table-Moving—Secret of Talismans—The
Talmud—Theodidaktol of Greece—Theosophical Society—Theosophy :
Its proper definition—Theurgists—Thought-Reading—Transmissibility
of Thought—Mystics of Tibet—Training in Occult Science—Trance—
The Tripitikas—Universal Brotherhood—The Upanishads—Vatsavana
—Vedantism—The Vedas—Vedic Philosophy—Vestal Mysteries—Vital
Force—Witchcraft—Science of Yoga—Zoroastrian Religion, etc.

LONDON :

GEORGE REDWAY, 15, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

BOOKS PUBLISHED AND SOLD

BY

MR. GEORGE REDWAY.

YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN,

LONDON, *January*, 1885.

Mr. Redway's Publications.

*In crown 8vo, in French grey wrapper, uniform with the Bibliographies of
RUSKIN, DICKENS, THACKERAY, and CARLYLE. Price 6s.
A few copies on Large Paper. Price 10s. 6d.*

The Bibliography of Swinburne ;

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL LIST, ARRANGED IN CHRONOLOGICAL
ORDER, OF THE PUBLISHED WRITINGS IN
VERSE AND PROSE
OF

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

(1857-1884).

This Bibliography commences with the brief-lived College Magazine, to which Mr. SWINBURNE was one of the chief contributors when an undergraduate at Oxford in 1857-58. Besides a careful enumeration and description of the first editions of all his separately published volumes and pamphlets in verse and prose, the original appearance is duly noted of every poem, prose article, or letter, contributed to any journal or magazine (*e.g.*, *Once-a-Week*, *The Spectator*, *The Cornhill Magazine*, *The Morning Star*, *The Fortnightly Review*, *The Examiner*, *The Dark Blue*, *The Academy*, *The Athenæum*, *The Tatler*, *Belgravia*, *The Gentleman's Magazine*, *La République des Lettres*, *Le Rappel*, *The Glasgow University Magazine*, *The Daily Telegraph*, &c., &c.), whether collected or uncollected. Among other entries will be found a remarkable novel, published in instalments and never issued in a separate form, and several productions in verse not generally known to be from Mr. SWINBURNE'S pen. The whole forms a copious and it is believed approximately complete record of a remarkable and brilliant literary career, extending already over a quarter of a century.

. Only 250 copies printed.

With Portrait, Crown 8vo.

Dickensiana.

A Bibliography of the Literature relating to CHARLES DICKENS and his Writings.

Compiled by FRED. G. KITTON, author of "Phiz," "John Leech."

A "ROSICRUCIAN" BOOK.

400 copies only. In demy 8vo, cloth.

Phallicism:

Celestial and Terrestrial, Heathen and Christian, its connection with the Rosicrucians and the Gnostics, and its foundation in Buddhism. With an Essay on Mystic Anatomy. By HARGREAVE JENNINGS, author of "The Rosicrucians."

"This book is written *ad eorum*, and appeals to the scholar only, and not to the multitude. It is a masterly and exhaustive account of that worship of the creative powers of nature which, under various names, has prevailed among all the nations of antiquity and of mediæval times, alike in Egypt and India, in Italy and Gaul, among the Israelites of old, and among the primitive inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland . . . a most valuable auxiliary to all who care to pursue such a subject of inquiry, a subject for which Mr. Jennings is the better fitted on account of his long and intimate acquaintance with the Rosicrucians, their tenets, and their practices."—*Antiquarian Magazine and Bibliographer*.

"Unpleasant as this subject is, we are quite prepared to agree that in its scientific aspect, as a form of human worship, it has considerable importance. . . . Mr. Jennings deals almost entirely with the subjective part of his enquiry, and he has evidently made a considerable amount of research into the literature of early religions. . . . He has produced something which is, at all events, worth the attention of the student of comparative psychology."—*Antiquary*.

"This book . . . is profoundly learned, and gives evidence on each page of deep thought, intense powers of research, clear and unmistakable reasoning, and thorough mastership of the subject. The appendix also contains much very curious matter which will interest those who desire to study the subject under all its different aspects and bearings."—*Reliquary*.

A NEW NOVEL BY A NEW WRITER.

In crown 8vo, 2 vols., cloth. Price £1 1s.

The Valley of Sorek.

By GERTRUDE M. GEORGE. With a Critical Introduction by RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD.

"There is in the book a high and pure moral and a distinct conception of character . . . The dramatic persons . . . are in reality strongly individual, and surprise one with their inconsistencies just as real human beings do . . . There is something powerful in the way in which the reader is made to feel both the reality and the untrustworthiness of his [the hero's] religious fervour, and the character of the atheist, Graham, is not less strongly and definitely conceived . . . It is a work that shows imagination and moral insight, and we shall look with much anticipation for another from the same hand."—*Contemporary Review*.

"The characters are clearly defined, the situations are strong, and the interest evoked by them is considerable. The women in particular are admirably drawn."—*Athenæum*.

"Henry Westgate, the hero, is a study of no slight psychological interest . . . It is the development of this character for good and for evil, through the diverse influence of friends and circumstances . . . that Miss George has portrayed with singular vigour and skilful analysis . . . It is impossible to read this story without wonderment at the maturity and self-restraint of its style, and at the rare beauty and pathos, mingled with strength, which mark every page."—*Literary World*.

BIOGRAPHY OF "THE ILLUSTRATOR OF DICKENS."

In demy 8vo, wrapped, uncut for binding, with Extra Portrait. Price 3s. 6d.

"Phiz" (Hablot Knight Browne):

A Memoir; including a Selection from his Correspondence and Notes on his Principal Works. By FRED. G. KITTON. With numerous Illustrations, comprising a Portrait of "Phiz" and Seven other full-page Engravings, printed on plate paper, besides many process Reproductions of Comic and Original Sketches with which the deceased artist was wont to embellish the exceedingly droll letters to his sons, now for the first time published.

* * * *A few copies only remain.*

"This edition of the Memoir is not only interesting in itself, but is sure to immediately become scarce. The first edition was exhausted in six weeks, and the present issue contains new and valuable family and biographical matter."—*Printing Times*.

By the late Mr. R. H. HORNE, Author of "Orion."

In large crown 8vo. Price 3s. 6d.

Sithron, the Star Stricken.

Translated (*Ala bereket Allah*) from an ancient Arabic Manuscript. By SALEH BEN UZAIR, of Bassora.

"This very remarkable book, 'Sithron' . . . is a bold, pungent, audacious satire upon the ancient religious belief of the Jews . . . No one can read the book without homage to the force, the tenderness, and the never-failing skill of its writer."—*St. James's Gazette*.

REDWAY'S SHILLING SERIES, VOL. III.

Edition de Luxe in demy 18mo.

Tobacco Talk and Smokers' Gossip.

An Amusing Miscellany of Fact and Anecdote relating to "The Great Plant" in all its Forms and Uses, including a Selection from Nicotian Literature.

"One of the best books of gossip we have met for some time. . . . It is literally crammed full from beginning to end of its 148 pages with well-selected anecdotes, poems, and excerpts from tobacco literature and history."—*Graphic*.

"The smoker should be grateful to the compilers of this pretty little volume. . . . No smoker should be without it, and anti-tobaccoists have only to turn over its leaves to be converted."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"Something to please smokers; and non-smokers may be interested in tracing the effect of tobacco—the fatal, fragrant herb—on our literature."—*Literary World*.

In 12mo, cloth (Subscribers only).

Lord Byron and His Works.

A Biography and Essay. Translated from the Italian of CESARE CANTÙ. Edited, with Notes and Appendix, by A. KINLOCH. Dedicated (by permission) to his Excellency the MARQUIS OF LOERNE, K.T.

. Among the Subscribers are the MARQUIS of RIFON, the MARQUIS of LOERNE, the EARL of NORTHBROOK, F.M. LORD NAPIER of MAGDALA, and General Sir WM. F. WILLIAMS, Bart.

In crown 8vo, cloth. Price 5s.

The Angelic Pilgrim,

An Epical History of the Chaldee Empire. By W. H. WATSON.

"An epical poem of considerable length and beauty . . . an historic narrative of the Chaldee Empire, its rise and fall, and the influence it exercised on the prehistoric world."—*Christian Union*.

Bibliotheca Arcana, Seu Catalogus Librorum Penetralium,

Being Brief Notices of Books that have been Secretly Printed, Prohibited by Law, Seized, Anathematised, Burnt or Bowdlerised. By SPECULATOR MORUM.

. *Subscribers only. Prospectus on application.*

Mental Magic ;

A RATIONALE OF THOUGHT READING,

And its attendant Phenomena, and their application to the Discovery of New Medicines, Obscure Diseases, Correct Delineations of Character, Lost Persons and Property, Mines and Springs of Water, and

ALL HIDDEN AND SECRET THINGS.

By THOS. WELTON, F.S.A. To which is added the History and Mystery of the Magic Mirror. Post 4to, cloth, 5s.

REPRINTED FROM THE UNIQUE ORIGINAL [BOSTON, 1827].

Tamerlane and Other Poems.

By EDGAR ALLAN POE. Edited, with an Introduction, by R. H. SHEPHERD. Printed in the best style on Whatman paper at the Chiswick Press. 12mo, parchment.

* * * *Three copies only. Price £1 1s.*

"A veritable *Wers de luss* . . . this will be held dear to the bibliophile, whilst to the world at large the work possesses especial interest as being that first published by EDGAR ALLAN POE, in Boston, in 1827; and the specimen copy from which this was printed is unique."—*Society*.

Mr. Swinburne has characterised this reprint as "so beautiful and valuable a little volume, full of interest for the admirers of Poe's singular and exquisite genius."

In crown 8vo, parchment. Price 3s. 6d.

The Anatomy of Tobacco;

OR SMOKING METHODISED, DIVIDED AND CONSIDERED
AFTER A NEW FASHION.

BY LEOLINUS SILURIENSIS.

"A very clever and amusing parody of the metaphysical treatises once in fashion. Every smoker will be pleased with this volume."—*Notes and Queries*.

"We have here a most excellent piece of fooling, evidently from a University pen . . . contains some very clever burlesques of classical modes of writing, and a delicious parody of scholastic logic."—*Literary World*.

"A delightful mock essay on the exoteric philosophy of the pipe and the pipe bowl . . . reminding one alternately of 'Melancholy' Burton and Herr Teufelsdröckh, and implying vast reading and out-of-the-way culture on the part of the author."—*Bookseller*.

In demy 8vo, with Illustrative Plates. Price 1s.

Chiromancy;

OR INDICATIONS OF TEMPERAMENT AND APTITUDES MANIFESTED BY THE FORM AND TEXTURE OF THE THUMB AND FINGERS.

BY ROSA BAUGHAN.

"Miss Baughan has already established her fame as a writer upon occult subjects, and what she has to say is so very clear and so easily verified that it comes with the weight of authority."—*Lady's Pictorial*.

With Symbolical Frontispiece. In post 4to, vellum. Price £1 1s.

The Divine Pymander

OF HERMES MERCURIUS TRISMEGISTUS.

IN XVII. BOOKS.

Translated from the Arabic by Dr. EVERARD, 1650. New Edition, with Introductory Essay by HARGRAVE JENNINGS, author of "The Rosicrucians."

* * * Edition limited to 200 copies.

"No more welcome book could have been sent for our review."—*Theosophist*.

The Greeks applied the name and term of Hermes Trismegistus to the Egyptian *Thot*. He was believed to be the origin of everything formed or produced by the human mind; the inventor of all arts and sciences, and the contriver of the hieroglyphics. Jamblichus attributes to *Hermes* 1,100 books. Eusebius saw but forty-two of these "in his time." That portion of the writings ascribed to *Hermes Trismegistus* which is best known, and which is most beyond dispute, forms the greater part of this translation.

Edition de luxe, in demy 18mo. Price 1s.

Confessions of an English Hachish Eater.

"There is a sort of bizarre attraction in this fantastic little book, with its weird, unhealthy imaginations."—*Whitehall Review*.

"Imagination or some other faculty plays marvellous freaks in this little book."—*Lloyd's Weekly*.

"A charmingly written and not less charmingly printed little volume. The anonymous author describes his experiences in language which for picturesqueness is worthy to rank with De Quincey's celebrated sketch of the English Opium Eater."—*Lincolnshire Chronicle*.

"A weird little book . . . The author seems to have been delighted with his dreams, and . . . carefully explains how hachish may be made from the resin of the common hemp plant."—*Daily Chronicle*.

"To be added to the literature of what is, after all, a very undesirable subject. Weak minds may generate a morbid curiosity if stimulated in this direction."—*Bradford Observer*.

"The stories told by our author have a decidedly Oriental flavour, and we would not be surprised if some foolish individuals did endeavour to procure some of the drug, with a view to experience the sensation described by the writer of this clever brochure."—*Edinburgh Courant*.

Primitive Symbolism as illustrated in Phallic Worship.

By HODDER M. WESTROPP. With Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth.

[In preparation.]

THE ONLY PUBLISHED BIOGRAPHY OF JOHN LEECH.

An édition de luxe in demy 18mo. Price 1s.

John Leech, Artist and Humourist:

A Biographical Sketch. By FRED. G. KITTON. New Edition, revised.

"In the absence of a fuller biography we cordially welcome Mr. Kitton's interesting little sketch."—*Notes and Queries*.

"The multitudinous admirers of the famous artist will find this touching monograph well worth careful reading and preservation."—*Daily Chronicle*.

"The very model of what such a memoir should be."—*Graphic*.

* * * *A few copies remain on hand of the original edition in octavo, with Portrait and eight full-page Engravings. Price 5s.*

In crown 8vo, cloth. Price 3s. 6d.

Sandracoltus; a Drama.

By W. THEODORE SMITH.

"A small but very wondrous book."—*Academy*.

2 vols., crown 8vo.

Leicester;

A Novel. By FRANCIS WILLIAM ADAMS.

*Third Edition, newly revised, in demy 8vo, with Illustrative Plates.
Price 1s.*

The Handbook of Palmistry,

Including an Account of the Doctrines of the Kabbala. By R. BAUGHAN,
Author of "Indications of Character in Handwriting."

"It possesses a certain literary interest, for Miss Baughan shows the connection between palmistry and the doctrines of the Kabbala."—*Graphic*.

"Miss Rosa Baughan, for many years known as one of the most expert proficient in this branch of science, has as much claim to consideration as any writer on the subject."—*Sussex Daily News*.

"People who wish to believe in Palmistry, or the science of reading character from the marks of the hand," says the *Daily News*, in an article devoted to the discussion of this topic, "will be interested in a handbook of the subject by Miss Baughan, published by Mr. Redway."

THACKERAY AND CRUIKSHANK.

The only "verbatim" reprint of the most charming of THACKERAY's critical Essays.

*In demy 8vo, wrapped, uniform with "Phis" and "Leech" Price 3s. 6d.
A few large paper copies, with India proof portrait, in imperial 8vo,
parchment. Price 7s. 6d.*

An Essay on the Genius of George Cruikshank,

By "Theta" (WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY). With all the Original Woodcut Illustrations, a New Portrait of CRUIKSHANK, etched by PAILTHORPE, and a Prefatory Note on THACKERAY AS AN ART CRITIC, by W. E. CHURCH, Secretary of the Urban Club.

"Thackeray's essay 'On the Genius of George Cruikshank,' reprinted from the *Westminster Review*, is a piece of work well calculated to drive a critic of these days to despair. How inimitable is its touch! At once familiar and elegant, serious and humorous, enthusiastically appreciative, and yet just and clear-sighted; but above all, what the French call *perso-sonal*. It is not the impersonal reviewer who is going through his paces . . . It is Thackeray talking to us as few can talk—talking with apparent carelessness, even ramblingly, but never losing the thread of his discourse or saying a word too much, nor ever missing a point which may help to elucidate his subject or enhance the charm of his essay. . . . Mr. W. E. Church's prefatory note on 'Thackeray as an Art Critic' is interesting and carefully compiled."—*Westminster Review*, Jan. 15th.

"The etcher has given us Cruikshank less like Fagin than Macaire has made him."—*American Bookman*.

"As the original copy of the *Westminster* is now excessively rare, this re-issue will, no doubt, be welcomed by collectors."—*Birmingham Daily Mail*.

"Not only on account of the author, but of the object, we must welcome most cordially this production. Every bookman knows Thackeray, and will be glad to have this production of his which deals with art criticism—a subject so peculiarly Thackeray's own."—*The Antiquary*.

"Mr. Church, in his very pleasant essay, chats agreeably and gracefully about Thackeray in his relations to art, and has collected a considerable amount of out-of-the-way information touching some of the old Bohemian cronies of his author which is full of interest . . . bringing into prominence a phase of the author's character which has been to a great extent overlooked."—*Hampstead Express*.

"It was a pleasant and not untimely act to re-print this well-known delightful essay . . . the artist could have found no other commentator so sympathetic and discriminating . . . The new portrait of Cruikshank by F. W. Pailthorpe is a clear, firm etching."—*The Artist*.

In crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

A Study in Social Physiology.

Prostitution under the Regulation System. Translated from the French of M. YVES GUYOT by E. B. TRUMAN, M.D., F.C.S. With 25 Diagrams.

In crown 8vo., parchment binding.

Hints to Collectors of original editions of the Works of William Makepeace Thackeray.

By J. P. C.

Indispensable alike to dealers and collectors. Of every book an exact copy of the titlepage is given, besides a full collation of pages and illustrations, followed by notes of differences in editions and other matters to be attended to by collectors; and the market value of the book is in every case noted.

In demy 8vo., elegantly printed on Dutch hand-made paper, and bound in parchment-paper cover. Price 1s.

The Scope and Charm of Antiquarian Study.

By JOHN BATTY, F.R.Hist.S., Member of the Yorkshire Archaeological and Topographical Association.

"It forms a useful and entertaining guide to a beginner in historical researches."—*Notes and Queries*.

"The author has laid it before the public in a most inviting, intelligent, and intelligible form, and offers every incentive to the study in every department, including Ancient Records, Manorial Court-Rolls, Heraldry, Painted Glass, Mural Paintings, Pottery, Church Bells, Numismatics, Folk-Lore, &c., to each of which the attention of the student is directed. The pamphlet is printed on a beautiful modern antique paper, appropriate to the subject of the work."—*Brighton Examiner*.

"Mr. Batty, who is one of those folks Mr. Dobson styles 'gleaners after time,' has clearly and concisely summed up, in the space of a few pages, all the various objects which may legitimately be considered to come within the scope of antiquarian study."—*Academy*.

EBENEZER JONES' POEMS.

In post 8vo., cloth, old style. Price 5s.

Studies of Sensation and Event.

Poems by EBENEZER JONES. Edited, Prefaced, and Annotated by RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD. With Memorial Notices of the Author by SUMNER JONES and W. J. LINTON. A new Edition. With Photographic Portrait of the Poet.

"This remarkable poet affords nearly the most striking instance of neglected genius in our modern school of poetry. His poems are full of vivid disorderly power."—D. G. ROSSETTI.

In crown 8vo, cloth. Price 7s. 6d.

Theosophy, Religion, and Occult Science.

New Edition revised and enlarged. By HENRY S. OLCOTT, President of the Theosophical Society.

. *With Glossary of Indian terms and Index.*

In crown 8vo, with Engraved Frontispiece. Price 5s.

R. H. Horne's Cosmo de' Medici :

An Historical Tragedy, and other Poems. By RICHARD HENGIST HORNE, Author of "Orion." FOURTH EDITION.

"We have been among the earliest readers of Mr. Horne—among the most ardent admirers of his high genius—for a man of high, of the highest genius, he unquestionably is."—EDGAR ALLAN POE.

"I have been diving into his treasure house (COSMO DE' MEDICI) this morning, with keen delight and admiration."—ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

"This tragedy is the work of a poet and not of a playwright. Many of the scenes abound in vigour and tragic intensity. If the structure of the drama challenges comparison with the masterpieces of the Elizabethan stage, it is at least not unworthy of the models which have inspired it."—*Times*.

Specimen Number sent Post Free for Two Shillings.

The Theosophist.

A Monthly Journal devoted to Oriental Philosophy, Art, Literature and Occultism; embracing Mesmerism, Spiritualism and other Secret Sciences. Conducted by H. P. BLAVATSKY.

THE THEOSOPHIST is issued monthly, and the subscription is £1 for twelve numbers of not less than 48 columns royal 4to of reading matter, or 576 columns in all, *including postage*.

With the issue of OCTOBER (1884) was commenced the SIXTH VOLUME of this journal.

Theosophy has suddenly risen to importance . . . The movement implied by the term Theosophy is one that cannot be adequately explained in a few words . . . those interested in the movement, which is not to be confounded with spiritualism, will find means of gratifying their curiosity by procuring the back numbers of *The Theosophist* and a very remarkable book called *Isis Unveiled*, by Madame Blavatsky.—*Literary World*.

LONDON: GEORGE REDWAY, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

[Appointed Agent for the Theosophical Society's Publications.]

Mr. HARGRAVE JENNINGS' WORKS.

In crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

ENLARGED EDITION.

The Rosicrucians.

Their Rites and Mysteries, with chapters on the Ancient Fire and Serpent Worshippers and Explanations of the Mystic Symbols represented in the Monuments and Talismans of the Primeval Philosophers; with upwards of 300 engravings.

In crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

Live Lights or Dead Lights (Altar or Table?)

An explanation of the Symbolical meaning of the English Church, with folding plates, &c.

. Altogether the contents of this work on mystic Christianity may be said to be educed greatly from Jacob Boehm, perhaps the most penetrating and profound of Christian theosophic speculators.

In crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

One of the Thirty,

A Strange History, now for the first time told; with illustrations.

This remarkable work gives the legendary history of one of the thirty pieces of silver for which Jesus Christ was sold.

LONDON: GEORGE REDWAY, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

Published at £2 2s. Now offered at 35s.

FIFTH THOUSAND. WITH PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.

Isis Unveiled;

A MASTER KEY TO THE MYSTERIES OF ANCIENT AND MODERN SCIENCE
AND THEOLOGY.

By H. P. BLAVATSKY, Corresponding Secretary of the Theosophical Society.

2 vols., Royal 8vo, about 1,500 pages cloth.

"This monumental work . . . about everything relating to magic, mystery, witchcraft, religion, spiritualism, which would be valuable in an encyclopedia."—*North American Review*.

"It must be acknowledged that she is a remarkable woman, who has read more, seen more, and thought more than most wise men. Her work abounds in quotations from a dozen different languages, not for the purpose of a vain display of erudition, but to substantiate her peculiar views, . . . her pages are garnished with foot-notes establishing, as her authorities, some of the profoundest writers of the past. To a large class of readers, this remarkable work will prove of absorbing interest. . . . Demands the earnest attention of thinkers, and merits an analytic reading."—*Boston Evening Transcript*.

"The appearance of erudition is stupendous. Reference to and quotations from the most unknown and obscure writers in all languages abound, interspersed with allusions to writers of the highest repute, which have evidently been more than skimmed through."—*Independent*.

"An extremely readable and exhaustive essay upon the paramount importance of re-establishing the Hermetic Philosophy in a world which blindly believes that it has outgrown it."—*World*.

"Most remarkable book of the season"—*Com. Advertiser*.

"Readers who have never made themselves acquainted with the literature of mysticism and alchemy, the volume will furnish the materials for an interesting study—a mine of curious information."—*Evening Post*.

"They give evidence of much and multifarious research on the part of the author, and contain a vast number of interesting stories. Persons fond of the marvellous will find in them an abundance of entertainment."—*N. Y. Sun*.

"A marvellous book both in matter and manner of treatment. Some idea may be formed of the rarity and extent of its contents when the index alone comprises fifty pages, and we venture nothing in saying that such an index of subjects was never before compiled by any human being. . . . But the book is a curious one, and will no doubt find its way into libraries because of the unique subject matter it contains. . . . will certainly prove attractive to all who are interested in the history, theology, and the mysteries of the ancient world."—*Daily Graphic*.

"The present work is the fruit of her remarkable course of education, and amply confirm her claims to the character of an adept in secret science, and even to the rank of a hierophant in the exposition of its mystic lore."—*N. Y. Tribune*.

"One who reads the book carefully through ought to know everything of the marvellous and mystical except, perhaps, the passwords. 'Isis' will supplement the Anacalypsis. Whoever loves to read Godfrey Higgins will be delighted with Mme. Blavatsky. There is a great resemblance between their works. Both have tried hard to tell everything apocryphal and apocalyptic. It is easy to forecast the reception of this book. With its striking peculiarities, its audacity, its versatility, and the prodigious variety of subjects which it notices and handles, it is one of the remarkable productions of the century."—*N. Y. Herald*.

Philosophic Chiromancy.

Mysteries of The Hand revealed and explained; the art of determining from an inspection of the hands the person's Temperament, Appetites, Passions, Impulses, Aspirations, Mental Endowments, Character, and Tendencies. By ROBERT ALLEN CAMPBELL. With illustrations. Small 8vo, cloth, 5s.

People from the Other World.

By HENRY S. OLCOTT. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

The First Part is devoted to a detailed description of the strange things seen, heard, and felt by the author at the Eddy Homestead, in the township of Chittenden, Vermont; and the Second, to a report of a series of original investigations made by him in the city of Philadelphia into the alleged materialisations of John and Katie King, under test conditions; to an account of the Compton "transfiguration;" and to a copious Bibliography of the Occult Sciences.

Mr. Punch :

His Origin and Career. With a Fac-simile of his original prospectus in the handwriting of Mark Lemon. 12mo, wrapper, 1s.

R. H. Horne's Bible Tragedies.

John the Baptist; or, The Valour of the Soul. Rahman. The Apocrypha. Book of Job's Wife. Judas Iscariot. A Mystery. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

History of Duelling in all Countries.

Translated from the French of M. CONSTARD DE MASSI, one of the French King's Bodyguard, with an Introduction and Concluding Chapter by SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s.

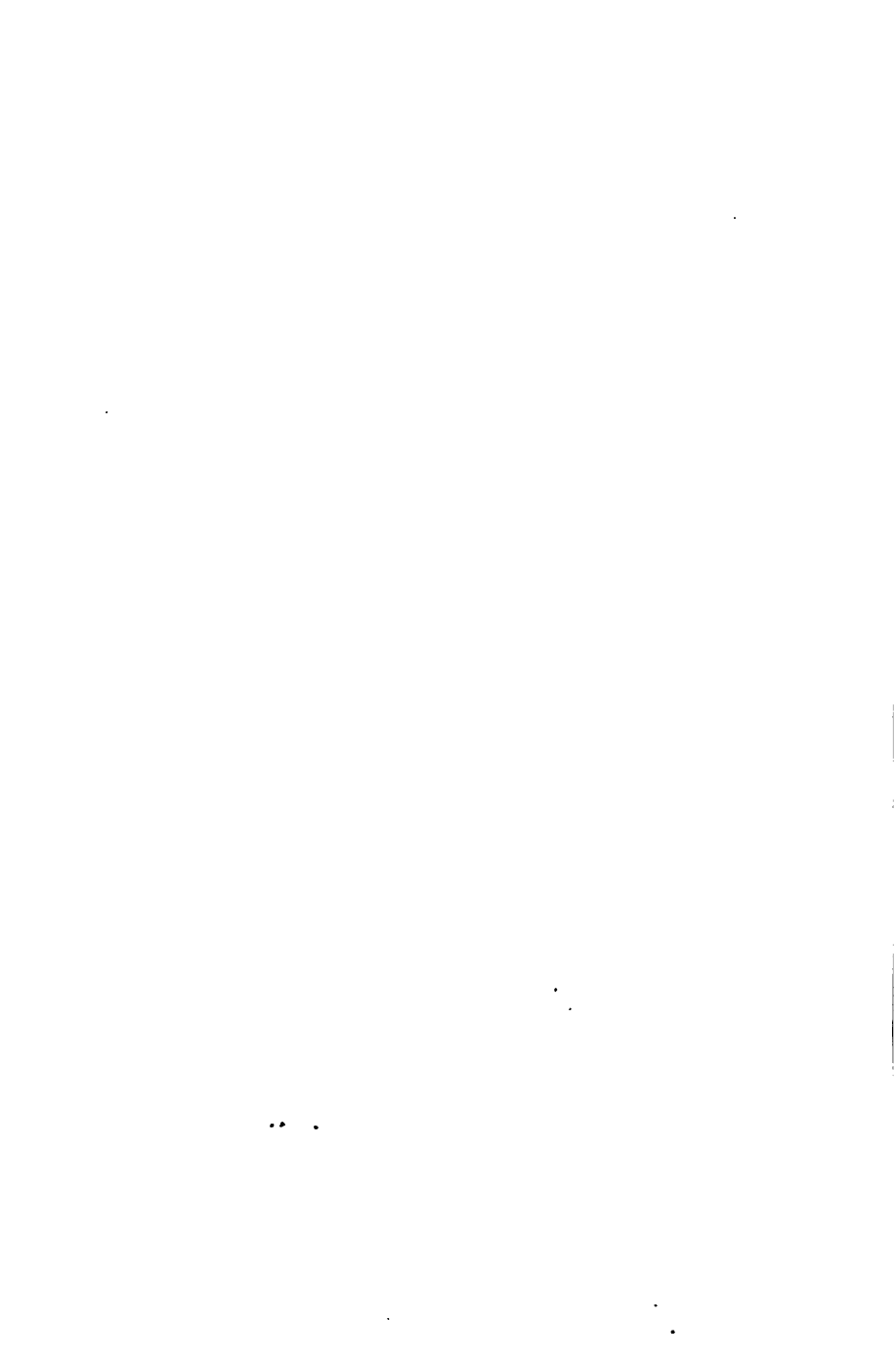
"One of the most realistic, yet romantic and sensational little books that ever issued from the press. My opinion of this *History of Duelling* is that a more brilliant, straight-forward, cut-and-thrust, sharp-shooting, yet, at the same time, honorable and admirable volume, could not possibly be produced; and I most confidently recommend it to all true gentlemen who admire gallant fighting and fair-play."—R. H. HORNE ("Sir Lucius O'Trigger").

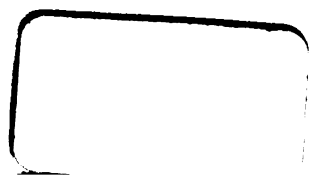
LONDON: GEORGE REDWAY, YORK STREET,
COVENT GARDEN.

**CATALOGUE OF BOOKS relating to Ancient Worships,
Classical and Oriental Antiquities, Mythology, Occult
Philosophy and Mysticism, Curious Physiological Treatises,
Books of Prints, &c.**

***.* Including the works of O'Brien, Inman, Deane,
Godfrey Higgins, Bryant, Dulaure, D'Hancarville, Hyde,
Payne Knight, Kircher, Bartoli, Jablonski, Pignorius, Meibomius,
Cornelius Agrippa, Paracelsus, Helmont, Vaughan,
Behmen, Fludd, Ashmole.**

[Gratis.]





the 1990s, the incidence of *S. flexneri* has increased in the United Kingdom [10]. In the United States, *S. flexneri* has been reported to be the most common serotype of *S. flexneri* isolated from children with acute colitis [11]. In the United Kingdom, *S. flexneri* serotype 3 has been reported to be the most common serotype isolated from children with acute colitis [12].

There is a paucity of data on the epidemiology of *S. flexneri* in the United Kingdom. In the United States, *S. flexneri* has been reported to be the most common serotype of *S. flexneri* isolated from children with acute colitis [11]. In the United Kingdom, *S. flexneri* serotype 3 has been reported to be the most common serotype isolated from children with acute colitis [12].

The purpose of this study was to determine the prevalence of *S. flexneri* in the United Kingdom. The study was conducted in the United Kingdom, where *S. flexneri* is the most common serotype of *S. flexneri* isolated from children with acute colitis [12].

The study was conducted in the United Kingdom, where *S. flexneri* is the most common serotype of *S. flexneri* isolated from children with acute colitis [12]. The study was conducted in the United Kingdom, where *S. flexneri* is the most common serotype of *S. flexneri* isolated from children with acute colitis [12].

The study was conducted in the United Kingdom, where *S. flexneri* is the most common serotype of *S. flexneri* isolated from children with acute colitis [12]. The study was conducted in the United Kingdom, where *S. flexneri* is the most common serotype of *S. flexneri* isolated from children with acute colitis [12].

The study was conducted in the United Kingdom, where *S. flexneri* is the most common serotype of *S. flexneri* isolated from children with acute colitis [12]. The study was conducted in the United Kingdom, where *S. flexneri* is the most common serotype of *S. flexneri* isolated from children with acute colitis [12].

The study was conducted in the United Kingdom, where *S. flexneri* is the most common serotype of *S. flexneri* isolated from children with acute colitis [12]. The study was conducted in the United Kingdom, where *S. flexneri* is the most common serotype of *S. flexneri* isolated from children with acute colitis [12].

The study was conducted in the United Kingdom, where *S. flexneri* is the most common serotype of *S. flexneri* isolated from children with acute colitis [12]. The study was conducted in the United Kingdom, where *S. flexneri* is the most common serotype of *S. flexneri* isolated from children with acute colitis [12].

The study was conducted in the United Kingdom, where *S. flexneri* is the most common serotype of *S. flexneri* isolated from children with acute colitis [12]. The study was conducted in the United Kingdom, where *S. flexneri* is the most common serotype of *S. flexneri* isolated from children with acute colitis [12].